THE EXTRAVAGANT SHEPHERD.

THE Anti-Romance:

OR, THE HISTORY

Of the Shepherd

LYSIS.

Tranſlated out of French.

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Heath* dwelling in *Ruſſel-Street* in *Covent-Garden*, 1653.

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Charles Sorel

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

MARY,

Countess of Winchelsey, &c.

MADAM,

WHen I have thrown my self at your Ladiships feet, with the humblest *Reverences* I can be capable of, I must confess I cannot be excused from the greatest *Presumption* I am able to make. For to acknowledge that the *meanest* person in the world hath assumed the boldness to offer this Piece to one of the most illustrious *Ladies* of this *Island*, is so small an argument for my *Pardon*, that I must, not without much regret, profess my self to be in the highest degree unfortunate, in having no nobler a *Sacrifice* to offer at the *Shrine* of so much *Honor* and *Vertue*.

They are ſtrangers to *England*, Madam, that are ignorant of your *Excellencies*; and yet all thoſe *Attraits*, all thoſe *Graces*, all that *Majeſty* which you carry about you, and like the Sun in its ſphere, inceſſantly diſperſe, are far ſhort of thoſe Endowments which the fairer gueſt, your *Soul*, is poſſeſs'd of. Your ſtrange *Vivacity* and *Recollection*, excellent *Prudence*, ſevere and generous *Chaſtity*, and your great and exemplary *Affection* to your Noble Lord, hath rendred you in the opinion of all the intereſſed in *Vertue*, as one much above your years, and perfected in the higheſt Practiſes and Experiences to *Conſummation*; Nature. who accompliſhes others by degrees, having finiſhed you in a manner in an inſtant, and from your Childhood brought you to that perfection, as if ſhe intended to *endow* you, with what others *acquire*, and lift you up to your *Meridian*, aſſoon as you were come above your *Horizon*.

But, Madam, I fear I make an aſſault upon your *Vertue*, and confeſs theſe declarations unneceſſary to a Soul ſo fully comprehenſive as yours is, and muſt be. It might have been enough if I had only ſaid you are derived from the *Royal* and *heroick* Families of *SEYMOUR* and *DEVEREUX*, and that you are the true Pattern of that *great* & *good* Lady Marchioneſs of *Hartford*, your mother, whoſe noble example is all you can find in books. For this expreſsion

of

of *Charite's* Beauty, 'tis but your Ladiſhips in *reverſe*; and thoſe vain and idle Adorations which *Lyſis* payes her, are but ſuch as are *really* due from all Mankind to You.

But, Madam, as I ought to be modeſt in my *Authors* behalf, who was eſteem'd one of the moſt refin'd Wits of *France*; ſo I beſeech you recollect in that great and piercing Mind of yours, that, as excellent pieces of Painting have been done from the uglieſt Faces, and have had their places in the Cabinets of Princes, ſo I have been bold to preſent this (which is a Picture of one of the greateſt and moſt pleaſant *Extravagances*) to your Ladiſhip; and if my endeavours have done my *Author* his right, I hope they may find the ſame reception from your Ladiſhip in *Engliſh*, as the Author's did in his language; which is the paſsionate deſire of

MADAM,

Your Ladiſhips moſt humble,

and

moſt devoted Servant,

JOHN DAVIES.

MADAM,

THE Translator to the Reader.

THere is nothing in the world of so nice and tickliſh a nature as *Poetry*, a thing which conſiſts all in *extremes*, and like a Melon is either all gold or dirt. 'Tis that which if it proceed from a *regular* and a *great* Mind, not only raviſhes and aſtoniſhes the *preſent*, but eſtabliſhes it ſelf an Empire in the *future* time. But as it happens in the *life* of man, that *Vices* are infinitely more numerous then *Vertues*, ſo it happens in *Poetry* (which is the *Repreſentation* of the Life of man) that the *offences* of it are innumerable, the *excellencies* very rare and few. For it being a *chymical* extraction of all that the action of man can preſent, or the mind of man think, and requiring not only great *happineſs* of *Thought*, but alſo a noble *reſtraint* of *Judgment*, over and above ſome *fury* or enthuſiaſm, which may ſtrike *life* into all the reſt; it hath been a thing ſo inacceſſibly ſeated, that he obſerv'd very well that ſaid, The number of *Poets* truly ſo called have not been as many as the *Ages* they lived in. Whereas, on the other ſide, the delight which tickles younger minds, puts them alſo on emulation; and the motions of the imagination being ſwift and eaſie, and commonly the weakeſt minds moſt fruitfull, in regard they *refuſe* nothing, hath been that which hath begot into the world huge numbers of *little* and impertinent *Poets*, who have *ſpawn'd* forth things, which though they were crooked and *deformed* in themſelves, yet ſo blind hath the people been, that they have found *eſteem*, which after ſome ſmall time hath turn'd to *Reverence* and *Authority*. So that even ſome ſpirits of a better mould have been ſeduc'd to the ſame opinion, and expected no ſmall glory, if they could but arrive at a good imitation: A humour ſo generally unfortunate, that unleſs it be *Virgil* (and yet ſome great men have not been wanting to diſpute it) there is none that I know of, but hath multiplied the faults of his predeceſſor. For aiming either immediately to *pleaſe*, by deſcending to put ſottiſh *lowneſſes* as lay *level* to the *people*, they have left behind them, as great matters, ſome very pittifull and ridiculous fooleries, or at leaſt things ſo common and ſo mean, that they might have been ſaid by any man on this ſide an Ideot. Others that have bid at more magnificence, conſulting rather with their own *dark* and *narrow* imaginations then with the *paſſions* and *actions* of men, inſtead of repreſenting *noble* and *generous* images of *truth*, have ſtraid into the greateſt *Groteſques* and madneſſes imaginable. Hence *Homer*, who though I cannot think the eyes of his *Body* blind, yet conſulting with thoſe dim ones of his *Mind*, or taking upon truſt the Old-wives tales of his time, hath left us ſo odd an account both of *Divinity* and *Mankind*, that I profeſs, to me is one of the greateſt wonders that I have, how through ſo many ſerious *Ages*, his reputation hath continued in that ſtrength and youth, were it not that I conſider

that the *Generality* of mankinde are wholly led away with their first thoughts, and are guided by *Authority* and *Tradition*, rather then satisfied with the scrutiny of their own *reason*; and for that of painting him *vomiting*, and the others *licking* it up, as the humor is *nasty* enough, so had it been as false, had not that great disease of *imitation* so pestered *Poetry* since she was first known among men, and her own dazling greatness made men willing to look upon her by reflection; besides that, there is a kinde of lazines in the mindes of most men, that make them sit down with things formerly thought on by others, and never to look after any enlargements or discoveries of their own. And as this hath extreamly pestered *Poetry*, so hath it been fatal even to *Philosophy*, which professes a severe *inquest* of *Truth*, which certainly should enlarge to greater *variety* and *extent* of thought, then a business intended only for *pleasure* and all capacities, since we see how few *heads* of *Philosophy* there have been, and how many *followers*; and what an infinite number hath follow'd *Aristotle*, for so many centuries together, in respect of those very *few* exalted and heroical spirits, who have disdain'd the fetters of *Tradition* and *Acquiescence*, and generally broke loose, and discovered *New Worlds* of *Knowledge*.

Others there have been, who willing out of what had been left by others, to melt down what they thought fitting into their own works, that have not been much more lucky then the former, but only disguis'd foolery from one shape to another; or else grave and serious things into things very ridiculous. Thus *Ovid* by bringing *Hieroglyphical* learning into literal *Fables*, hath amak'd together a sort of the oddest and most childish whimses that ever were. Thus *Ariosto* making bold with the *Legend*, hath taken a good many actions, intended there for actions of *Vertue*, *Chastity* and *Devotion*, and transform'd them into *Amorous* or Martial *Extravagancies*. Nay, and thus many men not weighing discreetly the differences of *times*, *persons* and *places*, which they have had to represent, have fallen into errors very misbecoming. The *Indecorum* of *Homers* gods, the fault in *Virgils* Chronology, *Tasso* making *Christians* speak like *Heathens*, *Spencers* confusion, and different choice of names, are things never to be forgiven.

Nay, even that *Poetry* which comes to the *City*, and which seems rather to look upon the *reprehension* of *Vice*, then the encouragement and representation of *Vertue*, as it hath not wanted its several indecorums; so hath it been several times so unfortunate as to teach that which it would deter men from. The common *Rogueries* and *cheats* presented in *Plays*, I believe have rather *taught* wickedness, then made it *odious*, since even the worst of men want the *Theory* of it, which that furnishes, and the *Satyrists*, which pretend to be the severest enemies of all *vice*, it is to be feared have the most taught *it*. There is no greater *Morality* in any Book I know, then in *Juvenales*, yet in repeating the vices of the times, he is forc'd unto such *obscœnity*, that he hath registred *vices* ugly above the common conceit of humanity, and such as this age, or at least this clime hath not wickedness enough to practise; nay things so transcendently bad he doth not forbear to mention, that even *Scaliger* hath adjudged him not fit for Christian ears: Not but in all these Books somewhat considerable is scattered up and down, but the mischief is, that the *generous* and noble parts are so outnumbred by the light, flat, and *impertinent*, that they hold no proportion at all. But as the mind of man easily receives the worst impressions, but is very difficultly labour'd into vertue; so among things of this nature, finding things so unwholsome, and that so commonly, it very easily swallows them, and neglects the other. But among all *Books* that ever were thought on, those of *Knight-Errantry* and *Shepherdry* have been so excellently *trivial* and naughty, that it would amuse a good judgement to consider into what strange and all *absurdities* some imaginations have straggl'd? what odde and needless impossibilities, what ill preservation of Character? what impropriety of actions, the same actions and method perpetually repeated, though in a new dress. The *Knight* constantly killing the *Gyant*, or it may be whole *Squadrons*; the *Damosel* certainly to be *relieved* just upon the point of *ravishing*, a little childe carried away out of his

cradle,

cradle, after ſome twenty years diſcovered to be the Son of ſome great *Prince*; a *Girl* after ſeven years *wandring* and *cohabiting*, and being *ſtole*, confirm'd to be a *Virgin*, either by a *Panterb*, *Fire*, or a *Fountain*: and laſtly all ending in *marriage*, and that all of a *day*, and in the *ſame* place; where to make up the number, ſome body muſt be freſh diſcovered, ſome ſuddenly change their affections, and others riſe as it were from the dead.

Theſe are the noble entertainments of Books of this kinde, which how profitable they are, you may judge; how *pernicious*, 'tis eaſily ſeen, if they meet but with an intentive *Melancholy*, and a ſpirit apt to be overborn by ſuch follies. Such a one was our *LYSIS*, who is here preſented, one that thought their *Sottiſes*, examples of *life*, and thoſe other impertinent circumſtances which they bring, producible into preſent practiſe. And therefore by imitating them, he hath amaſs'd together a number of the moſt conſiderable follies that ever were ſeen; ſuch a one hath our Author made him, and that very juſtly, ſince all the *Fooleries* of all *Men* and *Books* of this nature, he hath arraign'd and convicted in this *one* Perſon, and this *one* Book, with a deſign, not only judicious enough, but alſo profitably pleaſant. For while he brings on the ſtage their fooleries, though with better judgement and nobler invention then ever they were before, he brings them withal ſo habited, that it will not be eaſie for any ſober minde to be further enamour'd of them. Beſides that, conſidering how pleaſant ſuch kinde of traſh is, and what heads and hands it entertains, it muſt needs be acknowledg'd a courteſie to bring any thing that may ſcourge and baniſh it out of eſtimation. But becauſe our Author treads croſs to ſuch a *multitude*, and is ſo *over-voyc'd*; and for that the *curious* and *judicious* may upon the firſt thoughts *miſconceive* of ſome *paſſages*, and the *ignorant* draw them into ſome *abſurdities*, I ſhall for their ſakes take the pains, out of what himſelf hath more largely ſaid, and what I ſhall think fit to adde, to give this account for him in his vindication.

To inſiſt on all particulars, were to make one book upon another; and to be importunate at leaſt to thoſe, who in this fruitful age of *Poets* and *Romances*, muſt needs be acquainted wherein conſiſt the flowers and ornaments of thoſe excellent works, and would too much diſcover the nakedneſs of thoſe mighty *Champions* of the *Pen*, who when they have done all they can, are as unprofitable in the Commonwealth, as ſo many Vermin in a Warren. And yet they think it an injury, if they are not call'd *Wits*, as if it were as proper for the people to ſpeak of them with the attributes of *Wit*, *Ingenuity* and *Learnedneſs*, as they do by that of *Worſhip* to a *Juſtice* of *Peace*, and expect that adoration and reverence which was anciently paid to *Orators* and *Philoſophers*. But ſince there are withal in the world a many excellent men, who make a *Recreation*, and not a profeſſion of *Writing*, a more particular cenſure will be more becoming; and ſince the quarrel I am engag'd as to the other, is with their works, and not with their perſons, I ſhall forbear to bring them into further contempt, and not envy them the acclamations of the beſotted populacie, ſince I perceive they are ſo obſtinate, as to be more taken with the extravagancies of thoſe men, then with any thing relative to the publike good, or the conduct of humane life.

The firſt thing I ſhall note, is, the tranſportation of our *Shepherd*, while he contemplates thoſe excellent Reliques he had gather'd of his Miſtreſſes. This, it may be, may ſeem ridiculous, and ſuch a ſtupidity as could not fall into the minde of man, however tranſported by his own imaginations. If I produce as ridiculous in the more ſerious and admired Authors, ſhall it be taken for good payment? *Lopa de Vega* in his *Pilgrim*, brings *Pamphilius* and *Niſa* into *Bedlam* (their extravagancies having been ſuch, that they were taken for mad) where *Niſa* findes no preſents for her *Pamphilius*, but that which the floor afforded, duſt, dirt, ſtraws, and the like, wherewith yet he embroidered his cloathes, as if they had been precious ſtones or feathers. Were they not worthily diſpoſed where they were? if this be not as extravagant as our *Lyſis*, I know not what is. The Author of the Hiſtory of *Lyſander* and *Caliſta*, hath as good ſtories: alas, Lovers put another value

on things then other men; and that Knight in *Aſtrea*, who falling in love with a Lady whom he had detain'd in chains (being diſguis'd in Mans cloaths) paſs'd his time afterward in kiſſing and courting the chains, and wearing them about his neck, never putting them off, but when he went abroad, I think is one may well ſhake hands with *Lyſis*.

That he thinks the Stars living creatures, is not ſo ſtrange a Philoſophy, as that of thoſe who maintain they feed on the vapours of the earth and the ſea. If you will not believe him, believe *Ronſard* in his hymns, who ſays, they feed in the Plains of Heaven all night, and in the morning the Day-ſtar (who is the Keeper) brings them together, tels them over, and drives them for all day into the ſhade.

As for *Adrians* Relation, 'tis natural, and ſuch as becomes a man of his quality, who is a dull ſoft-headed *Citizen*, not much acquainted with *Romances*; and the Books he quotes are ſuch as he underſtands, that is, ſuch as children go to ſchool withall. And for his name, it becomes him better then to call him *Lucidorus*, or *Polemarchus*; names very fit, are they not, for a Tradeſman?

As for *Lyſis*'s demanding of Verſes of the Country-Shepherd, he that knows any thing of *Romances*, knows how familiar it is there to have Shepherds anſwer one another in Verſes, and the Authors make whom they pleaſe excellent extemporary *Poets*. As for his deſcription of his Miſtreſſes beauty, he is not the only man hath given ſuch extravagant power to the eyes of a Beauty. Ask *La Roque*:

Since 'tis decreed that fire ſhall ſurpriſe
This world, it muſt be that of your fair Eyes.

a prophaner expreſſion by much then that of *Lyſis*.

And now he comes to the Dialogue with the *Eccho*: Which becauſe it hath been a generall Ornament in all *Love-ſtories* and Books of *Shepherdry*, and is withall ſuch a groſs impertinence, our Remark on it ſhall be ſo much the larger. The Paſtorals of *Julietta* are peſter'd with them, though far-fetch'd: Nay, the witty *Eraſmus* hath not in this been very fortunate; otherwiſe why ſhould the Eccho anſwer in *Greek*, when ſhe was ſpoken to in *Latine*? 'Tis as if a man ſhould ask her ſomwhat in *Engliſh*, and ſhe ſhould anſwer in *Welſh* or *Iriſh*. But to forgive that, when a man hath ſpoken ten or twelve lines, how can ſhe anſwer all in one word? But of all the Compoſers of Eccho's that ever were, a Gentleman of our own Country, and an Author, hath been ſo fortunate, that he hath brought two or three hundred into the compaſs of one ſheet of paper, and his Conceits are withall incomprehenſible: I have heard ſome ſay of them, that had they been to find out ſo many, they might have worn out ten Dictionaries to find out the rimes. But what our Author ſays in defence of himſelf is, that all the wonder in his was, that it was *Lyſis*'s good fortune to light on things, that *Anſelme* could either anſwer or rime to with ſome ſenſe.

But for the diſcourſes of *Anſelme* concerning the Eccho, I may ſay they are no ordinary invention. I could make long Remarks on the *Pantomimes*, which were a ſort of people of old that counterfeited the cry of birds and beaſts. *Parmeno* counterfeited the grunting of a Pig ſo excellently well, that it became a Proverb: ſo that when another Actor brought a real Pig under his cloak upon the ſtage, and made it grunt, yet the people cry'd out, that was not *Parmeno's* Pig; whereupon he ſhew'd them the Pig, to convince them *Parmeno* conld do no better. This ſtory, as it well diſcovers the fooliſhneſs and obſtinacie of prepoſſeſſed minds, ſo was it a fit example for *Anſelme*, ſpeaking of the Eccho, which they ſay imitates all voices.

The *Eccho* which is made of Conduits of congeal'd aire, is an Invention in the *Steganography* of *Reroaldus*, but much advanc'd and clear'd up by *Anſelme*.

Nor is his diſcourſe of the *Deſtinies* leſs admirable. There is an *Italian* Dialogue between Life and Death, ſpeaking as if they were the *two* Deſtinies; and that when

when one hath perfected the web of a mans life, the other cuts it off. This hath more wit then that of the Ancients.

Nor are *Lysis*'s descriptions of his Mistresses beauty so extravagant, but I can easily match them. *A certain poor man had a daughter; yet if her Beauty were truly considered, he might be said to be a very rich man; for in her face he possess'd Diamonds, Rubies, Coral and Pearl.* This is an Imagination in one of the *Nouvelles*. But is it not enough to say, Lips are of Coral, and so of the rest, but it must be said they can enrich a body? If this poor man wanted any thing, he must pull out one of his daughters Eyes, or cut off her Lip, and carry it to the Goldsmiths.

This observation of his Mistresses colour is in *Lysis* extraordinary, and argues his invention. 'Tis true, the *Turks* bear a great respect to *Green*; *Mahomet's* Turbant was of it, and it is now a prerogative of those only of that race; and if any be to be punished, for some crime, the Turbant is first taken off as sacred. But the reason why *Lysis* hates the *Turks*, is, because they know nothing of *Romances* and a *Shepherds* life.

That he calls the Kitchin-maid *Goddess* of the *Pottage-pot*, it rubs the ancient stupidity, especially that of the *Romans*, who put their Gods to all the offices and services they had to do. They had a *Cloacina*, which we may call *Scavangera*, or the Goddess of the Common-shores. There were no less then three Gods about one Cradle; one kept the Child from crying, another rock'd the Cradle, a third look'd to the Womans breasts.

Now we come to the day of Judgment at *S. Cloud*. The examples of this kind are infinite. When *London-Bridge* was afire, the Country-people that saw it afar off, thought the world was at an end, and that it began to burn at this great City, where more iniquity had been committed then elsewhere. The day of Judgment hath been so often foretold both by *Ministers* and *Astrologers*, that many now believe there will not be any at all. A certain rich man in *Leicester-shire*, upon the reading of an Almanack, bestow'd between his friends and the poor all he had, and came afterwards to beg his bread. Nay, such was the stupidity of Mankind, that even in the first Ages there wanted not Enthusiasts to amuse the people. Every persecuting Emperor was thought to be Antichrist; nay, the Fathers were not much more resolute in this point then others. But I have no mind to shew my reading here of that, nor yet to advance the divers opinions have been held of the end of the world.

Montvalerian is a place neer *St. Cloud*, where live six Hermites. This I tell you, because the Author of *Lysander* and *Calista* says, that when their *Majesties* went to see one of them, who had not been seen in 48 years, he also saw him, and *Lysander* liv'd with him afterwards in his Cell.

But the people of *St. Cloud* are beholding to *Lysis* and his *Poets*, at least were they not the next morning? If a *Lover* should say he burn'd in mid-winter, would not a simple man think he were in a feaver? If he should say he were on the rack, and that that Fiend *Love* fed on his heart, as the Vulture did on that of *Prometheus*, would not a sober man unacquainted with Poetry think his meaning were that he was damn'd in this life?

The Pastorals of *Leon*, the River *Ezla*, and the Shepherd *Sirenus* have had for their Celebrator *George* of *Montemajor*, of which book anon.

Those of *Vesper*, *Lysis* contemns, as representing things with too much probability, as Country-people may love now; but he is for *Cyrenus*, *Celadon*, and those other *illustrious* Shepherds.

As for *Lysis*'s dismission of the Rout, it's an humour clashes not with his extravagance; for mad as he was, he remembred that now being entred into the condition of a *Shepherd*, he was to live *peaceably* with all men, and consequently not to be transported so far by passion as to give one blow for another.

And thus much by way of Remark on the first Book, wherein I have been the larger, because I would shew how much more I might have said in justification of

my

my Author. In the reſt I ſhall confine my ſelf to the moſt conſiderable heads: And ſo I paſs to the

Second BOOK.

Lyſis's contempt of good Books, ſhews he eſteems all pedantry that is not Romantick; and for his meeting with the Satyre, 'tis an humor any one almoſt of his Authors could have furniſh'd him with.

But the chiefeſt matter of this Book, is that of the *Metaphorical Picture*, which he had given directions for in the firſt. The deſcriptions of Beauty have been ſuch as *Lyſis* mentions, ever ſince there were any Poets in the world; and it ſhould ſeem to be their chiefeſt ſtudy and emulation to deſcribe it the more extravagantly, and the more fantaſtically. But the grand foolery is, that when they have deſcrib'd their Beauties with *Suns*, *Coral*, *Diamonds*, *Ivory*, &c. they cannot let alone poor innocent women that have but fleſh and blood. But as for the Picture, you muſt needs think it was much more noble when it was in colours, as *Anſelme* had done it: the particulars explain themſelves.

In the diſcourſe between *Anſelme* and *Montenor*, I ſhall quote one thing as to the Language. *Antitheſes* and *Contrarieties* are mighty ornaments; as to ſay, *Love is a pleaſure full of ſadneſs*; *a torment full of delight*; *a deſpairing hope*, and *a hoping deſpair*. I think what *Montenor* ſaies is more gentle, *If Love be a poiſon, 'tis a pleaſant one*; *if a diſquiet, 'tis deſireable*; *if a death, peaceable*; *if a priſon, there wants only liberty, and miſery reigns not there as in others.* Is not this better ſaid, then to ſay that *Love is a free priſon, and an incarcerated liberty?* But theſe things I ſhall leave to the obſervation of the Reader.

'Tis not the ſea makes women more or leſs vertuous or perfect, nor yet more vicious; but to the latter, the perſeverance and iteration of mens temptations have contributed much, ſince it is the knowledge of all things beget the deſire of them. All that I have to ſay, is, that the *Poets* who idolize them with all the attributes of Divinity, are alſo thoſe that load them with all the calumny poſſible. A *Poet* ſhall *deifie* a *Tripe-woman* if ſhe be his Miſtreſs; but though ſhe be never ſo handſom, if ſhe be withal diſdainful, *Bear*, *Serpent*, *Viper*, *Waſps*, *Fiends*, is not language fit to deſcribe her.

As for the humor of the difference between *Montenor* and *Anſelme*, whereof *Lyſis* is Judge, 'tis ordinary in Love-ſtories, and 'tis the Ore of the *Golden-Age*, when the firſt man met was the Judge of all controverſies. All the proceedings in this have very good Authors, but it is not to much purpoſe to quote them here.

As for *Lyſis*'s Serenade, his *Letter*, and all the circumſtances of it, other Lovers have done things of the like nature, and therefore I paſs them over. But as for the Letter, I muſt do him right, it was his own as to the compoſure; but for the expreſſions, his Countrymen *Ronſard*, *Marot*, and others, could have furniſhed him with much more extravagant and greater contradictions: but *Lyſis*'s complements came ever out of his Common-places; for he bore ſuch a reverence to thoſe good Authors, that he choſe rather to deliver himſelf in their language then in his own. I heard of a Country-Gentleman, that having bought the *Academy of Complements*, came to court his Miſtreſs, where after he had paſs'd his Complement, he wondered ſhe did not anſwer him as it was in the Book. The next time he came to *London* he bought one for her, that ſo ſhe might be able to continue the Dialogue with him.

As for *Lyſis*, who would light the candle at his Miſtreſſes eyes, 'tis not more then Poetical; all his conceptions about the flyes, the trees growing, &c. betray his reading to him that knows any thing.

As

As for the burning of his hat, he might eaſily believe it was his Miſtreſs did it; for beſides his acquaintance with the Poets, ſome *Hiſtorians* have delivered that fire hath iſſued out of the heads of divers people, as *Livy* ſaith of *Ser. Tullius*, and *Cardan* of a friend of his: why might not *Lyſis* think his Miſtreſs could do as much as any of them?

Lyſis's dream is nothing extraordinary, and his diſcourſes and actions thereupon ſpeak him not ſo extravagant as ſome other Lovers have been; but above all things it is to be obſerved, that let him do what he can, he ſtill comes ſhort of his Maſters the Poets.

But his calling his Miſtreſs the *Beauty of Beauties*, is his own, 'tis a little vulgar, yet few conſider it expreſſes not what they intend; and that that expreſſion is only proper in this, The *King of Kings*; that is to ſay, a King that governs other Kings, but the beauty of Beauties ſignifies but a Beauty: So the Romances of Romances, or the Shepherd of Shepherds; nay, rather it ſignifies a Beauty that belongs to other Beauties, which is contrary to our intention: This is called Gallimathias.

The heavineſs and weight of *Lyſis*'s heart muſt needs be great, becauſe he is no ordinary Lover.

The conſiderations of *Lyſis*'s departure, and of *Charite*'s, are ſuch as could be wiſh'd. The ſad *Tyrcis* is he in *Aſtrea*, that would love none but his *Cloin*, though ſhe were dead. *Baſilius* is the celebrated King of the *Countеſs* of *Pembroke*'s *Arcadia*, a Country ſo happy, that *Jupiter* is the Protector of it, and the Gods come down and live there familiarly among men. This is he that goes into the deſart with his wife and daughters, having learn'd by the Oracle, that a Son in Law of his ſhould take away his Kingdom from him; and is like him that kill'd himſelf for fear of death.

The Third BOOK

PReſents us with that pleaſant falley of *Lyſis* at the Play-houſe, where he took all things for real; his deſire to be acquainted with ſome of his own Profeſſion might eaſily tranſport him ſo far. And that as the Painters, tells us he was one of thoſe who imagine others can think of nothing but them. But I haſten to the *Banquet of the Gods*, which takes up the beſt part of this Book. My Author hath been ſomewhat large on the ſeveral particulars of that relation; which I conceive he hath done not only to ſhew he hath done theſe *Divinities* no injury, nor ſaid any thing of them which ſome *Poet* hath not before hinted, but alſo to acquaint the world, that after the reading of his *Banquet*, and what he hath ſaid on it, whoever ſhall quote any of theſe buffi'd Divinities, ſhall be taken for no wiſer than thoſe who ſometimes ador'd them, and ſhall therefore forfeit his wit.

There are in the beginning five reaſons of the *Dew*. The Poets had in a manner but one, and that was, that it was the tears of *Aurora*, yet can they not truly tell us why this *Aurora* ſhould ſhed tears thus every day. But they fix it thus for the death of her ſon *Memnon*. What a pitiful Divinity is this, to weep ever ſince the war of *Troy*, where this *Memnon* was kill'd? But who ſees not this ſilly ſhift? If a Prince or Nobleman dye, *Aurora* muſt weep as if ſhe were one of his friends, or mourn for him. *Clarimonds* imaginations are far beyond this, eſpecially the laſt, where he ſaies it is that the horſes of the Sun ſhake their manes as they come out of the ſea.

Why may not the Sun be thought to make uſe of a *Nightcap*, ſince he wants reſt ſometimes as much as ever did *Hobſon* the Carrier.

But for *Jupiter*'s hearing from his Palace the addreſſes of men, I refer you to *Lucian*, who ſaies that when he had a minde to hear their prayers, he opens certain holes, and liſtned and when he was weary ſhut them again.

Juno's

Iunos avarice, and *Pallas*'s divers profeſſions are ſuch as the Poets have attributed to them. But that Invention of the Gods *Linnen* is *Clarimond*'s; there was never any Poet could tell us what became of the *thread* of mens lives. *Cupid* muſt needs be treated as a Child, ſince the Poets ſay he was hardly able to draw the curtains of his mothers bed when ſhe lay with *Mars*, which is that made *Vulcan* ſo jealous of *Mercury*, whom the Poets have made a fine example for men to inſtruct them in cheats and rogueries; and his diſcourſe to *Charon* is as like that of a crafty Mountebank as can be. But where he is troubled that he cannot find ſome Gods he was to invite, I cannot omit a fiction of *Arioſto*'s, an Angel, wanting *Silence* to bring an Army upon ſome enterpriſe without noiſe, went to look for her in thoſe places where it is forbidden to ſpeak, as in Monaſteries; but there he finds *Diſcord* with her black and gray hair, which ſeem'd to fight one with another: Her hands were full of Chancery-Bills and Law-writings, and ſhe had about her an Army of Counſellors and Sollicitors; ſhe ſate alſo Preſident at a Chapter, when the Monks being on the election of a Prior, divide into ſuch factions, that the Breviaries do mighty execution on the bald pates. What need had this malicious *Poet* thus to abuſe the *Monks*, who are not all naught, and to ſcandalize a Religion he had before defended? But what a ſimple Angel hath he pitch'd on, that was to ſeek what he knew not where to find? 'Tis an abuſe of thoſe divine Spirits, and him whoſe Agents they are.

Vulcan was the fitteſt for the Kitchin, as being always neereſt the fire. Nor was *Pythagoras* leſs for the ſauces, ſince he was the beſt acquainted with herbs and fruits. And what is ſaid of him and the other Philoſophers, is home to their Tenets.

The Raillerie which follows along is obvious, as that of taking down the Signes by *Brontes* and *Pyragmon*, who are *Vulcan*'s Kitchin-boyes; the divers entries of the Gods: That *Æſculapius* is Phyſitian; the Gods had need of one ever ſince *Homer* affirm'd they might be hurt or ſick. The Arms of the Gods, may make us laugh at their Statues.

'Tis *Fate* makes *Terminus* eat, that is, what he hath decreed muſt come to paſs, and 'tis he only hath the key of his padlock. *Priapus* and *Venus* are well ſeated together. But that *Jupiter* ſhould fall ſo heartily to the *Souls*, is not without reaſon, ſince ſome *Philoſophers* have held, that all ſouls were reunited in the ſoul of the world, which they held to be *Jupiter*. But as the Gods live only on *ſmells* and *idea's*, ſo have I ſeen a *Banquet of Poets*, and their food was the *vowels* in a Verſe which are cut off and not pronounc'd.

The drunkenneſs of the Gods is to be laid on their ſcore, who have furniſh'd them with all other vices.

The ſcuffle between the Pedees and the Pages about the wing of the ſoule of a Turkey, is to ſhew that thoſe ſouls had the forms of bodies, and are diſpers'd into all parts of the body to exerciſe their functions.

As for the Signs of Heaven, I quarrel not with their names, becauſe I have nothing to ſay to the Aſtrologers, though they have not the images of thoſe beaſts by whoſe names they call them. But why ſhould our Poets build their fables on them, and ſo fill Heaven with Adulteries and other crimes? *Du Bartas* and others, to take away the memory of thoſe villanies, would needs change the fable into a ſacred ſtory, ſaying the *Lyon* belongs to *Sampſon*, the *Ship* to *Noah*'s Ark, *Taurus* to *Iſaak*, and *Virgo* and *Via lactea* to the *Virgin Mary*, &c. but they cannot carry out the humour.

There was no ſuch way to abuſe the odd perſonages which the Poets attribute to the Gods, as that of the latter band of Gods; and we muſt never more ſpeak any otherwiſe then abuſively of them all, as my Author does.

I know I have omitted divers things which deſerve to be taken notice of: For there is not any paſſage in this Banquet which hath not a ſecret grace, beſides that it contains the whole ſtory of all the ancient fables, and that digeſted into a natural order. *Lucian* in his Dialogues may have ſomwhat of this humour, but he is imperfect;

perfect; and it was his deſign to deny the eternal Providence, which is not taken away with the loſs of thoſe names he quarrels with.

That's no leſs ſubtle attacque to the Fables, of *Montenor's*, as to the confuſion of them. If *Phaeton* and his Father, as they ſay, fell into the River *Eridan*, why do they not tell us how they got out again? But there's no leſs inconvenience, if we ſay that that Torch of the Day is faſtened to the Chariot of *Phœbus*; for *Ovid* ſays the Chariot was broke all to peeces.

That there is as much morality in *ROBERT the Devil*, as in the ſtory of *Hercules*, is certain; for that was a ſturdy fellow, and Mythologie hath a great latitude, for a wicked man may be made vertuous. If one man kill another, the meaning is, the victory of the wiſe man over the paſſions; and ſo of the reſt.

Natalis Comes hath peſter'd us with his Mythologies; and for his Genealogies of the Gods they are ſo various, that every one hath three or four fathers. Mr. *Roſs* hath gone beyond him, and hath defil'd the Sacred hiſtory with the ordure and filth of Heathen fables.

Lyſis's deſcriptions of Beauty, being by him ſpoken ſeriouſly, are an open abuſe to the Poets, whoſe diſciple he is. Nor is he leſs himſelf, where he propoſes that every one ſhould relate his ſtory. And for his diſcourſe with *Charite*, conſidering what he is, and what ſhe is, it is very natural. What would a ſimple Country-Laſs ſay, if a man ſaid ſhe had hurt him, but ask whether ſhe had prick'd him, or ſcrateh'd him? But *Lyſis* had learn'd out of his Romances, that a Lover ought to ſpeak alluſively to ſomwhat his Miſtreſs had ſaid.

Clarimond concludes with that ſaying; That to be happy, a man muſt be either *King* or *Fool*. Wherein he is in the right. Pleaſure is not meaſur'd by the reality of things, but the imagination of them. There was a Serving-man, who would not live with any Maſter, but upon condition he might have one hour in the day to do what he pleas'd in his chamber. Having led this life a long time, his Maſter would needs know how he ſpent the time. Coming to his chamber-door, he perceiv'd through ſome chink, his man ſate in a chair with a Crown on his head, having before him on the wall a draught of the Pope and Conſiſtory; there did he make a ſpeech for the Pope, and anſwer'd it in the name of the Emperor. But the Maſter diſcovering himſelf, the Fool folded up his Picture and went his ways, and was never ſeen ſince. Such a one is *Lyſis*, who though he be not ſtark mad, yet conceives himſelf happier then an *Emperor* in his Paſtoral and amorous imaginations. But he advances in his Extravagances, and finds my Author work for a

Fourth BOOK.

WHerein though in ſome things he exceed his predeceſſors, yet in ſome he ſhews himſelf more ſober and more rational, as may appear by the diſcourſe about the deſpair of Lovers, whom he finds in his books to have arriv'd at that madneſs, as to have hang'd and drown'd themſelves. But this you muſt attribute to his good intervals. *Clarimond's* diſcourſe, and his replies touching *Poetry*, and his own *Hiſtory*, (which he is extremely carefull to have come abroad) are not ordinary.

The *Golden Aſs* is a work of *Apuleius*; the argument of it ſtollen out of *Lucian*, only he hath added the fable of *Pſyche* and ſome old wives tales. All the excuſe I can make for this, is, that haply in his time *Lucian's* works were very rare, and he was in hope they would have been loſt, that ſo no man might diſcover the cheat; otherwiſe certainly he would have acknowledg'd his Benefactor.

His explication of Dreams argues his wit and reading: But for what is ſaid of the *Muſes*, and particularly where he ſays *Love* ſtands Sentinel at his bolſter, I cannot but admire it. His Song, I can aſſure you, was ſet to a very excellent air, but

very mournful; the dames of *Paris* ſing it to this day in memory of this famous Shepherd.

Lyſis's ſong is follow'd with a notable abuſe of the Poets; for they never celebrate the kindeneſs nor the cruelty of their Miſtreſſes, but when ſome fancy comes into their mindes fit to expreſs thoſe qualities, rhiming it ſeems is ſuch a rack. *Lyſander* calls *Caliſta* in his ſongs, ſometimes *Hippolita*, ſometimes *Sylvia*, which made the Gentlewoman very jealous of his conſtancy.

To think a Hermit a Magician, he might haply have had it from *Taſſo*, who in his *Jeruſalem*, makes the Chriſtian Hermits all Magicians, and withal celebrates them for very devout and religious men.

His coming to *Hircans* wood, and his conſiderations there, betray a huge reading, but his thoughts running ſtill on magick, was that made him take *Hircan* for a Magician, and what he ſayes to confirm him in that opinion, is founded on what the Poets ſay of the ancient Sorcereſſes.

Armida was a Sorcereſs that in a minute of an hour, caus'd a great caſtle to be built, if you believe *Taſſo*.

For his diſguiſing himſelf like a Maid, and his perſwaſions that he was really one, and was taken for one, 'tis an humor ſo thread-bare in all Books of Shepherdry and Love-ſtories, that I need ſay no more of it; only I ſhall note, that it is more probable in *Lyſis*; for *Hircan* caus'd him to be trim'd, a thing thoſe Authours thought not on, but putting on other cloathes, without any other circumſtance they are preſently what ſex they pleaſe.

As for what is ſaid of the *Nymphs*, 'tis to abuſe thoſe that are ſuch admirers of Antiquity. If they had gone in *Greece* as people do now in *France*, we ſhould have had the Nymphs dreſs'd after another mode. And for *Fables*, why may not we invent as good ones as the Ancients? and why ſhould it be thought ridiculous for us to ſee the Gods dreſs'd like us, more then the *Greeks* were to ſee them habited like them?

The crime this counterfeit Maid is accus'd of at *Orontes's*, brings upon the ſtage the many Trials they had, whereby to know whether a maid or wife had done any thing diſhonorable: becauſe in *Hiſtory* we finde ſome whoſe innocency hath been try'd certain ways; as the veſtal *Turia*, that being accus'd of unchaſtity, carried water in a ſive from *Tiber* to her Goddeſſes Temple, to juſtifie her innocency; therefore the Poets muſt invent ſo many ridiculous *Fables* for the ſame effect, as if it were nothing to ſet God a work on miracles at their pleaſure, unleſs if one, for example, be caſt into the fire for tryal of his innocency, a *Pantarb* (which is a certain ſtone which frees from flames) does the work; as you may ſee in the ſtory of *Chariclea* in *Heliodorus*. But the miracle you muſt conceive, is to be attributed to certain Magical Characters that were graven on the Stone, a very probable Foolery.

For *Lyſis's* diſcourſe to *Charite*, let us do the Poets no wrong, he hath it from them. *Meduſa* turn'd all before her into ſtones, and *Amaxarete* was the Miſtreſs of that *Iphis* that hang'd himſelf at her door. Theſe are hard names, and *Charite* might take them for abuſes.

Some have not thought there was ſo much grace in *Carmelins* ſpeeches; but they are to know, that by *Common-places*, *Lyſis* meant a ſort of *Pedantick* books, where a man may Alphabetically finde ſomewhat on every thing. And the *French Margarites* is a book much like the *Academy of Complements*, only it hath this excellency withal, that it is good to learn bad French by.

The ſtatue of *Memnon*, out of which proceeded an harmonious ſound, when ſmitten by the rays of the Sun, goes near to give me a vomit, I can ſhew a dozen books of good account, that in the Epiſtles Dedicatory bring in this into compariſon: but never was it better apply'd then by *Lyſis*, when looking up towards the Sun, it made him ſneeze.

For the ſtone *Panthura*, I ſhall note this, That it is a trivial learning to bring compariſons from ſtones, fiſhes, herbs, birds, and other as uncertain things, which

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we muſt take upon Mr. *Pliny's* credit. The *Jeſuits* in their harangs to the people entertain them much with theſe ſimilitudes, whereas a man would think, that it were more convincing, to draw them from ſomewhat familiar to them. The Author of the *Abridgement of Long-ſtudities*, was a cheat, and fit to be *Carmelins* Maſter.

Fontenay is a true French name, and there have been Lacqueys called *Gringalet* and *Champagn*, and why may they not, according to their quality, affront the *Callidorus's* and the *Ariſtander's* of our Romances? The *Greeks* were not aſham'd of their own names as we are, but qnoted them in their Fables.

Charite is here called a *Chambermaid*, a word for the *City* dames, and meaner ſort of Gentry, thoſe of any quality have their *Woman*, or *Waiting-Gentlewoman*. But the word now a late hath been extended to the former.

Lyſis takes it not well to be compar'd to *Don-Quixot*, for extravagant as he is, he thinks himſelf wiſer then that Knight.

For his Love-letter, which in French is called *Poulet*, that is a *Pullet*, he is the firſt that ever gave the reaſon of it, and made the beſt application of it. *Ronſard* ſays, that Love is a *Bird*, that he hath laid *Eggs* in his boſom, and that when they are *hatch'd*, they'll prey on his *heart*, and when they have done flie away, if he do not lay Bird-lime or nets to catch them, &c. But to ſatisfie thoſe that know not the reaſon of the Pullet, that expreſſion riſe from the folding of the *Love-Letter*, much like a bird.

The Fable of *Hero* and *Leander* is one of the ancienteſt we have, 'twas a ſad thing this poor Lover was forc'd to ſwim an arm of the ſea, almoſt two mile over, to enjoy his Miſtreſs. I believe it took of ſome of his courage: if he had had *Clarimonds* advice, 'tis likely he had not been drown'd.

As for the wayes which Lovers have found out to get their Letters delivered to their Miſtreſſes, though the Romances might have furniſh'd *Lyſis* with choice, yet ſuch a pregnant invention hath he, that he addes to all things.

Where he ſaies the fruits of the earth ought to be common, it ſeems he is almoſt perſwaded that he hath already reduc'd the *Golden-Age*, wherein the Poets ſay, there were no incloſures, and men underſtood not thoſe two words, *Mine* and *Thine*.

If in his ſwound he would not have *Carmelin* trouble himſelf for any water, but make uſe of his tears, he remembred our unfortunate Prince *Edward*, who, when his Murtherers had after much hard uſage, gotten him to a River ſide, and were going to fetch ſome water to ſhave him, ſo to diſguiſe him the more; *Let alone that cold water*, ſayes he, *here's warm comes out of my eyes*. This indeed was a little *Romantick*: but *Lyſis's* affliction is ſo much the further from reſtoring him to his wits, that it heightens his folly: as we ſhall ſee in the

Fifth BOOK,

WHere we finde him metamorphos'd, 'Tis the ſad fate of things, that are not underſtood, to loſe much of their grace, and that hath happened to this Book, from thoſe, who being unacquainted with *Fables* and *Metamorphoſes*, do not finde that *Satyre* in this, as in other parts. But I cannot omit what I receive from the Poets touching *Aurora*, who is the forerunner of the *Sun*: What neceſſity had the Ancients to imagine that the Sun muſt be uſher'd in by ſuch a Goddeſs? But then why muſt ſhe have a Chariot? ſhe had not ſo far to go, but aſſoon as ſhe had done her work in heaven in the morning, ſhe might have taken her pleaſure with *Cephalus* on earth. Why do not the Poets clear up theſe things to us? *Virgil* ſayes in one place, that the Chariot of this Goddeſs is drawn by four horſes, and in another by two; ſometimes they are white, ſometimes red, but this I'll reconcile, 'tis to be thought ſhe hath horſes of all colours in her Stable.

But how learned are all *Lyſis's* conſiderations of the *Metamorphoſes*? and for

his being chang'd into ſomwhat that might be uſefull to his Miſtreſs, I think he hath learn'd it of *Bellean*, whom I ſhall make ſpeak ſo much Engliſh.

O that I were a Looking-glaſs, *that I*
Might all her Beauties in my ſelf deſcry!
Or that I were a Smock *which ſhe might wear,*
Or yet a Waſh-ball *her white hands to clear;*
Or the Sweet-powder *which perfumes the air,*
Or th'envious Vail *which makes her ſeem more fair;*
Or th' Neck-lace *which her skin cannot outvy,*
Or but the Pattin *of my Deity!*

He that conſiders his farewels to his friends upon his Metamorphoſis, and hath read *Ovid*, may judge whether were the madder of the two. But that which he ſays of his *hat* and *cloaths*, is ſuch an abuſe to all hath been ſaid of theſe matters, that nothing can be added: For either what he ſays muſt be true, or elſe when the Gods were minded to metamorphoſe any, they muſt bid them put off their cloaths firſt, or ſhould do it for them; which, what an abſurdity it is, I leave any man to judge.

Nay, ſuch was the blindneſs of the Ancients, that they believ'd the Trees of *Dodona* ſpake: but we are to believe there never ſpake any Tree in this world, unleſs it were ſuch a one as *Lyſis*, who tels us why *Aſtrologers* and *Wizards* cannot foreſee what ſhall befall themſelves.

As for *Clarimond's* ſubtilty to make him take ſome ſuſtenance, 'tis admirable. But for the exerciſes and recreations of the *Nymphs* and *rural* Divinities, I might produce whole Odes out of *Des Portes* and *Ronſard*, to acquaint you what they were; but take upon my credit, they are ſuch as our Shepherd meets with. For their names, it may be 'twill not be ungratefull to rip up ſo much ancient ſottiſhneſs. They had *Dryads*, whom I take to be Nymphs of *Forreſts*; *Hamadryads* were ſuch men as were chang'd into *Trees*; the *Nayads* were the Nymphs that preſided over the *Waters*, and were ſuch as had been chang'd into *Fountains*; the *Napæa* are the Nymphs of the Flowers, the *Oreades* of the Mountains, and the *Nereides* of the Sea.

I do not tell you what part of *Brie Lyſis* was in, nor where the River *Morin* begins; 'tis an humour of *Ronſard's*, to make a long comment on every proper name, which I will not imitate.

As for the Fable of *Morin*, I maintain it to be much more ingenious then any thing of *Ovid's*, or any other Poet.

Thoſe things which we bring in under the name of *Hiſtories*, are *Fables*. Among the *Greeks*, the word *Fable* was reſtrain'd to thoſe relations that concerned the *Gods*; *Hiſtory*, to the affairs of *men*: But becauſe a Fable ſignifies only a narration, and that what they ſaid of their Gods was falſe, it is come to paſs that a Fable ſignifies that which is falſe.

As for the Stories of *Synopa* and *Lucida*, and their *Metamorphoſes*, they are ingenious and probable: whereas the Poets can only tell us, that to be metamorphos'd into Water, there was no other invention then to weep away, as *Ovid* ſays of *Biblis*. But where *Lyſis* takes away that contrariety of being chang'd into water, and yet retaining the form of a humane body, which muſt be compos'd of watery vapours, he ſhews nothing eſcapes him. He had read ſomewhere what the *Magicians* ſay of the apparition of Spirits, *viz.* that the Terreſtrial ſpirits aſſume bodies of the vapours of the earth, and the Aquatick of thoſe of the water.

What

What follows concerning the *Violin*, and the Nymphs who deny'd *Diana* the Sweet-meats, all is natural, and their puniſhment too. For the latter, certainly 'tis as eaſie for the Gods to make Trees bear fruit preſerv'd, as to change men into Trees: And if my Author had ſaid that the Cypreſs into which the Violin was chang'd, bore Fiddles and Violins ready made, it had been as probable. Theſe ſtories we are beholding to *Clarimond* for; who ſeeing the *Greek* Poets had invented *Metamorphoſes* for the *Fountains* and *Rivers* of their Country, would do the like to the honour of *Brie*: but the truth is, he is gone far beyond them.

Carmelin's Queſtions to his Maſter, give him occaſion to clear up the ancient Fables, wherein 'tis wonderfull to ſee how well he is read.

I know not whether the Gum of the Tree *Lyſis* be well taken; yet 'twas a particularity could not be omitted: His mind ran then upon *Myrrha*, and the Siſters of *Phaeton*, who weep *Amber*. However it be, the ſtory of the *Excrement* in *Barclay's Argenis* is as bad, upon which too there is an Ode.

At the ſecond rencontre with the Rural Divinities, I note *Lyſis's* abuſe of the *Gods* and *Nymphs* for offering to run away for fear of mortals. The Ancients might have made that queſtion to thoſe that talk'd of ſo many Gods, which no man could ever perceive.

Carmelin's ſpeech to the Nymphs is nothing but a ſort of contradictions. *Ronſard* and other Poets have thought them mighty ornaments; for *Carmelin* is one that in this caſe is no Author, I aſſure you.

I do not obſerve *Lyſis's* reading fail him, till I come to the bathing of *Carmelin*: And I wonder at it; for *Ronſard* could have taught him what ceremonies were required to make a Mortal fit for a celeſtial converſation. He had forgot that the Ancients waſh'd themſelves before they conſulted the Oracle, as alſo the Victims when they ſacrificed; and that Magicians bathe themſelves in running-water, before they fall to their conjurations.

Certainly *Lyſis* muſt needs be troubled not to find his Tree; yet muſt he needs play the Tree, till *Hircan*, with the help of *Agrippa*, conjur'd him into a Man again. The apparition of the Winds hath nothing in it fantaſtick, compar'd with what the Poets ſay of them. That *Lyſis* believ'd *Hircan* more powerfull then the Gods, it ſhews him to be of the Creed of the Ancients, who believed the Gods were ſubject to the charms of Magicians; and that when the Moon was eclips'd, it was ſome Sorcereſs had forc'd her from heaven.

Thus have we ſeen *Lyſis* chang'd into a Tree, and the Tree into *Lyſis* again. We are now to ſee how he behaves himſelf in the

Sixth BOOK.

WHich begins with *Lyſis's* moral learning. The pains he takes to find out *Carmelin*, ſpeaks his good nature. But to arreſt the *Nymphs* that ſtole this poor fellows hat, *Lyſis* tels him he muſt have a celeſtial Serjeant, ſuch as *Mercury*; and he is in the right: for he is the *Apparitor* of heaven; 'tis he that carries the ſouls to the priſons of hell; 'tis he that ſummons the inferior Deities to appear before *Jupiter*; and when *Venus* had once loſt her ſon, 'twas he that cry'd him all over the world. You ſee *Lyſis* underſtands the offices of the very Gods.

Carmelin's being out of his leſſon, argues he is no great Clark; but *Anſelme* reconciling him and his maſter, ſaying that Love who is *Maſter of all Arts*, will teach him to do better another time, and to that end quoted a diſcourſe out of a certain Book. The diſcourſe is ſomwhat long; yet ſince I conceive it may be pleaſant to ſome, I ſhall take the pains to put it down here. 'Tis in the travels of *Ariſteus* and *Amaryllis*.

Among

Among all that have ſpoken of the nature *Love*, there is none hath better deſcribed it then the divine *Plato*, who calls it *Pandidaſcala*; that is to ſay, *Maſter of all Arts*, for there is no Art nor Science which he teaches not his Scholars. In the firſt place he teaches them *Grammer*, and the *eight* parts of *ſpeech*, beginning with the *nown* or name of the beloved, and then the *pronown* of their good Qualities, which he makes them repeat often. Thence he paſſes to the *Adverbs* of the infinite *time* of their perſeverance, and thoſe of the ſwearing of their fidelity. Then he makes them underſtand the *active* and *paſsive verbs*, acting and ſuffering all things for the Beloveds ſake. Then he teaches them the *Participle*, by which they muſt divide and part between them the good and the bad, the thorns and the roſes, the pleaſures and the torments of this life. From thence he proceeds to the *Conjunction* and conformity of their honeſt deſires, to the vertuous affections of the beloved, which brings in the *Prepoſition*, teaching thereby to prefer the pleaſure and ſatisfaction of the beloved, before their own; and laſtly, he teaches them the ſad and ſorrowing *Interjections*, full of pittiful *Alas's*; and interrupted by ſighs.

When the *Lover* is become a perfect *Grammarian*, his Tutor *Love* prefers him to *Rhetorick*, which helps him to a many eloquent ſpeeches, ſometimes in the *Demonſtrative* kinde, remonſtrating to his beloved how much he ſuffers for her ſake; ſometimes in the *Deliberative*, reſolving rather to dy, then change his affection; ſometimes in the *Judicial*, beſeeching his beloved to think him worthy of a reciprocal love.

The Lover having gone through *Rhetorick*, Love brings him into *Logick*, attended with her ten Predicaments; that is to ſay, the *ſubſtance* of his heart, really converted into that of his beloved; the *quantity* of his ſighings, the *quality* of his affection, which ought to be pure and innocent; the *relation* between his ſoul and his Beloveds; the *action* of his minde, the *paſſion* of his heart, the *time* of his ſufferings, the *place* of his repoſe, which is the heart of his beloved; the *ſcituation* of his deſires, upon the firm rock of Conſtancy; and laſtly, he ſhews of what colours his *habit* ſhould be; that is to ſay, *grey* and *white*, to intimate unto him, that he muſt ſuffer all things to approve his *integrity* and his *faith*. Having gone ſo far, he teaches him to crack an *Argument*, but his *Syllogiſms* muſt for the moſt part be in *Barbara*, *Ferio* and *Friſeſomorum*, enduring all barbarous torments, all furious aſſaults, and all *frowning* and *froſty* returns, though it were in the heart of his ſummer. But at length he muſt conclude all his Arguments in *Celantes*, for he muſt conceal all things.

Logick being attained, he brings him into the eight books of *Phyſicks*, ſhewing him firſt the three natural Principles; which are, the *matter* of the Lovers faith, the *form* of the Beloveds vertues, and the *privation* of the ſatisfactions of Love. This done, he advances to the ſecond Book, which treats of the four *cauſes* of his *paſſion*; the *material*, which is no other then his own natural inclination; the *formal*, an enflam'd deſire of the thing loved; the *efficient*, the attractions, favours and goodneſs of the Beloved; and the *final*, her vertue and her honor. Out of this he paſſes into the third, which treats of the *perpetual motion* of the Lovers *heart*, by which it moves, ſometimes ſuddenly to the ſervice of his Beloved, ſometimes ſlowly as it were from enjoyment to privation, from joy to ſadneſs, and from reſt to labour. This done, he ſteps into the fourth, where he ſhews him the *infinitum* of his ſufferings, the *concentrick* place where his heart ought to be; that is, the Beloved: the *vacuum* of his ſoul exhauſted of all pleaſures, and the *time* of his affection, which is perpetual. This being diſpatch'd, this excellent Doctor leads him into the fifth book, which treats of the *generation* of his noble and generous thoughts, his chaſte intentions, and his honeſt deſigns, and the *corruption* of all his impure deſires, and irregular affections. Thence does he bring him to underſtand the nature of *mixt* bodies, which are the matter of the ſixth book, where he learns what cauſes the piercing *thunder* of his complaints, the interlaced *clouds* of the *vapours* of his ſadneſs; the bluſtering *winds* and *tempeſts*

" *pests* of his ſighs, and the plentiful *ſhowers* and *dews* of his Tears. Thence he " advances to the ſeventh book, where he findes that the *earth* is nothing elſe but " his conſtancy. The *water* his tears, the *ayr* his ſighs, and the *fire* his deſires; " the *Moon*, his want of *Reſolution*, *Mercury* his enchanting Remonſtrances and " Actreſſes, *Venus* his milde Diſpoſition, the *Sun* his Vertue, *Mars* his Courage, " *Jupiter* his Diſcretion, *Saturn* his Judgement; the *Firmament* his Conſtancy, the " *Empyrean* Heaven, the Purity of his affection, and the *primum mobile* his ver- " tuous love. And laſtly, he finiſhes his courſe of Phyſicks with the eigth Book, " where he contemplates the excellency of a ſoul that's perfectly *loved* with a noble " and conſummate affection.

" When the Lover is become a good Philoſopher, Love inſtructs him in the *Ma-* " *thematicks*: firſt he ſhews him *Arithmetick*, and the four principal parts of it; " that is to ſay, the *Addition* of preſent to paſt ſufferings, the *Subſtraction* of diſ- " honeſt entertainments, the *Diviſion* of his complyant minde from it ſelf, and the " *Multiplication* of the pains he takes night and day. Thence he *Screws* him into " *Muſick*, teaching what an harmonious compliance is expected from him, by the " *Diapaſon*, which is compos'd of three Notes, whereof the loweſt is Conſtancy, " the next Patience, and the higheſt Fidelity. In this *muſical* Love, the *reſts* are " very frequent, and very ſweet, *ſharpes* there are none at all. When he is Maſter " of *Muſick*, Love ſhews him the *Dimenſions* of *Geometry*; that is to ſay, the " *profundity* of his ſervices and ſubmiſſions, the *height* of his imaginations, the " *breadth* of his hopes, and the *length* of his perſeverance. To make him an *Aſtro-* " *loger* requires but little time, ſhewing him the *courſe* of the *Sun*, in the *ſphere* of " his heart; and his *Eclipſe* upon the *Horiſon* of his eyes, whoſe effects are ſad and " ruſul; and that ſo much the more, as other malignant *conſtelations*, contrary *in-* " *fluences*, and croſs *aſpects* of the ſtars ſhall contribute thereto.

" The *Mathematicks* well underſtood, he brings the Lover into the ſtudy of *Phy-* " *ſick*, teaching him to let *blood*, and open the *veyns* of the heart, and thence to " draw the blood through the eyes, and to make a *Diet* of the preſence of his " beloved, if need be.

" From hence he aſcends to the *Civil Law*, and her three general Precepts; and " that teaches him to live honeſtly with his beloved; not to offend her any way, " and to bear her all the reſpect, and render all the ſervices he can.

" Being arriv'd to this perfection, he muſt needs learn *Navagation*, and *embarque* " himſelf into the ſea of his Tears, being at the mercy of the *winds* of his ſighs, " under the conduct of the *North-ſtar* of his Loyalty. Laſtly, he inſtructs him in " the Art *Military*, ſhewing him how he muſt by main force carry the *forts* " of the heart of his Beloved, ſometimes with the aſſiſtance of the *fire* of a " pricking paſſion, ſometimes by the *water* of his tears, ſometimes by the *mines* " of his ſighs, ſometimes by the *aſſault* of a vehement grief, or at leaſt annoying " the *beſieged* place by a patient perſeverance; and when it is once *Delivered* up, " he teaches the Lover how to keep it with Modeſty, Diſcretion, Honour and " Vertue.

Now do I think I have oblig'd two ſorts of people, the judicious, by furniſhing them with matter of ſport, and the weak with matter of entertainment. Beſides that, I am put in hopes that if ſome young Schollers chance to read this, they will take it for an *Encuclopædia*, for it will mightily rub up their memories. But I pray what is there in all this, which a man would not deciſively attribute to a *Grammarian* or a Pedant? yet the Author is very ſerious in it. There is another book call'd Loves Philoſophy, much peſtered with the like ſtuff. But I wonder this man doth not make Love teach his diſciples all Trades and Profeſſions, ſince he is equally Maſter of them as the other.

But to return to *Lyſis*, who would bring in a new *Aſtrologie*, directing all to his Miſtreſs, yet not ſo pernicious as what the Poets ſay of theirs. For they ſay, they are come down from heaven to conquer all the world, and raiſe themſelves Altars;

nay,

nay, thoſe conceptions which bring with them the moſt eminent Atheiſm and Idolatry, are ever the beſt with them. But for *Carmelin*, he's not the onely ignorant man that made Almanacks: which makes true what *Machiavel* ſays, that as long as there it one that can deceive, there will be one to be deceived.

But *Lyſis*'s conſtant text is the *Golden Age*: yet whatſoever he ſays as extravagant, his Authors the Poets ſay as much. *Ronſard* ſays,

Then ſhall the Honey from the tall Oaks flow,
And Damask-Roſes ſhall on Aſhes grow:
The Ram, that ſturdy Emp'rour of th' Down,
Shall march before us in a Scarlet-gown, &c.

What needs this? are not Roſes as good, if they grow as they do? But *Clarimond* hath ſufficiently ripp'd up theſe abſurdities. But it were enough to confute the Golden Age, to conſider the Celebrators of it, the *Poets*, who of all men the moſt complain of want; and 'tis they that preach up Community, becauſe they have nothing of their own.

Clarimond with much reaſon ſtudies the *Reformation* of *Fables*, ſince we muſt be troubled with them; as for example, that Fable of *Cupid*, who might better carry a *Piſtol* then *Bow* and *Arrows*.

The next thing is the indiſcreet curioſity of *Lyſis*, in opening the Box wherein he thought the *Eccho* was; but his comparing himſelf to *Pandora*, *Aglaura*, and *Pſyche*, is that which brings with it ſuch a maſs of fables, that I am weary of repeating the abſurdities of them.

Lyſis's conformities are very remarkable, yet he wants not preſidents; for they ſay that a Lover muſt ever be ſick of his Miſtreſſes diſeaſe: and for his Picture being in her blood, it comes from the ſame forge. His diſcourſe upon the muſick made by *Carmelin* and the other Shepherd, is much like the Corollaries which the Poets have at the end of their Eeclogues, which he ſays he'll one day make them recite *ex tempore*.

The rencontre of *Philiris* and the other Shepherds, is certainly *Romantick* and *Poetick* enough. All I have to ſay, is, that their conceptions are far neater then the Authors they imitate.

Lyſis ſays, *Daphne* and *Syrinx* were chang'd one into a *Laurel*, the other into a *Reed*, for having ſlighted the love of the Gods; though ſome ſay it was to keep their maidenheads, for the Gods had a greater leachery to maids then married women. But no Poet hath yet made us underſtand whether the *Metamorphoſis* were a pleaſure or a torment.

Lyſis certainly hath a great opinion of himſelf, ſince he ſays that *Fame* is grown hoarſe by celebrating what he hath done already. But he'll ſtill find her more work; and ſo I paſs with him to the

Seventh BOOK.

WHich after other things comes to the Metamorphoſis of *Parthenie*, which brings *Lyſis* and his Companions into excellent conſiderations; and among others to that of the Stone which *Virgil* ſays *Turnus* caſt at *Æneas*, which was ſo maſſie, that twelve men of his time could not lift it. Nor is the humour of the Goats blood that ſoftens the Adamant any better: For thoſe Lovers who threaten to kill themſelves, to ſoften the Adamantine hearts of their Miſtreſſes, conſider not that they compare themſelves to the moſt naſty and moſt ſtinking among the four-footed Beaſts.

But I cannot but take notice of *Lyſis*'s inventions in the Metamorphoſis, and beſides his judgment far beyond the Poets; for they never give any reaſon of their Metamorphoſes, it being the moſt abſurd thing in the world to advance things, even in fictions, which defie probability. As for example, *Polyphemus* being jealous to have ſeen *Acis* with *Galathea*, caſt a great piece of a Rock at him, with which he was forc'd into the ground; but his Miſtreſs and the Nymphs chang'd him into a River. Should they not rather have ſuccour'd him? But now I had rather ſuppoſe a man chang'd into water by an extraordinary ſweat, through ſome violent exerciſe or ſickneſs, or by diſtillation. Yet *Carmelin* unacquainted with the Poets, cannot ſwallow that Metamorphoſis; for *Des Portes* would have taught him, that the teares of a *Poet* are a certain water diſtill'd from the Roſes, Lilies, and other flowers of his Miſtreſſes beauty; his Love is the fire, his Heart the furnace, and his Eye the beak of the Alambick, and his Sighs are the bellows. I think *Lyſis*'s propoſition to *Carmelin* is not more extravagant then what this Poet ſays; only I think fit *Carmelin's* noſe be the beak of the Alambick, that ſo the water may be preſerved for the uſe of decay'd Ladies.

I hope the Poets will pardon *Lyſis*'s courſe to multiply *Carmelin's* water. *Ocyro* was chang'd into a *Mare*, for preſuming to be a *Propheteſs*. This is impertinent enough; for what relation is there between a *Propheteſs* and a *Mare*? But that the hinder part of her gown ſhould be chang'd into a tail, is yet more: I wonder, if ſhe had had no cloaths on, whether ſhe had been without a tail. Therefore I think *Carmelin*, ſimple as he is, more diſcreet then all the Poets: for where his Maſter tels him, that when he is chang'd into water, he ſhall ſee the Divinities naked, he asks where will be his eyes and other members? Honeſt *Ovid* ſayes, that *Cyana* being to relate to *Ceres* the carrying away of her daughter, could not do it, becauſe being chang'd into water, ſhe had neither tongue nor mouth. And yet in the next fable, *Arethuſa* who had run the ſame fortune, lifted up her head above her waves, and related all her ancient adventures. This is enough to ſhew how far the Poets preſume upon the ignorance of the people, who muſt receive what they bring, be it ever ſo abſurd.

As for *Lyſis*'s rural *Temple*, which he would build to *Charite*, *Des Portes* will needs build one for his Goddeſs; where his Eye ſhall be the Lamp, his Body the Altar, his Sighs his Vows, and he will ſing a daily office: provided his Miſtreſs gave him a good fat Parſonage; for this Poet was a benefic'd man. His avarice might be pardoned, but not his idolatry.

I ſhall paſs to *Clarimond's* reconciliation of the Metamorphoſes; and that of the Raven I like above any. In like manner a man may with ſome probability ſay, that a *Souldier* having a head-piece and boots and ſpurs on, may be chang'd into a *Cock*. But *Ovid* troubled not himſelf with any conſideration of probability.

The Hiſtory of *Fontenay* hath much conduct and judgment in it. As for the particulars, I ſhall not comment on them: It repreſents a ſort of old Romances, which brought Magicians, Sorcereſſes, and their Miracles on the Stage, but without that probability which *Fontenay* obſerves. As for inſtance, that he lov'd himſelf, he gives you this reaſon, that he was of a ſolitary and melancholick diſpoſition, and 'tis withall natural for ſuch a Complexion to conſult Sorceries.

For *Lyſis's* changing his place, to receive the ayr which came from *Charite*, 'tis neither too amorous, nor too poetick: I ſhall quote but one authority, and that is *Ronſard*; who ſayes, that being at a great diſtance from *Paris*, on a mountain, he ſuck'd in the ayr that came from that great City where his Miſtreſs was, which did extreamly enliven him.

As for the Hiſtory of *Philiris*, the naturalneſs of it is extraordinay, and the paſſion he is in for this laſt Miſtreſs, after he had neglected ſo many, keeps within its bounds; he is content to wiſh a picture of her as ſhe was every year ſince ſhe was born: far from the extravagance of that Courtier, who to teſtifie his love to his Miſtreſs, had caus'd his own picture to be drawn, which had in the left ſide a great rent through doublet, ſhirt, skin and bones, even to the heart, where he had

caus'd his Miſtreſſes Picture to be drawn. And her playing with Dogs and Lambs is as natural, conſidering her age, which was not yet capable to underſtand what love was. For *Philters* and *Amulets*, our Romances are ſo peſtered with them, that the Authors think they are not perfect without them.

Where he ſays, his Miſtreſs ſhed ſo many tears as would have made a *Channel*, that might have born a boat to bring him thither in, 'tis an ordinary Poetical expreſſion, for they weep *Rivers*, nay *Oceans*; it ſhall ſuffice to quote him, that ſaid, he ſhed ſo many tears as would make a *ſea*, wherein his Miſtreſs ſhould ſport her ſelf like a *Mermaid*.

There are none more ingenious then your Lovers, who whatever they ſee, apply it to their Miſtreſſes. If they ſee Roſes, they think of their Beauty; if an Oak, it puts them in minde of their ſtature; bui to ſay, that ſeeing the Moon, a Miſtreſs ſhould alſo ſee her at the ſame time, and that ſhe ſhould carry intelligence between them, 'tis only *Philiris* that ever imagin'd it. *Pythagoras* was a notable fellow, for he made people read in a glaſs, what was written in the Moon: bnt alas, the characters were written in blood upon the glaſs; and thus did he abuſe the ignorant, and foretold divers things. But there's a better invention in the Adventures of *Florida*; Two Lovers had gotten two Sun-dials, but inſtead of the hours of the day, there was an Alphabet about, and the needles of both being touch'd by the ſame ſtone, moved both together at a diſtance, and thus did they hold correſpondence. But theſe Dials coming at laſt into the hands of the King of *Portugal*, who giving one of them to a Captain of his that was to go into the *Indies*, the ſhip was caſt away, and the ſecret loſt.

Another Lover of our own Country, not being able to brook the abſence of his Miſtreſs, bought a Map of *London*, where it ſeems ſhe liv'd, and with great pleaſure and ſatisfaction, view'd that ſtreet and quarter of the City where ſhe lived, and ſo comforted himſelf.

Clarimond findes fault with theſe Hiſtories of *Fontenay* and *Philiris*, to finde *Lyſis* Diſcourſe. And indeed, he hath ſome reaſon to be angry to ſee the current of all Romances ſtopped, by finding theſe two married before the end of the Book.

As for *Lyſis*'s looking into the eyes of *Philiris*, to ſee if there were not ſome repreſentation of *Charite*, whom he ſaid he had ſeen; he remembred him who ſaid, his Miſtreſſes eyes were Suns, and that his were two Chryſtal balls, which receiving their rays in their centre, reflected them on his heart, which by that means was burnt up.

The Eighth BOOK

THIs an ordinary humor in all Romances, that *Europeans* ſhould be found in *Affryca*, or *Affrycans* in *Europe*, that no man knows how they came thither, nor how they come by the language, only we are to ſuppoſe, theſe judicious Authors will needs have their Adventurers ſpeak languages as well as St. *Paul*; for let them come where they will, if the language do them any good, they have it infus'd. But *Polidor* deſirous to reconcile *Probability* and *Romance*, tells you his father being a French man, brought him up in the language and faſhions of his Country, even in the Court of *Perſia*.

As for the *Lillies*, *Roſes*, *Fires* and *precious Stones* of a *Beauty*, *Polidor* abuſes the Poets in their own excellent fancies, yet is not half ſo extravagent; for whether is madder, he that ſays that the attractions of a Miſtreſs can draw Rocks? or he that ſays only, they may draw a Cart out of the mire? and where *Polidor* ſays his Miſtreſſes eyes melted the lead in the windows and the gutters, this is nothing to thoſe eyes that can give us light inſtead of the Sun, and can reſtore Summer.

But

But yet *Polidor* made only uſe of a little whites of eggs againſt this heat, a ſecret he had learn'd of the great *Albertus.*

As for his Knives hafted with *Remora's* teeth, and his Fan of *Phœnix* feathers; if there be no ſuch things in nature, lets laugh at thoſe that firſt advanc'd them. The *Remora* ſtops a ſhip in her courſe; I'll tell you how this came up. A certain boat ran a ground on a bank of ſand, being overturn'd, the Mariners found this fiſh ſtuck to the keel, and ſo they believ'd that hindred the boat, and brought it on the ſand. As for the *Phœnix*, the ſtories of it are ſo monſtrouſly ridiculous, that out of them I ſhall only obſerve the ſtrange ſottiſhneſs of mans minde, that ſuffers it ſelf to be carried away by the torrent of tradition, though in things that are in open hoſtility againſt all probability. But thoſe that ſay it is individual, and hath no female, let them conſider whether they abuſe not God, who for the perpetuation of every ſpecies, was content to go the ordinary way of male and female; which he bid multiply.

The Hiſtory of *Meliantes* is alſo as judicially begun; but yet there want not Authors who tell us, that the *Perſians* live much like the *French*, and that was it made the Author of *Lyſander* and *Caliſta* tell us in *Suza* there is an Exchange, where are ſold Gloves, Muffs, Ribans, Hats, Masks; whereas others tell us there's no Bands, nor Masks, nor Hats worn there, nor are they clad there as we are. *Meliantes* ſays he is alſo come into *France* to finde out *Lyſis*, as well as his companions; this is alſo an imitation of the Romances, where you finde people of the ſeveral quarters of the world more ſtrangely brought together, and to leſs purpoſe then ours.

Here we have *Hircan* turn'd Conjurer again, to raiſe up the *Cherry-tree* Nymph, whom he raiſes by *Horta*, who was the Goddeſs of the Gardens. As for *Lyſis's* thinking *Amaryllis* like *Lucida*, theſe reſemblances, and the miſtakes that ariſe thereon, are a great part of our *Romances.* In the Paſtorals of *Julietta*, *Delio*, a Knight of *Barcelona* being gone to the wars, his Miſtreſs *Catulla* expected him every day; but being at the utmoſt of deſpair for him, there comes into the Town a certain German that was very like him. *Catulla* having heard of it, ſends her woman to give him directions how to come to her in the night, which was by the help of a ladder of cord. He, though a ſtranger, yet perceiving the miſtake, would needs truſt himſelf to Fortune; but going at his hour appointed, he meets the Watch, draws on them; and after he had kill'd two, was taken and carried to priſon, and the next day condemn'd. *Catulla* hearing of this, knew there was no way to ſave him but to beg him, which ſhe did by her maid. This was a notable reſemblance, that could not be diſcovered all the time: But that which put me on this ſtory is, that cuſtom of begging condemn'd perſons: 'Twas a priviledge of common whores, who upon promiſe of amendment of life, had ſuch as were deſtin'd to the gallows beſtow'd on them. One reaſon of this is, the affinity of the ſins of thoſe people. Beſides that, it was thought a work of Charity to put together two bad livers, who repenting, might haply bring forth children full of courage, and honeſt, fit to people Colonies: And ſuch were the founders of old *Rome*, a ſort of Vagabonds, Highwaymen, Tories and Bandits, who having made a Troop, came afterwards to give Laws to all the world.

But I come to the famous hiſtory of *Carmelin*, who though an inconſiderable perſon, yet ſhall exceed the Romanciſts. All he ſaies are fancies and hyperboles. For the littleneſs of his Maſter, you muſt note, that the Poets deſcribing a thing, obſerve leſs probability; elſe what meant he that ſaid, That a little man having gotten up on the back of a Piſmire, thought himſelf upon an Elephant, but on a ſudden got a fall from it as high as that of *Phaeton.* For *Taupins* changing his name, and thinking to grow bigger with it, *Carmelin* had read ſome *Romance*, where he found a Gyant called *Nagibuſcantropocara*, a name proportionable to his body. There was a certain Roman, who beſides the making of his cloathes too big, as *Taupin* did, would not eat of any ſmall creature, leſt it ſhould make him little like what he eat, and that made him love Beef better then Partridge. His ſauce was

made of *Pompions*, but for Peaſe and beans he could not endure the ſight of them. This was a little beyond ours.

Carmelins ſeveral conditions are certainly as pleaſant as any thing of *Lazarillo de Tormes*: and his deſcription of the Joyners life and houſe-keeping, is a true repreſentation of a Frenchman.

You ſee how *Clarimond* begins *Lyſis*'s Hiſtory: I'll tell you how *D'audiguier* begins that of *Lyſander*; *Under the memorable Reign of the great* Henry, *the redoubted father of our invincible Monarch, there flouriſhed in* France *a yong Gentleman, whoſe heroick vertue is rendred more illuſtrious by the glory of his vertues, then by the antiquity of his race, &c.* Methinks the Epithets here are very cheap, what need a mans valour come in to tell us of his ſon: but that word *Flouriſhing* troubled *Lyſis* moſt; 'tis ſo like the Legend, for alas he was afraid that for that word men would have doubled the truth of his Hiſtory.

Lyſis believes *Hircan* took off the beards of the Gods of the waters; how faithful is his memory! he remembred *Hercules*, ſnatch'd a horn from the River *Achelous*, and that the Satyr *Marſias* was flead by *Apollo*, from the ſoals of his feet to the crown of his head, a ſad encounter for a God.

What *Philiris* ſaies touching the thoughts of *Lyſis*, and his deſcription of the night, are true Poetick imaginations; his putting perſonages on the clouds and "winds, puts me in minde of a certain petty Romance, wherein there was *The fight* "*of the four Seaſons of the year*; *Summer* and *Winter* were the two Generals. Ge- "neral *Summer* was diſcontented, that ſuch a Tyrant as *Winter*, with a confus'd "Army of *Winds*, *Miſts*, and others, *Highlanders*, *Scythians* and *Deſerteers*, ſhould "make ſuch ſpoil on his fine *Champion* Country, rob his *Forreſts*, and trample his "*Meadows*, and impriſon the faireſt *Flowers* in his Garden, and cauſe himſelf to "fly for refuſe to the *Antipodes*. The *Autumn* and the *Spring* took part with the "*Summer*, by the means of *Cupid*. *Venus* alſo ſent him the *Cyclopes* with ſome "*Thunderbolts* for his Artillery. *Ceres*, *Pomona* and *Bacchus* promis'd to finde him "proviſions. He drew up his forces in the Vale of *Eſam*; but he was no ſooner "in the field, but he had intelligence that his brother *Autumn* was routed the other "ſide the ſea. That they had diſcovered the advance of a Brigade of ſharp bluſter- "ing *Winds*, with which a company of *Miſts* came up as reſolutely, as if they had "been Swiſſers; after which came up the Canon and Artillery, which was guard- "ed by ſeveral Regiments of *Froſts*, *Rains*, *Hail* and *Snow*, with Scaling Ladders, "and Bridges of *Ice*. That three hours after they diſcovered a Squadrons of *Fogs*, "all in diſorder, and led up by the Amazon *Cold*, which was follow'd by the main "battel of General *Winter*, who had four Legions of Flakes of *Ice* had preſt the "*frigid Zone*, and all old and grey *Travellers*, who had proviſion for five months "and odde days; and that theſe forces had quite routed *Autumn*. General *Sum-* "*mer* was not much troubled at this news, who thought it his beſt courſe to joyn "battel with his enemy before his forces were refreſh'd. While he was thus buſie, "a *Page* comes from *Spring-Garden*, and tells him he had there ſeen two or three "Gentlewomen get green gowns, which made him believe that *Winter* could not "be ſo near. Whereupon he giving himſelf over to ſome little enjoyment. *Win-* "*ter* advances with ſome Troops of *Hoar-Froſts*, which made *Summer* retreat in- "to his works: Some days were thus ſpent in skirmiſhes to no great advantage of "either ſide; for what the *Hoar-froſts* did in the morning, Captain *Phœbus* re- "covered at noon. But *Winter* brought up all his forces, and took the works, and "froze the hearts of the hotteſt Champions among them. *Summer* in the mean "time rallies, and brings on the rays of *Phœbus*, which were come to his ſuccor "from the high Countrey; but *Winter* had ſet a ſort of good reſolute *Fogs* all "about, who aſſoon as they perceiv'd the rays, riſe up and gave alarm, having let "Captain *Ayr* paſs their guards. The ſignal of the Battel was a *Bluſtering wind* "on the one ſide, and on the other *Thunder*. The Battel being joyn'd, *Phœbus* "would needs ſuccor the *Summer*, but the *Miſts* being of the other ſide, came and "cover'd both Armies, ſo that he could not ſee them. The Duke of *November*

"would

" would needs with a ſelect troop of *Fair days* reinforce the fight; but the Earl " of *Shrove-Tueſday* came with a drunken deſperate crue, and took him off. *Sum-* " *mer* ſeeing himſelf put to the rout, fought ſtoutly; but at laſt was forc'd to flie to " the *Antipodes*, to raiſe new forces againſt the next *Campagn*.

This ſeems pleaſant enough; and there is another fight between the *Fleſh-days* and *Fiſh-days*, but it is too long for this place: but for this, I think it is much more ingenious then *Homers* between the *Mice* and the *Frogs*. For what difference could happen between two ſorts of Creatures, that had no acquaintance one with another? one living in the water, the other in warm holes in houſes. That humor of arraigning *Banquet* of certain crimes of *Drunkenneſs*, *Quarrels* and *Fornication*, and referring her to the puniſhment of *Famine*, was not much better in our old Poets. *Clyſters* and *Julips* are brought to *purge* away her noxious humours.

Now we come to *Lyſis*'s unwillingneſs to take *arms*: he remembers that *Love-ſongs*, *Madrigals* and *Ecclogues* are the ordinary entertainments of *Shepherds*; but where he ſays, that he will only contend who ſhall give the beſt kiſſes; he remembers *Myrtil* in the *Faithful Shepherd*; as alſo *Ronſard*, who in the Temple he intends for his Miſtreſs, will have her ſtatue, cloſe by which ſhall ſtand by his, as it were going to kiſs her, and that all that are in Love, muſt come thither once a year upon their feaſt day; and he that ſhould give the beſt kiſs, whether *wet* or *dry*, ſhould have ſome reward.

But *Hircan*'s Propheſie aſſures him as to the taking of arms; there are two or three ſuch in the Hiſtory of *Lyſander*, where *I* ſhall leave them.

The Ninth BOOK.

THere is no book but much may be ſaid on it; but ſince it might be thought repetition, I ſhall contract. I ſee nothing incomprehenſible in the Entertainment at *Orontes*'s, nor yet in the arrival of the *Ambaſſadors*, the Antiquities that are ripp'd up; as, the drinking by the Letters of the Miſtreſſes name (which ſome did till they forgot their own) nor was *Carmelin*'s drunkenneſs to be omitted, for the truth of the ſtory requir'd it.

Love blinded is again in the *Faithful Shepherd*, and that in the *Arcadia* is, to ſay truth, very difficult to make any thing of.

For *Lyſis*'s paſſing from the Iron to the Golden-Age, without paſſing through the Silver one, 'tis to ſhew the excellency of his operations, and withal to tell them, it ſhall coſt them nothing.

Nor is that humor of his, of having a *God* for *Romances* leſs pleaſant; but what Cockſcombs are theſe *Romans*, that attribute *Genders* and *Sexes* to their Divinities, and multiply them without any reaſon.

Lyſis his *Univerſity* is very pleaſant; The diſputations that were had on his *Theſes* had been printed, had they but aſſign'd him a Colledge at *Paris*.

What *Clarimond* ſaies of the Golden-Age, muſt be added to what had been ſaid before. The fruit of *Lotos* is a thing was never yet ſeen, nor much heard, but what *Homer* ſays of it.

But the deſign of the Plays is that which is incomparable; as well for the diſpoſition of the Scene as the Language: To rip up the Fables which they propoſe to act, were to be too tedious; as for the lights which *Carmelin* ſaw, he ſays nothing which the vulgar opinion confirms not, whether they proceed from natural cauſes or diabolick, matters not here. In *Euphormio* you may know ſomewhat more of them; the Author of that Satyr tells you they call Travellers to them, and that *Euphormio*, with his friend *Percas*, going by a river ſide, ſaw a man with a great head of hair, and a great Beard, who was ſeen to the navil, and that he turned

up

up his buttocks, and clapped himſelf; which done, he laughed, and went under water again.

As for the Players habits, *Black* is the colour of *Pluto*'s Kingdom; *Jupiters* red is the colour of his Thunder; *Venus*'s green is the colour of the Spring, which repreſents Love; *Ceres*'s yellow is the colour of her harveſts. *Proſerpina*'s blew is the ordinary colour of maids to be married; and for *Cyana* and *Arethuſa*, white repreſents the ſilver of their ſtreams. But for *Cupids* being naked, with his Bow and Arrow, as the Poets paint him, there is ſomewhat to be ſaid againſt it. When he would ſhoot at one, what does he with his torch? doth he let it fall to the ground? or does he put it out till he hath done, and then lights it again at the eyes of ſome Beauty? nor do I ſee why he ſhould go naked in the cold; and therefore I approve *Carmelin*, who being to repreſent him, would not for modeſty ſake. But it may be ſaid the enjoyments of it are naked: be it ſo.

Venus ſpeaks by *Hyperboles*, yet not ſuch, but the Poets make them ordinary; for to ſay, that the beauties of a Miſtreſs are able to make the Gods Idolatrous, is much beyond any thing ſhe ſaies. The diſcourſes alſo of *Cupid* are fit for ſuch a perſon, as the Poets make him: for his playing at Cockal, ſince he is a childe, 'tis natural; but pins are more proper for him, for 'tis his deſign to prick. Nor is *Ganimed*'s loitering from ſchool abſurd, for you muſt note, *Mercury* taught the Gods languages. While the *Greeks* ſtood, they ſpoke all Greek, but when the Empire came to the *Romans*, the Gods were fain to ſubmit to the Latine tongue, otherwiſe they could not have convers'd with that people, nor anſwer'd them by their Oracles.

Pluto hath taken the Pedantick ſtile, which is the moſt proper for a ſolitary God as he is; and as this God paſſing his time with the dead, muſt needs ſpeak ſome extraordinary Language; ſo thoſe here who ſpend night and day in reading old Authors, and never converſe with other men, furniſh us with nothing but their Pedantry, both in their diſcourſe and Books. For his mangling of the Latine words, he may be eaſily underſtood, as being not ſo ridiculouſly affected, as that of the ſcholler in *Rabelais*; who ſays he goes to the *Lupanar* inſtead of a Bawdy-houſe, and transfrets the *Sequane*. But *Rabelais* needed not have abus'd others in this point, for his own ordinary ſtile is Pedantick enough.

The Rencontre of *Adrian* juſt in this nick of time, muſt needs be very pleaſant; and his bidding the company adieu, aud the Waggoner drive on both in a breath, ſufficiently ſpeak his quality.

But the next Comedy is much more perfect, as being not interrupted. *Zethes* and *Calais* ſpeak the ordinary phraſe, as being yong men; but *Jaſon* being a Conqueror, and better at his hands then at his tongue, can ſpeak no other but *Gallimathias*, a kinde of ſpeech hath no name neither among the *Greeks* nor *Latines*, as conſiſting of contradictions, and clinches upon the words, and 'tis only the example declares what it is. 'Tis a Language that much peſters the Courtiers; you have enough of it in the *Loves* of *Nerueza*, and thoſe of *Des Eſcuteaux*, and in *Loves Alarms*; and though theſe Books are ſlighted now, yet were they excellent in their time, and thoſe that are now in vogue, will come to the ſame fate.

Onr *Medea* is all in *Metaphors*; a ſtile proper for a Sorcereſs; he that compos'd the Travels of *Ariſteus*, was excellent at it. *Deſpair* ſaies he, *like a reſolute Warriour, having laid ſiege to the heart of that Shepherdeſs with an Army of his ſufferings, took in at length that fort of her ſoul, having at his entrance knock'd down that inflexible courage, cut the throat of his patience, maſſacr'd his furious reſolutions, and precipitated thoſe thoughts, which had eſcaped the fury of the ſword, into a fire perpetually burning with a deſire of death.* This Author was the only admiration of the Court; but how deſervedly——

But to return to our Comedy. *Jaſon* deſirous to obtain the *Golden-Fleece*, which was a Book of *Chymiſtry*, as ſome ſay, though the Fable bears other expoſitions. But the Poets know not where the *Colchos* was, for ſome will have it to be an Iſland, others a Continent; nay, ſome ſay, they knew not by what river the *Argo* got into

to the ſea. But that trouble, you will ſay, *Orpheus* ſav'd them; for he could as well draw after him their ſhip as other things with his Harp. But I wonder, that being at ſea, the Rocks follow'd them not: but it is to be thought they heard him not. When this Muſician deſcended into hell, the *Acheron* followed him even to the palace of *Pluto*, ſo that the Shades were like to be drown'd in the midſt of the fires. 'Twas a brave fellow; for with one touch on the Harp he could draw the faireſt Trees from his neighbours garden into his own; and if he chang'd Country, he could make his houſe follow him: And yet this was the moſt beggerly Poet that ever was. But I wonder how the Sun and the Stars, being more excellent bodies then the Stones Trees, were not charm'd by his muſick. But to purſue the narration: When the *Argonauts* were arrived in the Country of King *Phineas*, *Zethes* and *Calais* relieve him againſt the Harpies. Theſe young men were the ſons of *Boreas* and the fair *Orithia*, and had the gift of flying. But why the Harpies ſhould hinder King *Phineas* to eat, I ſee not; nor yet how this poor King could live ſo long without meat. But having done their buſineſs, the *Argonauts* purſue their voyage; and *Medea* ſo favour'd *Jaſon*, that ſhe gave him a charm to ſet the Dragon aſleep. What a ſimple Conquerour is this *Jaſon*, that does all things by magick? The Dragon being aſleep, 'twas eaſie to take the Fleece. And his Companions never drew ſword till they came to *Theſſaly*. Are not theſe excellent examples of valour? As for the language of ſome Actors in this Comedy, it is enough to ſay it is fantaſtick as the reſt. Theſe two pieces could not be better repreſented. *Carmelin* and the *Harpies* did excellently well, nor did *Hircan* who playd *Orpheus* do leſs. I believe if any of the Country chanc'd to ſee them, they muſt needs think them mad: but they had ſuch a lechery to make ſport with *Lyſis*, that they cared not; and therefore being ſatisfied with this diverſion, they find him other adventures in the

Tenth BOOK.

I Cannot but admire *Lyſis*'s reading and his judgment in the old Authors. His attaque of the Fable of *Thetis* is excellent; but his heroick accoutrements betray him again: But that was becauſe he ſaw ſome Poets even of his own time ſo dreſs'd before their Books. That ſubtilty of *Hircan*, to make *Lyſis* believe that the Coach was drawn by horſes as long as it was on firm ground, and did not flie till it came to the ſea, was not ordinary: but *Lyſis* helps it by his Philoſophie.

But what he intends to do in heaven, is beyond all Aſtrologie, and diſcovers the Tenets of divers Philoſophers, and eſpecially thoſe of the *Platonicks* concerning *Reminiſcence*; and that was it made *Lyſis* believe there muſt be an Univerſity in heaven for the ſouls. After he hath ſpoken of *Homer*'s Tuns of Good and Evil, he falls afreſh on the *Ideas* of the *Platonicks*, as if they had been things to be ſeen in heaven. Nor is his holding of *ſolution* of *continuity* in ſpirits leſs Philoſophical.

The adventure of the Dragon ſhews how eaſie it is to deceive him that deceives himſelf. But for the things that come out of the Dragons belly, they are not ſo ſtrange as what comes from a Gentleman in the Hiſtory of *Lyſander*, that vomited images of wax, pieces of Looking-glaſſes, Pen-knives and Ink-horns.

The Deliverance of *Pamphilia* muſt needs be a great honour to *Lyſis*, and ſuch as muſt make him *heroick*. But his relation of his adventure is excellent. Becauſe he had ſeen Birds that could ſpeak at *Paris*, he thought there might be a Country whence they came, and where they ſpoke and did all things as we do. But this, and what he ſays of the *Diaphonous* people, is but a dream of *Lyſis*; yet not ſo impertinent as that of *Poliphilus*, who in one night dreamt a book as big as ours.

As for *Lyſis*'s imagination, that being invulnerable, the Gyants could not force

out

out his ſoul but through the noſe, 'tis an abuſe of *Mahomet*, who in his *Alcoran* ſays that *Moſes* having long wandered the deſart, found a Tomb, whereof as he was conſidering the length and breadth, the Angel of death came to kill him: *Moſes* knowing him, How wilt thou get my ſoul out? ſays he to him: Not through my mouth, for that hath ſpoke to God; not through my ears, for thoſe have heard him; not through my eyes, for thſoe have ſeen him; not by my hands, for thoſe have received preſents from him; not through my feet, for thoſe carried me into the Mount. The Angel went his way thus baffled: but another time he preſented *Moſes* with an Apple of Paradice; which he ſmelling at, the Angel took him by the noſe and drew out his ſoul, & ſo diſpos'd him into that Sepulchre which could never ſince be found.

That *Lyſis* will be accoutred according to his Authors, he ſtill diſcovers his old humour, that makes him believe there's as much truth in Picture as in Poetry.

Clarimond's abuſing of thoſe Shepherds that grave their amorous ſpeeches and expoſtulations on Trees, is not without reaſon, 'tis ſuch an impertinent and an improbable foolery: For they muſt ſend notice to their Miſtreſſes to go to that tree, or all's loſt; which if they do, they might as well have ſent what they writ on the tree ſome other way.

The hiſtory of *Anaximander* may well go for canonical with *Lyſis*. He had ſeen in the fables, that *Medea* had taken *Æſon* by the throat, and let out all his old blood, and fill'd his body with other, by which means he became young again. Nor want our preſent Romances theſe renewings of age. *Panurgus* had his body minc'd, as if it had been to be put into paſte; which done, it was molded anew, and made handſomer then before, and they got life into him by blowing into his fundament. Then does he relate ſtories of the other world. But if there be any wit in things of this nature, 'tis *Anaximander* claims it. As for the God of *Sleep*, whom *Clarimond* quotes, 'tis to keep even with the fables. Some grant this God a palace, ſome a grot. But to what purpoſe either; ſince all that are about him muſt be aſleep, and cannot do this Child of the night any ſervice? And ſince *Ovid* ſays he is ever aſleep, how can he go about the earth to ſow *poppies*? That's a task for the God of *Vigilance* rather then the God of *Sleep*. Thus ſhall we never be rid of abſurdities.

The inſtructions which *Lyſis* gives to his Hiſtoriographer, are certainly very excellent: but the new deſcription of his Miſtreſſes Picture is much more. *La Roque* was a fool to him; for he ſays only that he is a new kind of *Spider*, that makes a web whereon Love ſhould work his Miſtreſſes picture, but how he tels us not, whereas *Lyſis* deſcribes his to the leaſt particulars. As for the Copper-piece, you ſee 'twas all was left of the brazen age. For the gold into which *Midas's* wine was turn'd, why might not *Lyſis* think it might be made potable again, with the help of the Chymiſts who have broke their heads ſo much about it? The white muſt be made of the ſame milk which made the *via lactea*; which though not very white, yet might ſerve *Charite* well enough. The fleſh-colour taken from the ſweat of *Bacchus*, is a new invention; and ſo is the red that is borrowed from Autumn. The black is *Proſerpina's* Paint, yet may do well enough for an Eye-brow. The Poets who have made ſuch monſters of the Gods, have made *Neptune* always with a blue beard. For the marble whereon the Colours were wrought, it muſt needs be a peece of the firſt Altar that was erected to thoſe Gods whom *Lyſis* honours ſo much. *Venus's* ſhell was that wherein ſhe arriv'd at *Cyprus*; and *Leda's* egg was that out of which *Helen*, *Caſtor*, and *Pollux* were hatch'd.

That I have not altogether obſerv'd *Lyſis's* directions for the titles of his Letters and the Hiſtories, is becauſe I would not in ſuch a punctilio tranſgreſs the laws of our *Romances*. But his obſervation is never the leſs commendable.

As for him that would dedicate a Romance of Knighthood to *Bethlem-Gabor*, 'tis a Satyre, he being a moſt warlike Prince: And where 'tis ſaid he ſhould have a Love-ſtory dedicated to him to teach him to court his Miſtreſſes, *Germany* and the *State of Venice*, I may add, that he hath ever been in love with the *Ocean*, which he enjoys more then thoſe other Miſtreſſes; and that if thoſe old Cuckolds of *Venice* marry her every year, the *Turk* commits adultery with her.

As

As for that Raillery concerning the attribute of *Majeſty* to *Kings*, beſides that it is but of late, and that Court-flattery hath brought it into vogue; conſidered truly, 'tis ridiculous; for 'tis no more then if a man ſhould ſayto one, May it pleaſe *your ſoul*, *your mind*, or *your memory*. But to fight with Cuſtom is folly; ſince that in *Spain*, the Vulgar Ceremonies are ſuch, that *Lordſhip* is but Civility to a *Tranſlator*.

'Tis a mighty lechery ſome men have to do things croſs to others, were it but for the beginning of a Book, or the ending of it. But for *Lyſis*'s, 'tis done according to his deſire, beginning with his entrance into Shepherdry, though he had lov'd *Charite* long before.

The Eleventh BOOK.

MY Author had incurr'd the diſpleaſure of ſome Ladies, for (as they thought it) his indiſcretion in advancing the ſtory of *Genuura*, which you have in the ſecond Book; and 'tis thought they would have been revenged on him, had he not here brought on the ſtage a Man as extravagant and vain in his ſex, and that is *Alican*. But who hath ſeen *France*, will acknowledge he hath left a many Apes behind him, and theſe will leave others: I wiſh their fooleries came not to effeminate us here.

Carmelin's relation of his and his Maſters adventures at *Amaryllis*'s, is (conſidering his perſon) very good, and that he is not always of the ſame opinion as his Maſter. But where it's ſaid, that, *In the mean time* Lyſis, *to whom it is now time to return, riſe with much diſquiet*; 'tis a manner of ſpeaking very frequent in our Romances, where you find, *We leave him where he is*; and, *See what ſuch a one does*. *Lyſander*'s Hiſtory in every page hath it: *Let's now return to* Caliſta; *We have left* Ambriſa *at* Paris; *We have left* Lyſander *in* Holland. There's no artifice in this, and 'tis to ſuppoſe the Reader of a very weak memory, and betrays the Authors weakneſs that cannot faſten things more handſomly together.

That Triumph wherein *Carmelin* repreſents *Bacchus*, is like that which the Poets celebrate him for, who ſay he was the firſt conquered the *Indies*: but his greateſt glory was, that all his voyage he ſcorn'd to drink water. But that which *Lyſis* quarrels at in this Ceremony, is, that the old cuſtoms are not punctually obſerv'd; which he would not have violated, not only in this, but alſo in all other things, as his Triumph, &c.

But I cannot but hug that deſign of his of ſending for the *Muſes*. For their number, you muſt note there were at firſt but *three*, but how they came to be *nine* I'll tell you. The people of *Sicyon* deſirous to have their Statues to place in *Apollo*'s Temple, employed about it three Statuaries, thinking to chooſe the three beſt done: but it happened they were ſo well, that they knew not which to refuſe, and ſo they were all nine conſecrated in the Temple of the God of Poetry; and to make the people believe there were really nine, *Heſiod* and a ſort of Poets found them all names. For their *chaſtity*, it cannot be much, ſince they have inſpired all the laſcivious Poets that ever have been. But that Fable of their *Fountain* made by a horſes hoof, 'tis ſuch an impertinence, as I cannot tell how it hath hitherto been ſwallow'd; for what vertue can there be in a Beaſt to make men Poets? It had been more proper to ſay, that thoſe who drank of that fountain became horſes, or rather aſſes.

As for *Lyſis*'s carrying away of his Miſtreſs, 'tis an ordinary Romantick humour. Young Wenches run away and wander forreſts and deſarts with their Lovers, as if they were brothers and ſiſters, yet muſt be thought honeſt, nay though they fall into the hands of robbers and pyrats. But *Lyſis* would not have Lovers live like *Jupiter* and *Juno*. *Natalis Comes* tels us how *Jupiter* came to lie with this ſiſter of his the firſt time: He chang'd himſelf into a *Cuckow*, and it being a great ſhowre

of rain, fled into *Juno's* lap; but she hiding him under her coats, he in the mean time got her with childe, and could not but for shame marry her. 'Tis true, *Jupiter* might very well be a *Cuckow*, for he was always in some other birds nest.

But *Lysis* discovers a most ridiculous humor of the Romances, where you have a silly young girl, that haply was never out of her mothers sight, upon the first of a Lover, become so bold, that she will travel all over the world with him; and in all these travels, there must be those that will infallibly entertain them, as if they had planted their stages beforehand; and if they build Sconces any where, they are excus'd as Princes in distress, who will reward their Benefactors, when they come to their own. Why may they not meet with as good entertainment as Water-Poets?

As for that *Aristoclea* which *Lysis* saies was torn in pieces by her Lovers: This Lass had two Suitors, *Straton* and *Calisthenes*; she having chosen *Calisthenes*, the other seem'd to comply so far, that he was invited to the Wedding: But as *Aristoclea* was sacrificing, he brought a sort of *Ruffians* to carry her away; at which *Calisthenes* being alarm'd, laid hold on her. Which *Straton* seeing, put in too, and between them they so drew, that each of them had both too much and too little of her.

Lysis is somewhat troubled that *Hircan* and *Anselme* marry before the end of the Book, and that they are not all married on a day. That marrying all of a day *Clarimond* needed not so much to have laugh'd at: for your *Romantick Shepherds* being all *Beggars*, such a thing might happen, if they came to some good house, where after good drink and victuals, 'twas easie to bring them into the humour, as being such as of whom it might be said, when they caper'd in a dance, that all their worldly wealth was in the Ayr. But for *Lysander's* History, that treats of persons of Quality, to have all match'd of a day, and that in the Chappel of *Bourbon*, was a little extravagant. But Romances can do more; they can raise Armies, and conquer Kingdoms in as little time: yet a man may fain a thing so, as not to be openly tax'd for a Lyar.

As for what is done by *Lysis* at *Hircans* Marriage, if any see not the wit of it, 'tis because they are not acquainted with *Antiquity*, as he was.

As for *Adrian's* loosing of his hearing at *Hircans*, 'tis not so strange. I can tell you of one that was perswaded out of his sight. Three *Italians* were at Cards at an Ordinary at *Venice*: One having lost all his money, went to bed, with his mouth full of curses and blasphemies, leaving the other two at play: These two having given over play, would needs make some sport with the third, who notwithstanding the loss of his money was fast asleep. They put out fire and candle, and began to quarrel about the game; one swore 'twas so, the other, 'twas not, making such a noise that the other awoke, and looking up and seeing no candle, thought they had spoke in their sleep, and so laid him down again. But they quarrelling, and making greater noise then before, he looks up again, and being better awake, What, says he, do you play in the dark? In the dark! says one; what are you blinde? do you not see we have two candles? With that, rubbing his eyes, I can see neither you nor the candles, says he. Sure he hath lost his sight, says one; and withal going to the bed side, made as if he were amaz'd. Bring the candle hither, saies he, look, his eyes seem as if there were some film over them: But it may be he does but counterfeit, or imagine himself blinde. With that he swore he saw nothing; and withal calling to minde his cursing and blasphemies over night, he was perswaded God had so punish'd him for it, whereupon he began to weep. They advis'd him to vow a Pilgrimage to *Loretto*, which he kneeling on his bed, did, promising her Ladiship two silver eyes, if he recovered his. This done, one of his Companions brought a Candle lighted out of another room, whereupon they laught at him. He was so astonish'd at it, that he could not so much as speak; nevertheless, his Companions told him, he must accomplish his vows, since he had obtained his desire. Now if a *Gamester*, one whose wit is

more

more refin'd then other ordinary men, and an *Italian*, could be thus perſwaded; why not ſuch an Animal as *Adrian*, whoſe underſtanding was of no greater latitude then his profeſſion; for as for what miracles are told him of *Hircan* and *Lyſis*, his judgement is ſo ſtrong, that he knows not whether he ought to believe them or not.

The Twelfth BOOK.

HEre we have *Lyſis* relating his adventures to his Couſin, wherein though he have an excellent gift of invention, and applyes things handſomely; yet any action that relates to ſome old fable, he thinks he may venture on as a thing will be granted him. But that natural and Citizen-like perſwaſion of *Adrians* to him thereupon to go to *Paris*, pleaſes me extreamly, where he tells him, that there he ſhall not need fear Monſters, or any thing of that nature.

Here alſo we have a many caſts of *Carmelins* learning Common-places, Proverbs and Obſervations, which becauſe they are fitted to *Adrians* humour, could never have been better beſtow'd.

Meliantes to make *Adrian* believe the condition his Couſin was entred into was the beſt, deſcends into the field of his Eloquence, deſcribing the City and the Country life. But *Clarimond* now intends to diſſolve the enchantment, as being weary of abuſing ſo long, one whom they ſhould rather endeavor to convince of his extravagant opinions. However, *Lyſis* intends to make his party good; you ſee what inventions he can finde to live, though he loſt all his eſtate. He thinks he deſerves entertainment as well as thoſe his Authors quote, and I think ſo too. As for his exhortation to Patience in Adverſities, you muſt note he was well acquainted with *Celadon*, who upon the diſdain of his Miſtreſs, lived a great while on herbs like a beaſt, though he were not two miles from his own houſe.

As for *Lyſis* feigning himſelf dead, I think him wiſer then many other Lovers, who have kill'd themſelves through the cruelty of their Miſtreſſes. Had not *Iphis* better have done ſo, then hang'd himſelf at her door; or the *Baſilius* in *Don Quixot*, that pretended to ſtab himſelf before his Miſtreſs.

The main deſign of all Poets is, to celebrate their Miſtreſſes; and that is it made *Fontenay* ſay, that *Pernella* ſhould be more famous then *Laura*. But why all the Poets compare themſelves to Swans, thoſe ſweet ſinging birds I know not; but I believe, that the ſinging of that bird ſo melodiouſly before his death, may be entered among the *Vulgar Errors*; and he that firſt advanc'd it, did it upon no certain ground.

Fontenay's deſire to change wives with *Adrian*, furniſhes *Lyſis* with excellent obſervations of Antiquity, who knew there had been ſome Republikes where ſuch a thing had been permitted. *Meliantes* and *Hircan* not only imitate but exceed our Romances.

You ſee how much my Authour ſtudies to make all things natural; why may not *Adrian*, who is a Citizen, be much more jealous and tender of his *Pernella*, as *Menelaus* was of *Helen*.

Lyſis's feigned death is very well acted, *Carmelin* doth alſo his part; and becauſe he will not always borrow of his Common-places, I think that about Cloſe-mourning is his own, if he have not ſeen it in ſome Manuſcript; but *Hircan's* jeſt about one laughing on the wheel, he that knows that in other Countrys Malefactors are broken with an iron bar upon a wheel, ſees it.

Then follow ſome excellent conſiderations about the burying or burning of dead bodies; wherein though *Philiris* play the Poet, the Shepherd, and the Heathen altogether, yet ſeems he to quote ſomewhat out of Doctor *Charon*, who ſays, that the moſt diſhonorable way to mankinde of diſpoſing dead bodies, is that of

burying them; and the moſt honorable, that of burning them; that the earth is the dregs and ordure of the Elements, the ſink of the world, and mother of Corruption. I cannot conceive the reaſon why *Charron* ſhould thus abuſe the poor Earth: nor why he ſhould ſay, we have no parts we ought to be aſhamed of, unleſs to ſhew the inclination he had to aſſert that Paradox, *That women ought to go naked.*

The Poets tell us, their Miſtreſſes make them dye, and that they raiſe them again; and therefore that *Lyſis* ſhould think ſo, is not ſo extravagant. Beſides, he remembred *Æſculapius*, rais'd up *Hippolitus*. Why ſhould not *Charite*, who is a Sun her ſelf, do as much as that ſon of *Apollo*.

Lyſis ſays, That *Love* led his ſoul into Hell, wherein he differs from ſome of his ancient Maſters; who affirm'd, that death divided a man into three parts, the Body return'd to earth, the ſoul went to Heaven, or elſe was united to that of the Univerſe, and there went to Hell but the Shade, which what it could conſiſt of, I cannot conceive. Yet thoſe others that ſay the ſouls go to Hell, tell us ſtories of Shades, enough to diſcover the contradictions of Poetry: but why a ſoul ſhould be call'd a Shade, I ſee not; for being a thing of more worth then the body, and that in its ſeparation it loſes nothing, it ought to have a nobler name.

Nor doth the fiction of the Waterman *Charon* and his fare hold any more water. What need had this fellow of any money, in hell, where there is nothing to buy? *Pluto* needed not this Poll-money, for the earth and all the mines were his; *Ceres* and the other rural Divinities having no more then they neceſſarily took up. Of equal abſurdity is that of *Cerberus*, the three-tongu'd Dog. Hath *Pluto* no other guard then that of a Dog? but it muſt be thought there needs none in hell, for the Devils need neither Dog nor Cat, ſince they keep no houſe, but live like Philoſophers.

Then is *Lyſis* brought before the three Judges, and by their order ſent to the *Elizian* fields, where he rips up old Poetry and Fables ſo exquiſitely, that if all Books were loſt, we might have all of this nature from him. He ſaies that the paſtimes of the Devils are Cards and Dice. 'Tis true, quarrels, oathes and blaſphemy are the effects of them, and Avarice the Inventor; But the impatience is remarkable: But at what is a Gameſter moſt impatient? Is it for the loſs of time in eating or ſleeping? is't want of money? is't a years ſickneſs? No; 'tis when the candle is put out in the midſt of a game, or when the Die falls down, and cannot be found.

Now comes the famous *Muſardan* on the Stage, that excellent advancer of *Love-ſtories*, and Courtier of the *Muſes*, who is welcomeſt of all to *Lyſis*; one that for ſport-ſake was admitted to ſome great mens tables.

But *Fontenay* continuing his follies, gives *Clarimond* occaſion, really to endeavour *Lyſis*'s conviction; for that he had ſaid before, that *Lyſis* ought to be entertain'd in his extravagance, in regard of the Felicity of Fools, 'twas only for a time, and by Paradox. But if we will ſee the impertinences and abſurdities of *Fabulous Books* and *Romances* more fully diſcovered, we muſt advance to the

Thirteenth BOOK.

THough there need not much be ſaid on theſe two Orations, the Objections and Anſwers being ſo clear; yet to draw things to ſome concluſion, I ſhall where my *Authour* hath been very liberal, contribute ſomewhat.

The War of *Troy* is by moſt acknowledg'd a fiction: and *Homer* grounded his Poem on ſome old wives Tales, yet *Clarimond* ſays nothing of that, becauſe truth and Poetry travel not far together. But he quarrels at the ſubject of his Books, which is ill, and that grand fault, of not mentioning the cauſes of that war; for that he had written any thing before, is but a conjecture; which yet *Philiris* makes the beſt of,

of, when he says, that his subject was well enough known in *Greece*, and that consequently he might begin where he pleas'd. But as to *Homer's* Country, which *Philiris* saies is heaven, and that Poetry is the Language of the Gods; 'tis a little extraordinary, though all Oracles were in verse. For *Homer's* sentences, besides that they are such as it may be were in every mouth in those days, all sects of Philosophy have gotten somewhat out of him; as if he commend Vertue, he is presently a *Stoick*, &c. Nor have they been more fortunate, that make him Master of all Arts; or to say better, a Jack of all Trades. For to make him a Ship-Carpenter, 'tis enough that he makes his *Ulisses* one: To shew he was a good Cook, he made his Hero's turn the spit, and boil the pot, and in *Vulcan* he is an Armourer: This was an easie way to be of all Trades; but it is to be thought, that Ignorance and Pedantry were the Godfathers that gave him that name. That any Captains and the like should esteem him, as if his works could infuse courage, is as improbable; and yet this is no great commendation; for *Amadis* hath sharpen'd the courage of some, whose unacquaintance with affairs kept them in ignorance of what was truly military. And for *Alexander* and *Alcibiades*, who going into a school, and asking the Master for *Homer's* Iliads, gave him a box on the ear, when he told him he had none, 'tis no great credit. *Alcibiades* was a rash yong fellow, that affronted all where he came, not sparing the very Images of the Gods, the noses whereof he cut off; besides that, it shews that it was in those days a Book fitter for Schoolboys then Souldiers; and indeed it was fit a Schoolmaster should have it, it being their *daily-bread*; as *Hieron* said to *Xenophanes*, complaining of Poverty; That *Homer*, though while he liv'd, begg'd his bread, yet dead, he maintained ten thousand men. And hence it came, that the Schoolmasters have ever been his greatest celebrators. As for *Hectors's* leaving the Army in a fight, to go and deliver a message that was unnecessary, 'twas such an absurdity as *Philiris* mentions it not. As for the fable of *Circe*, 'tis justly tax'd: for dawb as you will with *Mythologists*, *Ulysses's* lying with a Sorceress, will be a thing of ill example. As for the Beauty of *Helen* and *Penelope*, *Clarimond* says what he ought, and *Philiris* answers as well; but for the chastity of the latter, and that evasion of the web, 'tis such a poor one, that so many yong Lovers could not but in so many years discover it. But there are that say, that those yong men, all enjoy'd her, and that thence sprang the God *Pan*, you have the credit of the Poets for the one as well as the other.

Clarimond having spoken of *Homer*, spends not time on the other *Greek* Poets, since it was but repetition; and so falls on *Virgil* the Prince of the *Latine* Poets. That *Dido* liv'd not in *Æneas's* time, is easie to prove: for his Fables, they are low enough; his Buckler of *Æneas*, his golden branch to go to hell with; to finde explications for them, were to no purpose. But *Philiris* deservedly commends the harmony, weight, and fluency of his verse.

For *Ovid* and his *Metamorphoses*, it hath been in divers places shew'd they are not natural, and some modern, have been more fortunate; as for example, *A Player being to represent all conditions and persons, having offended Mercury, in not representing him well, was by that God Metamorphos'd into a Looking-glass, that so he might represent things better then he did in his life time.* And that other, *of a cruel disdainful Mistress, who could not be charm'd by any complaints of her Lover, the Gods to punish the one, and reward the other, chang'd this desperate Lover into a Loadstone, and that ungratefnl Mistress into Iron, that so in spight of her teeth she might be drawn by him, whom before she did avoid.* To which if we adde the Metamorphoses of *Marne*, *Morin*, *Synopa*, *&c.* we need say no more.

Orlando Furioso is a book hath less order yet then *Ovid*, from whom and the other Poets the invention is borrow'd. You must not think *Clarimond* can quote all the impertinences of any book, especially of this; as where *Astolphus* rides to heaven upon his *Hypogriph*, and there meets with St. *John* the *Evangelist*, who shews him all the curiosities of the place, having put up his horse in a certain place, where he gave him celestial oats. Yet is the Author among his Countrymen

call'd

call'd the *Divine Arioſto*; and ſo is *Aretin*, notwithſtanding all his filthineſs and impiety.

Taſſo is not ſo confus'd; but his mingling together ſacred and prophane things, ſhews him of that Country where they love vice, and allow impiety. *Du Bartus* is not much behinde; but it muſt be thought his deſign was only to reduce the Scripture into neater terms then it was in: but methinks, being to ſpeak as a *Chriſtian*, he might have omitted the Suns coach and horſes, and ſuch other *Pagan* abſurdities.

Next comes up *Ronſard* with his Poems, Sonnets, Elegies, *&c.* For his Sonnets, they are alluſions to the old *Greek* and *Latine* Fooleries, or elſe ſome traductions out of *Italians*. But becauſe he is often quoted with his abſurdities in the text it ſelf, we ſhall not ſay much here, only ſhake a little his hymn, wherein hee compares *Hercules* to *Jeſus Chriſt*, both as to his birth and labours. *The three nights that* Jupiter *made one, when he was to enjoy* Alcmena, *repreſent the number of years, which paſt before the Son of God was born of his mother; That* Juno, *who ſent two great Serpents into* Alcides's *cradle, is King* Herod, *who to deſtroy the childe* Jeſus, *ſent his ſouldiers to kill the children in* Bethlehem; *That it was thought that thoſe two children were purely humane, the one being thought the ſon of* Joſeph, *the other of* Amphitruo; *though* Jeſus *was the ſon of* God, *and* Hercules *the ſon of* Jupiter: *That* Prometheus *unchain'd, is humane nature ſet at liberty: That* Hercules, *who ever obeys* Euriſtheus, *is the* Saviour *of the world, who is ever obedient to his Father: That the envious* Juno *is* Satan (*for ſhe repreſents both* Herod *and the* Devil; *whereas* Amphitruo *and* Euriſtheus *doe both repreſent* God the Father) *That* Hercules *puting on the Garment of* Iole, *is* Jeſus Chriſt *cloath'd with the humanity of his Church: That* Hercules *and* Atlas *who ſuſtain the Heavens, are the* Father *and the* Son *who ſuſtain the Univerſe: That* Charibdis, *which ſwallowed one of* Alcides's *Bulls, is Satan, that makes a prey on one of the diſciples of* Jeſus Chriſt: *And laſtly, that* Hercules, *who is burnt on a mountain, is our* Redeemer, *who offers himſelf up a ſacrifice unto God the Father.* O lewd Poet! The Adulteries of *Jupiter*, and the *Incarnation* of the *Word*, are they not fit compariſons? why is not *Alcmena* the *Virgin*, and the Angel *Gabriel Mercury*? But that *Alcides*, who to ſatisfie his luſt, diſguis'd himſelf, and ſpun with *Iola*, ſhould be *Jeſus Chriſt*, is equally as Impious. I am to note further, that he is ſuch a ſworn imitator of *Homer*, and the Poets his Predeceſſors, that he omits not their greateſt abſurdities: for this is but a patern of what might be quoted: for his deſcriptions and ſimilitudes, they are as tedious as *Homers*. If a man be to get a little water boild, he tells how he clove the wood to make the fire with, then how he kindled it and blew it, then comes in the flame, that encircles about the Kettle, then the white ſcummings, then the noiſe it makes in boiling, and this is your conſtant entertainment. This Poet would finde a man perpetual Satyre, yet was the moſt renowned of his time.

But if we catch Poets and Fabuliſts, we muſt not let the Mythologiſts eſcape, who by their impertinences ſeek to continue the credit of the former, and would have us ſwallow down obſcure and ambiguous fooleries for Divinity. 'Tis hard but ſome alluſion or other may be found to ſave the reputation of advancers. *Apollo* and *Neptune* build the walls of *Troy*, ſaies the Fable; there muſt be water, ſays the Mythologiſt to make the morter, and when the wall is built, the Sun muſt dry it. If they had put in *Minerva* too, it had been ſaid that it was to give them inſtructions for the *Architecture*, ſhe being the Goddeſs of the Liberal Arts: But for *Venus*'s accompanying *Æneas* in his batttels in *Italy*, as alſo being at thoſe before *Troy*, and her being hurt there; if you would put all *Pedantry* to the rack, it cannot finde any good explication. Thoſe alſo that ſhift off the abſurdity of Fables by *Synonima's*, are we not any thing more oblig'd to; as that *Helen*, *Caſtor* and *Pollux* are engendred of an egg; you muſt conceive the feat was done in ſome great *Oval* palace. Nay, ſo critical are they, that they find explications for the adulteries and abſurdities of theſe pittifull Divinities; and ſo impudent, as to preſent us with them as pieces of ſolid learning. Nay further, ſome in the defence of fables tell us, that the

Poets

Poets had read ſome parts of the Bible, and grounded them on ſome ſtories thereof; as that the Chariot of the Sun, was that of *Elijah*: but they cannot chooſe but be impertinent, that excuſe impertinence.

As for *Romances*, there is as much ſaid in the beginning of this Preface concerning their impertinences, and that little entertainment that is in them, that we ſhall not have much to adde. For *Diana* of *Montemajor*, the Paſtorals of *Julietta*, *Daphnis* and *Cloe*, and ſome others, my Anthor ſhall make good what is ſaid againſt them. Nor does our *Arcadia* eſcape the quick-ſighted *Clarimond*. *Aſtrea* is a book hath gotten great reputation, as coming out with the firſt fruits of more poliſhed language; and that which hath continued it is, that it contains a many ſtories fitted to the humours of all ſorts.

Nor is what this great Antagoniſt of Romances ſayes touching the beginning of the *Argenis*, ſo inconſiderable. The Verſes are alſo forc'd in; you find them frequently graven on ſtones, and any occaſion ſerves to foiſt in a paper; ſo that we may think that the Book was rather made for the Verſes, then the Verſes for the Book.

As for *D'Audiguier*, the Author of *Lyſander* and *Caliſta*, one thing may be ſaid in his excuſe, is, that he was rather a man of his ſword then his pen, as appears in many of his Epiſtles; very *Gaſconically* bragging, that *he made his Pen with his Sword*, to excuſe his ill writing. But his miſtake was, that having heard that Romances ought to be full of miraculous adventures, he hath endeavoured to make his the moſt monſtrous he could; by mangling of his adventures, abruptly leaving things undone, and carrying the Reader into another Country, where he had left ſuch a one, whom it was time to look after.

As for thoſe that go into woods, and talk to themſelves ſo loud, that ſome overhear, it is thought a mighty ornament, otherwiſe ſo many would not have uſed it, and that ſo frequently. The examples are obvious.

As for *Amaryllis*'s interpoſition; that ſhe ſhould ſtir ſo much in a buſineſs which concerned the whole ſex, for whoſe entertainment and diverſion theſe excellent works are compoſed, wants not example, as may appear by that anſwer of a woman to a certain book written againſt the ſex: *That as the Lyon ſeeing a man painted with his foot on the throat of one of his kind, ſaid, that if Lyons were Painters, they had the ſame advantage over men: So did women but write books, they would make men as contemptible as they make them, and would make it appear they are the nobler ſex.* And this was it cauſed *Anſelme* to give ſuch a cautious judgment, as being unwilling to diſoblige any. But as for others, they may cenſure *Romances* as they pleaſe. But what influence theſe two Orations had on our excellent Shepherd, appears not yet, nor how this rare perſonage conſummates all his high and famous adventures. But that is the work of the

Fourteenth & laſt BOOK,

WHere in the firſt place we have him giving his good word for *Carmelin*: but when he is demanded how rich he may be, anſwers very evaſively, that he muſt needs be rich, ſince he ows nothing. He from whom he had that, was alſo uſed to ſay, (though an ancient Gentleman) that he was young enough when he was in health. But that humour of a Schoolmaſter was very pleaſant, who being upon clapping up of a match with a rich Citizen, and ask'd what means he had, whether it were in lands or ready money, he anſwered, he had not either, yet he thought himſelf as rich as any. This went very well, and 'twas thought he had great ſums due to him, or that he was upon ſome project, or that he had found the Philoſophers ſtone. But being ſtill preſs'd to declare, he told them, that his riches conſiſted in the ſaying of one of the Seven wiſe men, who ſays, That the only Poor man in the world is the Covetous, and the Rich is the Contented. It

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was anſwered him, that if he had no other eſtate, 'twere well he went into *Greece*, and marry ſome kinſwoman of *Bias*; for in *London* Maids did not marry with *Latine*, nor yet *Greek* Ceremonies.

The diſcourſe between the Hermite and the Shepherd is very pleaſant, and the graces of it are obvious; the one being a ſimple devout man, that wore out no other books then Breviaries; the other, one poiſoned with a pernicious reading, which he was able well enough ſo to diſguiſe, as that ſuch a one ſhould not perceive it. But ſince ſome have thought *Lyſis* prophane, I muſt vindicate him ſo far as that he is not without example. *Caliſto* in the Comedy of *Celeſtina* ſays, That *if the fire of Purgatory be as tormenting as that of his Love, he ſhould wiſh himſelf the ſoul of a Beaſt rather then that of a man.* And his man asking whether ſuch expreſſions were Chriſtian, or no: *If I am no Chriſtian*, ſays he, *I am a Melibean; for I adore* Melibea, *and believe in her.* But theſe abuſes of *Religion*, the Ceremonies and Saints of it, is ſo frequent in all *Poets* and *Romances*, that a man cannot avoid them ſo are they beſotted, that they care not where they faſten their imaginations.

But *Lyſis*, you may perceive, is not wanting to make his party good, to prove his *Divinities*, his *Satyres*, and his *Nymphs*. He hath *Agrippa* up, but *Clarimond* clears him; yet not ſo, but his book of the *Vanity of the Sciences* comes ſhort of what it pretends to; for ſome he hath only *defin'd*, and ſhewn what they were for, whereas it was hop'd he ſhould have diſcovered the *Vanity* of them. But I wonder *Lyſis* being ſo well read as he was, did not think on that *Satyre* which *S. Hierome* ſays appeared to *S. Anthony* the *Hermite*, and was afterwards brought alive to *Alexandria*. It may be he thinks better to quote his own *Metamorphoſis*. But now is the Enchantment to be broken up; now muſt the pernicious reading of ſo many years, and the impreſſion it had made on *Lyſis*'s mind, (which was but too ſuſceptible of all images) be rendred as contemptible as it had been pleaſant to him. *Clarimond* by a ſhort relation of his life and adventures makes a great progreſs alone: but when all he ſaid was confirmed by *Anſelme* and *Hircan*, ſuch was his confuſion, that he had not what to ſay. Nor may this ſeem ſtrange; for I never told you he was quite *mad*, but having good intervals, all could be ſaid of him was, that he was *extravagant*. But *Hircan*'s proffering to ſhew him the dreſſes of the Aquatick Gods, and the final revolt of the *Shepherds*, finiſhes the work of his converſion. Upon which *Clarimond* ſhews him many ſecrets concerning *Hiſtories*, and that it was not conducing to *Felicity* to go in *Shepherds* habit; convincing him out of thoſe Authorities which he himſelf eſteemed the greateſt; for ſince he believed what was in *Romances*, he muſt alſo believe what *Clarimond* quoted out of them. And thus is he made wiſe by the maxims of Folly.

Lyſis and *Carmelin*'s marriages need not much remark: Only as for the former, where it was feared he might be as extravagant in his *Philoſophy* as in his *Shepherdry*, 'tis to ſhew that it was hard to cure ſuch a one ſo, as that there might not remain ſomwhat of the old diſeaſe. *Charron* is now one of his Authors, and of him he'll take inſtructions how to get children. In the *Trial* of *Wits*, there is a whole Chapter to ſhew how to get Boyes, and not Girls. But all is but *Theory*, and fragments of Phyſicians, grounded upon Diets. But were there any truth in it, there yet wanted one thing, which is of moſt concernment in generation of fair children, that the married be both, as neer as may be, of a temperament. So that they ſhould firſt have taught a man how to chooſe a wife *moiſt* or *dry* to his own temperament; or elſe told us, that upon every marriage there ought to ſit a Grand-Jury of Phyſitians.

And thus have I given you an account of this Hiſtory of the Shepherd *Lyſis*; and tell you, that if you deſire to know what is become of the Perſons, you find in the text what became of the principal: For the leſs conſiderable, we ſhall follow the cuſtom of the Romances ſo much, as not to trouble you with any thing further about them. All which when you have conſidered together, I doubt not but you will ſoon reſolve where to faſten the *folly* and *extravagance* which this *Shepherd* hath

hath entertained the world with; for he doth but conveigh it from those great fountains, the *Poets* and *Romanceers* that had lived in the several Ages before him.

For my part, in the mean time I must acknowledge my own deficiencies, which yet I hope are such as have not rendred my Author unlike himself: And whereas notwithstanding what is here said, this Book may be lookt on by some of a nature ridiculous and trivial, I am so bold as to tell them, that it is the most serious *Satyre* and graveſt Work that ever came into the world, and of no small importance: For if in *Religion* we value so much Books that combat and overcome *Errour*, I see not why it should be a less acceptable action in *Morality*, to endeavour the eradication of *Folly*.

J. D.

THE
Author to the Reader.

THoſe that take ſo much delight in *Love-ſtories*, let them come and ſee what entertainment this will afford them, which they canot but account as pleaſant as thoſe they ſo much eſteem, ſince it contains alone whatever is remarkable or admirable in all the reſt. The *Incomparable Shepherd* here repreſented, hath endeavored alone to do all that the moſt paſſionate *Lovers* which Books have brought into our acquaintance, have not without difficulty accompliſh'd. To tell us that it is an *Extravagant Shepherd*, and that he hath been ever known by that name, is no argument to cauſe any to eſteem him the leſs; for it is not to be learn'd, that an extraordinary exceſs of *Affection*, is not confin'd within the limits of *Devoïr*, nor obſerves the Laws of *Prudence*. Beſides that, the moſt Extravagant actions of our *Shepherd-Lover*, have for their Preſidents thoſe of ſo many brave *Hero's*, whom he hath endeavor'd to imitate. So that as to the deſign he had propos'd to himſelf, of furniſhing materials, to make as noble and as fam'd a *Romance* as any this age hath brought forth; you ſee he hath been very fortunate in't: And though they have given the name of *Romance* to thoſe charming and delightful Hiſtories, and that his pretends more right to the title, as being nothing but charms and delight it ſelf: Yet we have call'd him

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the *Anti-Romance*; and that becauſe *Romances* contain nothing but *Fictions*, whereas this muſt be thought a *true* Hiſtory. And of this there is yet another Reaſon, that is, if we conſider it is accompanied with moſt excellent, and important *Remarks*, wherein are diſcovered the impertinences of the fault, which peſter *Romances*, and all *Poetick* and *Fabulous* works; ſo that this Book may be ſaid to be a quite contrary thing to them. 'Tis here that you will be fix'd into amazement; O you that are ſo taken with the reading of feign'd Hiſtories! you knew not till now what Artifice could be us'd to imitate thoſe rare adventures in ſuch a manner as you might not be offended with; and yet that all ſhould tend to an intention far different from the ordinary. You now ſuſpect you are gull'd; be not miſtaken, aſſure your ſelves you ſhall finde nothing but what ſhall be for your advantage, and convincing you of your errors ſhall remove your prejudice. You muſt therefore reſolve your ſelves to attention and ſilence; for the Scene opens, the *Shepherd* enters, and ſpeaks.



THE


IAN BAPTIST. VASPOLS. INVENTE



THE Anti-Romance; OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The First Book.



Feed on, feed on, dear Sheep, *my dear* Companions! *The* Deity *which I adore hath undertaken to reduce into these places the* felicity *of the* first *Ages: And* Love *himself, who acknowledges a respect to her, stands with his Bow in hand at the entrance of the Woods and Caves, to destroy the Wolves that should assault you. All nature adores* Charite: *The* Sun *seeing she gives us more light then himself, hath now no more to doe in our* horizon; *and 'tis only to see her, that he appears there. But, return, bright* Star! *if thou wilt not be eclips'd by her, and so become ridiculous to mortals: Doe not pursue thy own shame and misfortune, but rather cast thy self into the bed which* Amphitrite *hath prepared for thee, and sleep by the noise of her waves.*

These were the words that were overheard one morning, by some that could understand them, in a Meadow upon the River of *Sein* near *St. Cloud.* He that spake them drove before him half a dozen mangy *Sheep*, which were but the refuse of

the Butchers of *Poiſſy*. But if his *Flock* was in ſo ill a poſture, his *Habit* was ſo fantaſtick in amends thereof, that it was eaſily diſcovered he was ſome *Shepherd* of quality. He had a *ſtrawn Hat* with the edges turn'd up; a *Caſſock* and *Breeches* of white *Taby*; a pair of gray *Pearly ſilk-Stockings* on, and *white Shoos* with green *Taffata Knots*. He wore a *Scarf*, had a *Scrip* of a *Foyne*-skin, and a *Sheep-hook* as well painted as the Staff of a *Maſter of Ceremonies*. So that conſidering all this equipage, he was almoſt like *Belleroſa*, going to repreſent *Myrtil* in the Paſtoral of the *Faithfull Shepherd*. His *hair* was rather *flaxen* then *red*; but naturally curled into ſo many rings, as ſufficed to demonſtrate the dryneſs of his head. His Countenance had ſome features which rendred it gracefull enough, if his *ſharp Noſe*, and his *gray Eyes* half *aſquint*, and almoſt buried in his head, had not made him appear ſomewhat gaſtly; ſhewing thoſe that underſtood any thing of *Phyſiognomy*, that his brain was not of the ſoundeſt.

A young Gentleman of *Paris* having perceived him afar off, was ſomwhat aſtoniſh'd at his extraordinary garb; and diſcontinuing his walk, came and hid himſelf ſomwhat near him, behind a haycock; where he was ſo far from making any noiſe, that he hardly durſt diſmiſs his breath. He ſaw him walk with paces ſo grave and meaſured as a *Swiſſe-Captain*, and heard him pronounce words with ſuch animation as if he had been on a Stage: which made him believe that he conn'd the part of ſome Stage-play wherein he was to be an Actor, as indeed they had a little before acted one at *St. Cloud*.

While he was in doubt whether he ſhould diſcover himſelf, or let his curioſity be ſatisfied by other accidents, the Shepherd put himſelf into more different poſtures then a Painter puts his boys into when he would repreſent ſome great hiſtory. Sometimes he leaned on his Sheep-hook, reſting his right leg thereon; and ſometimes he croſſed his arms, lifting up his head towards heaven, as if he begged ſomething with his eyes. In fine, he conſidered himſelf all about with certain geſtures of admiration; and cry'd out, *O God! how am I now aſſured that I ſhall pleaſe my Beauty in this new habit! Such was the Phrygian Paſtor, when he gave ſentence upon the difference of the three Goddeſſes.* After that, he ſate him on the ground; and taking a little Loaf out of his bag, drew out withall divers other things, which he ſet in order by him, that he might the better conſider them. There was a little *dry Graſs*, a *withered Pink*, ſome very *foul Paper*, and a Peece of old *worn Leather*. Ah precious *Reliques!* ſayes he in the midſt of his contemplation, I muſt have a Box of Chryſtal for you, that I may always ſee you, and not touch you. Then did he fall a eating with ſuch greedineſs, as if he had been newly come out of a beſieged City deſtitute of proviſion. *Anſelme* thinking he could not reſume all theſe excellent diſcourſes, and overcome with impatience, riſe from the place where he was, to ſpeak to him. As ſoon as the other had perceived him, he ſayes to him, *Pan defend thee, courteous Shepherd: wilt thou partake of my Paſtoral banquet? I have in my Pocket ſome Apricocks, whoſe skin ſeems to be interlined with Roſes: We will here participate with a fraternal concord what the Gods have ſent us.* I give you thanks, replies *Anſelme*, my ſtomach is not up ſo early: But ſince your courteſie is ſo great, I preſume to ask you what fair things you have there expoſed, and why you eſteem them ſo highly as if they were Peeces taken out of the Cabinet of ſome Antiquary: I had rather for the preſent that you gave me part of your ſecret deſigns, then of your breakfaſt. I adore thy humour, replies the *Shepherd*; ſeeing thou betrayeſt ſo much *curioſity*, thou muſt needs have a good *wit*: Sit thee here down by me, and I ſhall give thee an account of my ſelf. It's a pleaſure to diſcourſe of our *Loves*, while a gentle *Zephir* breaths yet upon the earth: when the heat ſhall advance, we will drive our *Flocks* into the ſhade.

Anſelme hearing all theſe not ſo common things, was unſpeakably aſtoniſh'd, and knew he had found one ſick of the ſtrangeſt folly in the world: So that conſidering well that there is nothing gotten of ſuch people but blows, if they are contradicted; and the greateſt pleaſure that may be, when humour'd, he preſently placed himſelf by him. He reſolved within himſelf to bite his lips, whenever he ſhould

ſhould ſay any thing that were ridiculous, leſt he ſhould laugh; and put on a countenance ſo modeſt, that the Shepherd aſſuring himſelf that he prepared him a favourable audience, began to ſpeak thus.

I put up my *bread* for the preſent, that I may entertain thee with my *ſufferings*. *Diſcourſes* are more pleaſant then *Banquets*. Know then that this common *Tyrant* of our ſouls, this *God* that is ſo little in bulk, and ſo great in power, (who if he were not, *Shepherds* might diſpute, as to *felicity*, with the *Gods*) no ſooner obſerved me in the world, but he deſtin'd me for one of thoſe Captives which he will have drawn after his triumphal Chariot. Yet he alone could not have robbed me of my Liberty, had he not been ſeconded by a fair Eye; who conſpired with him to make him Maſter of the Univerſe. The incomparable *Charite* receives his pay, or rather he hers, ſo to perfect the conqueſt of all hearts. 'Twas in *Paris*, that Epitome of the World, that I ſaw that onely Wonder; when I was in a richer habit, but not ſo noble as this I now have on. She dwelt about the quarter of *St. Honore*, and that not without reaſon, ſeeing ſhe was honoured of all the World. *Fortune* with her blind eyes denyed me often the means of ſeeing her; and it was only at ſome uncertain hours that I enjoyed that object, in paſſing by the *houſe*, or rather the *temple* of that *Goddeſs*, but wanted the opportunity of tendring my *prayers* and *ſacrifices* to her. I paſſed by that way above ten times in an afternoon; and becauſe I ſhould have been aſhamed that the neighbours ſhould ſee me ſo often, the firſt time I put on a black Cloak, the ſecond a gray; one while I walked gravely, another with a ſtaff, as if I had been lame, leſt I ſhould have been obſerved. When I would not paſs quite through the ſtreet, I was content to poſſeſs my ſelf of a corner, and ſee my *Miſtreſs* afar off, though the moſt commonly I could perceive but the extremity of her Petticoat. But I did more then all this: when I returned from ſome part where I had been at ſupper, I went out of my way three ſtreets, to go into hers; and it ſatisfied me to conſider the walls that kept her in, and to ſee the candle in her chamber; and if the glaſs appear'd more obſcure in one place then another, I conceived it was ſhe that was near the window, and there I ſtood for to contemplate that fair ſhadow ſo long as it continued. And though all this can be called no other then a falſe pleaſure, yet I was neceſſitated to continue in this torment a whole year; A torment more cruel then that of *Tantalus*. But theſe eight dayes ſince, I have found the Heavens more favourable to me: *Charite* is come to dwell here, where I hope to find greater means to acquaint her with my flames. The *Shepherdeſſes* doe oftentimes retire into the groves, where the *Shepherds* may entertain them, and yet no envious eye ſhall diſcover it, as it falls out in Cities, where a man is ſpied and ſuſpected by every one. To proſecute therefore my *Love* with more *liberty*, I have put on this habit, which I had wiſh'd long before, and am reſolved to paſs away my dayes near thoſe fair *Rivers* with this little *Flock*. But that I may not conceal any thing from thee, and that I may be known to thee as to a Brother, I tell thee what I would not every body; and that is this, that my own proper name is *Lewis*, but I have quitted that to take ſome *Shepherd*-name. I would have one that came ſomwhat near my own, that ſo I might be always known; and ſometimes I had a mind to be called *Lodovick*, ſometimes *Lyſidor*, but in the end I have not found any name more fit then *Lyſis*, a name that ſounds ſomwhat, I know not what, that is amorous and gentle. As for *Charite*, not to diſſemble, her true name is *Catherine*; I heard her ſo call'd but yeſterday by a Nymph. But thou knoweſt the *artifice* of *Lovers*: We ſay *Francina* inſtead of *Francis*, *Diana* inſtead of *Anne*, *Hyanthe* inſtead of *Jane*, *Helene* inſtead of *Magdalene*, *Armida* inſtead of *Mary*, *Eliza* inſtead of *Elizabeth*. Theſe old names ſound far better then the new, in the mouths of the Poets. So after I had taken aſunder this name of *Catherine* for to compoſe another out of it, I found by way of *Anagram* that of *Charitee*, and there wants only an [*n*] but all the letters are there. How many Laurels have I deſerved for this rare invention, ſeeing that name is clearly the name of a Shepherdeſs, and that lately there hath been a Book of Paſtorals made, which is ſo called? Nevertheleſs I have been content to cut off one letter more, and to call her *Charite*;

becauſe the name ſeems to me more *gentile*, and more eaſie to come into *verſe* Wherefore henceforward there ſhall not be *rock* nor *tree* in the Country, where ſhall not be engraved the names of *Lyſis* and *Charite*: nay, I wiſh I could grave them in the *heavens*, or make the *clouds* receive the form of our Characters.

But to ſatisfie thee more particularly as to the Jewels thou ſeeſt me have, courteous *Shepherd*, know they are things which I look on as moſt exquiſite favours. For the little that I have ſeen *Charite*, I doe not think ſhe knows me: ſhe hath not given me any *bracelets* of her hair, nor caſt *amorous* looks on me. For want of this, I ſhall not forget my ſelf ſo far, as not to keep ſomething that comes from her. Yeſterday as I came to *St. Cloud*, I ſaw her walking with one of her Companions: In jetting ſhe took a *Pink* that was in her breaſt, and caſt it at the other whom ſhe met: I was carefull to gather it up, that the reſt of my dayes I might have the pleaſure to kiſs that fair Flower which had touched thoſe fair Apples that are more precious then thoſe of the *Heſperides*. After that ſhe took out of her pocket a peece of *Paper*, which ſhe tore all to peeces, and threw away as a thing nothing worth; yet highly eſtimable to me, who took it up, deſiring to preſerve whatever comes from her. Preſently after ſhe ſtooped down, ſomewhat ailing her foot and hindring her to go, and tore off a little *peece* of the ſoal of her ſhoe, which dragg'd along: What grief would have ſeiz'd me, if I had not obtained that fair peece of *Leather*, whoſe ſervice had once been to carry ſo worthy a body! Fate was favourable to me: *Charite* and her Companion betook them into a houſe, ſo that I being left alone in the ſtreet, preſumed to take up that rich treaſure; and what is more, that my felicity might not be imperfect, I gathered of the *Graſs* which had received the impreſſion of her divine paces. Behold, gentle Shepherd, I have all theſe things in my cuſtody: Satisfie thy eyes with them, and obſerve quickly if they have not ſome extraordinary luſtre; for I am going to put them up: 'Tis a prophanation of them, to expoſe them ſo long in the aire.

Anſelme wondering at the *extravagances* wherewith *Lyſis* entertained him, could not withhold himſelf from ſaying to him; But what, perfect *Lover!* if *Charite* had ſpat ſomewhere, or done ſomewhat leſs decent, would you be ſo curious as to keep whatever ſhould come from her? Who doubts it? replies he: ought any thing that is ſo precious be loſt, when it may be recovered? I make a vow from henceforward, to find me out a Cave ſomewhere hereabouts, where I will preſerve all whatever ſhall come from her; and thither will I go every day, and there ſpend whole hours in contemplation. You will never have done, ſayes *Anſelme*, if you will keep ſo many things: How is it poſſible to get all the graſs that ſhe ſhall tread upon? Let me tell you, you ſhall do well to content your ſelf with ſome part: but your ſatisfaction would be far greater, if you could get her Picture, and that would make you remember her better. Ha! that's excellently imagined, replies *Lyſis*. It is true, I have ſeen in all Books, that *Lovers* doe always endeavour to have the Pictures of their Miſtreſſes: But how ſhall I have mine? Where is the Painter ſo skilfull that can draw it? A mortal man cannot fixtly look on her. There is none but *Love* that is able to accompliſh this work, as he hath already painted her well in my heart: yet I ſhould be well pleaſed to have her (if it be poſſible) in another draught, that I might place it upon an Altar, and make it my Idol. Whereupon *Anſelme* told him, that if he knew *Charite*, he might aſſure himſelf that he would draw her Picture ſo as he ſhould therewith be ſatisfied. And indeed he ſpake truth, for from his very childhood he delighted in Painting; An accompliſhment that doth a man no hurt, though he doe not make it his profeſſion. *Lyſis* ſeeing that he proffered him ſo great a favour, could not imagine that any mortal had ſo much power and will to ſuccour him; and hereupon embracing his knees, ſpake to him in theſe words: Pardon me, O *great Divinity* of our groves! if ere-while I could not diſcover who you were: Now doe I perceive well enough that you are the God *Pan*, that hath diſguiſed himſelf for to come and aſſiſt me in my *Loves*; and I eaſily obſerve ſomwhat in you more then a *Shepherd*, ſeeing your Clothes are not altogether

gether like mine: Henceforth there ſhall not paſs a day, that I ſhall forget to pour out *wine* and *milk* before your Altars; and every moneth will I offer you ſacrifice of the fatteſt of my Lambs. Conſider well what you ſay, replies *Anſelme*: I am not he whom you conceive me to be; I have no *cloven feet*, nor any *tail* behind, nor *horns* on my head. And thereupon puſhing him from him, he was ſomewhat amazed to ſee a man make towards them, crying as loud as he could, I have thee *Lewis*, I have thee; henceforward I will ſhut thee up, ſo as thou ſhalt not any further amuſe the world with thy follies. Their diſcourſe was interrupted by the arrival of the man: who being near the *Shepherd*, took him by one arm, and ſaid to *Anſelme*, Sir! I pray afford me your aſſiſtance to convey this young man as far as *St. Cloud*: You may have diſcovered that he is not ſound in mind: I who am his Guardian, cannot but be more conſcientious then to ſuffer him to wander thus from one place to another; if I were not, I ſhould be accountable to Juſtice: I intend to bring him back to *Paris*. Silence, ſayes *Lyſis*, Let us ſtay a little here: Good Couſin *Adrian*! give me but an houre or two, to ſhew you my reaſons: This courteous *Shepherd* ſhall be our Judge: He is ſo perfect, that I took him but now for the God *Pan*; and yet I cannot otherwiſe perſwade my ſelf but that he is either *Cupid*, or *Mercury*, or ſome other God in the habit of Man.

At theſe words the Guardian ſtayes, as having a deſire to hear what he would ſay. Whereupon the *Shepherd* reſuming the diſcourſe with a tone ſomwhat elevated, ſpake to him thus. Is it not a ſtrange blindneſs to blame the *happy* condition that I would follow? The name of *Shepherd* is as ancient as the World, and *Pan* is the firſt God to whom men have ſacrificed. Heretofore Kings children kept Sheep as I doe; and for to learn how to hold a *Scepter*, they were before fain to hold a *Sheep-hook*. The *Wooll* which we have from time to time at the ſhearing of our *ſheep*, is like the Revenue that a Prince receives from his Subjects. The *Gods* themſelves have ſometimes deigned to come down on earth for to be *Shepherds*: And if that were not ſo, they ceaſe not to be ſuch always in heaven; for what are the *Stars*, but a ſort of *living* creatures which they drive to feed here and there in thoſe vaſt *Plains*? But as for us *terreſtrial Shepherds*, what is it that can be compar'd to our glory? Could the world with any ſhift be without us? The Wooll of our Flocks, doth it not furniſh cloathing to all the world? The Tapiſtry of Temples and Kings Palaces, is it not made of it? Some may tell me, that men may make uſe of *Silk*: Is that any noble thing in compariſon of the other? It is but the excrement of a vile creature. What if I have made me clothes of it? It is only for every day; I will have others made of *Cloth* for Holy-dayes. The fleſh of our *Sheep*, is it not the principal nouriſhment of men? If we had none, how ſhould we ſacrifice to the Gods? Are not theſe creatures, think you, acceptable to them, when *Jupiter* would be adored in one of his Temples under the form of a *Ram*? and was it not for a *Fleece* that *Jaſon* and the *Argonauts* went to *Colchos*? This is to ſhew you, Couſin *Adrian*, that as our *Flocks* are very profitable, ſo is it a great honour to keep them, and that no man indeed ſhould meddle with any other imployment. To what end ſerve all the Trades in the *City*? Read the Paſtorals of *Julietta*, and you will find that there was in *Arcadia* neither *Councellors*, nor *Attornies*, nor *Sollicitors*, nor *Merchants*; there was nothing but *Shepherds*: We muſt be ſo too here in *France*, if we deſire to be happy. Buy you a Flock, take Shepherds habit, change your *Ell* for a *Sheep-hook*, and come your wayes hither to be a *Lover*: And doe not counſel me to return to *Paris*, there to execute ſome *Office*. You may bring hither my Couſin your wife, and all your *Prentiſes*, who will all be glad to become *Shepherds*: You will find it a greater pleaſure here to laugh and dance to the *Bagpipe*, then to take the pains you doe at *Paris*, in ſhewing of *Silks* and *Stuffs*.

O heaven! cry'd out *Adrian*: What hath our race committed, that muſt be thus expiated? Now I plainly ſee that the poor Youth hath loſt his ſenſes quite and clean. Sir, ſayes he to *Anſelme*, I beſeech you, ſeeing he places ſo much confidence in you, beſtow your perſwaſions to bring him to himſelf. Whereupon *Anſelme* taking *Adrian* aſide, tells him, that he had fully diſcovered his ſickneſs, that

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it was requiſite to comply a little with him, leaving him there ſome while longer to entertain himſelf with his own thoughts; and that in the mean time, he deſired to know who he was, if ſo be he had the leiſure to tell him. *Adrian* anſwered him, that he would willingly doe it; believing, that when he had acquainted him with the whole life of his Ward, he might be the more able to remove thoſe imaginations which troubled his mind.

Having ſaid ſo, they retired ſome diſtance from *Lyſis*, who being alone ſet himſelf to *ruminate* on his *Loves*, not dreaming any thing of what they went about: And *Adrian*, who was an honeſt man, but withall very ſimple, as moſt of your *Citizens* are, and one that knew very little beſides his *Trade*, continued thus his diſcourſe with much natural ſimplicity.

That Young man whom you have now ſeen, is the Son of a *Silk-man*, who lived in *St. Dennis ſtreet*: He had no more children; and hath left him ſo rich, that we all hoped that he would reſtore our Nobility, and that we ſhould ſee in our race a Regal Officer, who might be a protection to us. You know, there are many *Merchants* Sons that are ſo: And though the *Nobility* contemn us, yet we are as good men as themſelves: They are not able, as we are, to beſtow great Offices for their children; and if they are ſo *brave*, it only demonſtrates their *borrowing* from us. In the mean time they call us *Sires*, and they are not miſtaken; for indeed we are a ſort of *petty Kings*. But to come to my Tale: *Lewis*'s Father and Mother being dead, I was choſen his Guardian, as being the next of Kindred. He had already gone through his Studies at the Colledge of *Navar*, and coſt his friends more mony then his weight. He was eighteen years of age, or thereabouts: I told him it was time for him to bethink himſelf what courſe of life he would follow; That he was not brought up to Learning, to the end he might idle away his time; and that he was old enough to make his own choiſe how to diſpoſe of himſelf. For to try him further, I asked him whether he had any inclination to be a *Draper*, as I am myſelf: but he anſwering me, that he aſpired to ſomewhat more noble, I was not any thing diſpleas'd at him. He tabled at my houſe, and I ſent him to certain Maſters in *Paris*, who teach the Trade of *Councellors*. They are a ſort of people that are ſo expert, that when a young man is to be received a Diſciple, they undertake to teach him in one moneth all that he hath to anſwer, as if it were but to teach him to whiſtle, as one would doe a Starling; ſo that of an ignorant *School-boy*, they ever make a learned *Lawyer*. My Couſin ſtudied a year under them, and was ſent thither to no other purpoſe: yet could he never be perſwaded to put on the *Long-robe*. Inſtead of *Law-books*, he bought none but a ſort of traſhy books called *Romances*: Curſed be thoſe that have made them! They are worſe then *Hereticks*: The books of *Calvin* are not ſo damnable; at leaſt thoſe ſpeak not of any more Gods then one, and the others talk of a great many, as if we ſtill lived in thoſe heathen times which worſhipped blocks hewn into the ſhape of men. It doth not a little diſturb the minds of young people, who as in thoſe Books they find nothing ſo much mentioned as *playing*, *dancing*, and merry-making with young *Gentlewomen*, ſo would they doe the like, and thereby incur the diſpleaſure of their friends. Thoſe Books are good for your medley-Gentlemen of the Country, who have nothing to doe all day, but to walk up and down and pick their nails in an out-chamber: But as for the ſon of a *Citizen*, he ſhould not read any thing, unleſs it were the *Royal Ordinances*, the *Civility of Children*, or *Patient Griſſel*, to make himſelf merry on *Fleſh-dayes*. This was my advice to *Lewis*; but he would not believe me: And then you would ſay I had a fine task to command him to learn by heart the *Quadrains* of *Pybrac*, or the *Tablettes* of *Matthieu*, that he might ſometimes rehearſe them at the Tables-end when there were Company; alas! he could not endure the ſpeech of it. That put me into ſuch a fury, that I went one day into his chamber, and took all his miſchievous books, and burnt them: But he bought him others, and hid them ſometimes in his Straw-bed, and ſometimes in ſome other place. I could not hinder his reading of them; if he did it not at home, he did it abroad; ſometimes he walked out into the fields with a Book in his breeches. At laſt being

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at a loſs of all patience, I intreated him in the name of all his good kinſfolks and friends, to tell me what profeſſion he would be of. He anſwered me, that I ſhould let him alone, that the hour to think of that was not yet come; and that in the mean time he would be a *Stage-player*, ſaying it was a Profeſſion that payed no duties, and yet was very noble, ſeeing that although a Stage-player were of all qualities and conditions one after another, yet did he not purchaſe any of them. This reſolution of his I thought would have broke my heart, for I have ever loved him as much as if he had been mine own child: but I found out at laſt, that all that he had told me was only in jeſt. Yet he continued his *pernicious reading*, wherein he paſſed over whole moneths, without ever going out of the houſe, unleſs it were one half houre on Sunday to go to Maſs. He always locked himſelf up in his chamber, and came not to meals with me but once a day. I went ofttimes to liſten at his door, and I could hear him make ſuch Love-diſcourſes, as if he were ſpeaking to ſome fair Lady, and then a little after, he anſwered himſelf for her, counterfeiting his voice. You ſee now how he hath paſs'd his time at my houſe till this year, which is his five and twentieth, wherein he hath made appear that his mind is more fraught with hurtful imaginations then ever. My wife had about a moneth ſince preſented the conſecrated bread in our Pariſh; the Beadle that overſees that work had brought her back the wrought cloth it was carried in: He got hold of it, and having wrapp'd himſelf about with it, as the School-boys doe who repreſent *Shepherds* in the Colledge-Comedies, he began to repeat *verſes* in my chamber, beholding himſelf in the Looking-glaſs, to ſee if he acted his his part handſomly. I came to him while he was in this poſture, and jeered him ſo much, as if he had own'd any ſhame, he had repented him of what he had done. It hath been his ſtudy ever ſince, how to counterfeit the *Shepherd*; and inſtead of a *Sheep-hook* he took ſometimes a *Beſom-ſtaff*, and ſometimes a *Raſp*; moſt commonly he took a *Fork* I had in my back-ſhop, which was ſomewhat more commmodious for him, becauſe it was of a good length; and he hath broke me two or three, by leaning negligently his leg thereupon for to perſonate the *Paſſionate Shepherd*, as he once had obſerved at *Bourgundy*-Houſe. At laſt he found out the means to make him the habit which he now hath on, and hath ſtollen away from me to come hither, where he intends to play the Shepherd in good earneſt, and act Comedies in the midſt of the field. 'Twere at leaſt ſomewhat better if he were at my houſe then in this place, where his follies will be betrayed to all the world. Thus far therefore have I gone: I learned he was come into theſe quarters, and that he retired laſt night to a poor Countrymans houſe, who hath help'd him to buy ſome ſheep, and hath ſuffered him to go abroad in his new habit, without croſſing him in any thing. My intention is to carry him back, and lock him up in ſome place, where he may ſee nothing at all, untill this humour be over.

You will get nothing by that, ſaith *Anſelme*, you muſt not go that way to work: For ſuppoſe he were in ſome place where there were no Books that could give any entertainment to his Extravagances, he knows enough already for to feed himſelf in them, and in a Chamber that were no longer then a Perch, his mind would travel 500 leagues in half an hour; 'twere in this ſolitude that his imagination would be in continual imployment. 'Tis better to let him enjoy company; for he will divert and rid himſelf of many errors, which haply had not poſſeſt his thoughts but for want of knowing how men live in the world. Let me have the tuition of him a little: I have a houſe at St. *Cloud* that is at yours and his ſervice, and I will entertain him the beſt I can.

Adrian thanked *Anſelme* for his courteſie, and told him, that come what will on't, he would let him try, if he could prevail any thing with his Couſin. While they were engaged in this diſcourſe, they came ſtill nearer and nearer St. *Cloud*, and *Anſelme* drew *Adrian* with ſome importunity thither for to dine at his houſe, telling him, that *Lyſis* muſt be left in the fields till night, to ſee if his patience would hold out to ſtay there without the diverſion of any company.

While they were abſent, the *new Shepherd* made his meal on the fruits wherewith he

he was furniſhed, and went and drunk at the River. Divers Country-people went near by him, but there was not one that had the boldneſs to ſpeak to him; they all took him for an Apparition.

It was at length tedious to him, not to have any body to talk with: And ſeeing a Flock of Sheep at ſome pretty diſtance from him, he drove his towards that ſide, to paſs away the time with him that kept them: Though it was a luſty Country-fellow, and that he obſerved his habit to be much different from his: Yet he ſtick'd not to approach him, with a geſture as courteous as if it had been *Celadon* or *Sylvander*. Courteous Shepherd! ſayes he, Tell me what are thy occupations here? Doeſt thou think on the cruelty of *Clorinda*? How long is it ſince thou haſt made any *Song* for her? Prethee ſhew me ſome of thy *Verſes*.

The other Shepherd, who underſtood no more of theſe Elegancies, then if he had ſpoken to him in ſome barbarous tongue, was very much amaz'd at his mode, not knowing what kind of perſon he was. However comprehending his diſcourſe the beſt he could: I know not what you tell me of *Cock a' Inde*; As for a Song, I bought one the other day at *Paris* at the *New-bridge end*; And as for Verſes, if you mean thoſe at the beginning of *Maſs*, I think I can tell one or two. *Lyſis* ſmiling at this anſwer with a kind of diſdain, which in him was a ſomewhat natural gracefulneſs, ſaid to him, How *Shepherd*? doſt not thou know yet what *Verſes* are? Muſt not all *Shepherds* be *Poets*? Haſt thou obſerved any in the hiſtories that have not been ſo? Haſt not thou obſerved that they ought to make Verſes in talking; and that it ſhould be as eaſie for them, as Proſe to other people? Otherwiſe how could they expreſs their ſufferings to their *Shepherdeſſes* upon all occaſions by a *Sonnet*, *Roundelay*, or a *Madrigal* handſomly ſung? But it may be thou art of the number of thoſe inſenſible ones who deſpiſe *Love* and the *Muſes*. Can I ſay thou art happy, if thou art of that humour? Yes, I may, for thou art not therefore expoſed as I am to the charms of a cruel Deity. Alas! tell me, doſt not thou know the fair *Charite*? No indeed, anſwers the Shepherd, I do not know thoſe people you name to me. What, thou haſt not ſeen her then, replies *Lyſis*? Not that *Charite*, that can no more hide her ſelf then the Sun? No, no, it is apparent: For if thou hadſt once met her, thou wouldſt not have been any longer inſenſible. Avoid her ſtill, that thou mayſt continue happy. She is at the preſent at St. *Cloud*, where with her *looks* ſhe commits *murthers*: ſhe takes men and chains them up, puts them on the rack, and plucks their hearts out of their breaſts without ever opening them: ſhe doth not feed on any thing but *Hearts*, and carrouſes in nothing but *Tears*. Alas, ſaid the Shepherd, (making the ſign of the *Croſs*) it ſeems you ſpeak to me of a *Witch*! She may well be a Witch, anſwers *Lyſis*, ſeeing one geſture, or one word of hers charms all that is near her. All thoſe that have ſeen her, languiſh for her: ſhe bewitches the Flocks, the Dogs, the Wolves, nay even the Rocks, which ſhe makes follow her; the Plants doe not eſcape her, and it is only ſhe that cauſes the buds of the Roſes to ſhoot forth, and afterwards cauſes them to wither away through the ſame heat that produced them. Ah! how ſhall I have a care not to appear before her, ſaid the Shepherd; for I am not ſuch a one as the moſt part of the Citizens of *Paris* take me to be: They think I am a Wizard, as all thoſe Shepherds are that live far hence: for I ſhould not have the power to defend my ſelf from the wicked woman you talk of; I doe not know how they make Characters; I cannot ſave my ſelf any way but by flight. Stupid fellow! replies *Lyſis*, doſt thou think to avoid what all the world muſt ſuffer? This great Univerſe which thou ſeeſt will not be ruin'd but by *Charite*. Thou knoweſt how that in the time of *Deucalion* all the Earth was overwhelmed with *water*; there muſt ſhortly happen another end that ſhall be quite contrary, all muſt be deſtroyed by *fire*, and this *Charite* is born to turn all to *aſhes*. What! thou wondereſt at what I ſay? How! knoweſt thou not that I who am but her ſlave, have ſo much fire within my breaſt, that with one ſigh I could burn up all this graſs; and that beſides that, I could drown all this Country by a deluge that ſhould iſſue out of my eyes, were it not that the heat is more predominant in me.

The Shepherd, who ſaw that *Lyſis* animated his diſcourſe with a ſerious manner of ſpeaking, gave credit to all theſe miracles; and though he was as much confounded as if he had already ſeen the end of the world, yet had he the courage to ask him who he was? I am a *body* without a *ſoul*, anſwers *Lyſis*: I doe not *live*, ſince I have ſeen *Charite*; and ſhall not *riſe* again, untill her favours ſhall oblige me thereto. Thou to whom I have the firſt of any communicated my ſecrets, go and acquaint the Shepherds of thy village, to make their vows and offerings to my *Enchantreſs*, to the end that if ſhe will doe them no good, ſhe may doe them no hurt. Farewell friend! and make thy profit of my admonitions.

Having ſaid ſo, he quitted the Shepherd; who was ſo much aſtoniſhed both at the faſhion of the man, and his diſcourſe, that he certainly believed that it was a ſpirit had appeared to him; and he thought it very long that the time of departing was not come, that he might go and communicate this ſtrange news to all of his acquaintance.

Lyſis purſuing his way, came ſomewhat near the ſide of a Mountain: where calling to mind that in the Books he had read, the Shepherds did interrogate the *Eccho* in ſuch places as that, his reſolution was to imitate them, and to conſult that Oracle which he thought as infallible as that of *Delphos*. Languiſhing Nymph! ſayes he with a ſhrill voice, I have erewhiles diſcovered my torment to all theſe deſarts, haſt thou *heard it?* There was preſently an Eccho that anſwered, *heard it*. He was ſo raviſhed to hear that voice, that he continued in this manner. What ſhall I doe for to aſſwage my miſery? tell me, ſeeing I have already related my *chance*. The *Eccho* anſwered, *dance*. Sing then, or whiſtle, or play on the Tabor, if thou wilt have me dance, replies the Shepherd: but let us not fall out, friendly Nymph! How is it that I muſt take my Miſtreſs, that my flames may be *ſlaked?* Eccho, *naked*. What ſhall I doe, if I ſee one of her breaſts uncovered? ſhall I touch it, ſeeing haply ſhe will be angry if I *undertake* it? Eccho, *take it*. That I take it, that's very well ſpoken: I will go and ſee her immediately, that my pain may find ſome *allay*. Eccho, *away*. Farewell then, my Faithfull one, till the next time: I'll go ſeek *Charite* where ſhe doth ſtay. Eccho, *ſtay*. Why ſo? thou bidſt me be gone, and that I ſhould find comfort readily. Eccho, *I ly*. I think thou art a fool: thou aſſuredſt me but now I happineſs ſhould *ken?* Eccho, *when?* Juſt now, ſycophant, haſt thou forgotten? and doſt not think *Charite's* heart and mine the ſame chain muſt undergo? Eccho, *No*. Thou propheſieſt falſe: my Miſtreſs ſhall give thee the lye, and make a fool of thee. Eccho, *of thee*. Of me! I believe not: what! ſhe will diſdain me: for ſuch miſhaps tell me ſome remedy. Eccho, *dy*. What kind of death ſhall I chooſe, there being no ſuccour if her goodneſs doth not accord? Eccho, *A cord*. Ah cruel one! thou art deceived, or haply thou wouldſt ſpeak of the cord of *Cupids* bow, that will ſend me an arrow will make me dye an eaſie death: Is not that thy meaning? Eccho, *No, no, I mean a halter to hang thee*. This anſwer, which was very lively, extreamly ſurpriſed *Lyſis*. Ha! what pleaſant Eccho is this? ſays he: ſhe repeats not my laſt ſyllables, but ſays others.

As he had ſpoken theſe words, *Anſelme* came from behind a long wall where he had lurk'd, and preſented himſelf to him. 'Twas he that had all the time playd the *Eccho*: but he did not diſcover any thing at all to him, though the other did ſomewhat ſuſpect him, and queſtion'd him divers times. So that *Lyſis* who was perſwaſible to any thing, told him, that if it were not he that had anſwered him, he had found a place where the *Eccho* ſhewed her ſelf very merry; and that in all the Books of *Paſtorals*, he had never read of her ever being in ſuch a good humour. I do not know, ſays he, whence it comes, ſhe nothing but jeers now. Is there not ſome impatience troubles her? Is ſhe not ſtill in love with *Narciſſus*, having found *Charite* more beautifull then he? But rather on the contrary, hath not ſhe greater cauſe to grieve, ſeeing *Charite* is not of her own ſex, from whom ſhe can expect no ſatisfaction? Or perhaps doth ſhe not dote on her, and that at the preſent ſhe is ſomwhat extravagant? For my part, I believe it, or elſe ſhe muſt be drunk. Certainly 'tis ſo, ſays *Anſelme*, and laughs! The Nymph *Eccho* comes

from a collation at the Tavern in the *Heaume*, where ſhe had drunk a little too much *Sureſne* wine. But what an error are you guilty of, to believe that the Eccho which anſwered you was the ſame Nymph that was in love with *Narciſſus*? There are few rocks and other places in the world where there is any hollowneſs, but there are ſuch voices as theſe: whereas ſhe that was in love with that fair huntſman, who loved none but himſelf, lives only in a rock of *Beotia*, where her languiſhing hath made her ſo lean, that there remained of her no more then the bones, which were turned into ſtones, and ſpeech, which is heard there to this day. She could not anſwer us at that diſtance; it muſt needs be, that in *France* and other Countries there are ſome Demy-goddeſſes which drive the ſame Trade as ſhe. Do not believe that, replies *Lyſis*: ſhe hath a ready ſpirit, and hears well when one calls her, ſhe comes preſently in what place ſoever it be. But ſometimes, ſays *Anſelme*, ſhe returns our laſt words without ever being called, and it is poſſible ſhe may be called in fifty places at the ſame time, how could ſhe anſwer all? But I will explain this to you: Know that there were many Nymphs which were called *Eccho*. Firſt of all there was ſhe that loved *Narciſſus*, which for certain was changed into Voice, and anſwers thoſe that travel in the Country where ſhe was metamorphoſed. Beſide that there was one, an excellent Muſitian, and which we may rank among the antient *Pantomimes* who counterfeited the ſpeech of all men, the cry of all beaſts, and the chirping of all birds: *Pan* fell in love with her, but could not obtain what he deſired; ſhe moſt unworthily ſcorn'd him, and what is more, boaſted ſhe underſtood Muſick better then he. That anger'd him ſo much, that he incited all the Shepherds to kill her: They cut her body into infinite peeces, which they ſcattered through all the world, leſt they might be recompoſed again. But the Muſes which had been her friends, ordered that they ſhould all imitate all manner of ſounds, as ſhe did while ſhe lived. *Pan* was thereby ſufficiently puniſhed: for whereas before ſhe ſham'd him but in one place, ſhe doth it now every where; and counterfeits not only the ſound of his *Bagpipe*, but alſo that of divers other inſtruments whereon he could never play: Thence it comes, that there are few places where there is not a Voice that anſwers us. But there is another thing worth your obſervation, which I am going to tell you. In one of the *Fortunate Iſlands* there was ſometimes a very learned *Fairie*, which having the tuition of the perſons of divers Princes and Knights that were her friends, found out a means to aſſiſt them ſuddenly in all manner of dangers, and yet not go out of her palace: ſhe by the aſſiſtance of ſome ſpirits congeal'd a great quantity of Air, whereof ſhe made many Conduits which ſhe diſpoſed into divers Cities, Mountains and Rivers, making them inviſible to all people; and when ſhe was to acquaint thoſe ſhe affected with any thing, ſhe acquainted them by that means, ſo that in a ſmall time ſhe gave them to know what was to come, and gave them wholſom advices, and they could alſo anſwer her the ſame way. But ſhe departing the world, there was no body could make uſe of her ſecret, though divers *Magycians* had try'd what they could doe in it. It is therefore come to paſs, through the injury of time, that by little and little her long Conduits have been ſpent and broken to peeces in divers places; and when men ſpeak now, the voice is carried thither, but it preſently comes out again through the holes, as if it were ſome broken water-pipe, without going much further: If there be any places where the voice is return'd to ſeven times, the reaſon is becauſe it goes out of one pipe into another near it. Let us now put all this together, that in one place the Eccho of *Narciſſus* anſwers us, and in infinite others the members of the Eccho of the God *Pan*, or the Channels of the *Conduits*. You would have me believe that, ſays *Lyſis*: I ſhall ſooner believe that I flie like *Dedalus*: *Ovid* never ſpoke any thing of this, you have it out of ſome *Apocryphal* book: As long as the *Deſtinies* ſhall be imployed to ſpin out the thread of my dayes, I ſhall credit what the good *old* Authors ſay.

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I never heard any thing of all you have ſaid, then cry'd out *Lyſis*. You are an *Heretick* in *Poetry*; you falſifie the texts of *Homer* and *Virgil*, and entertain us with corrupt doctrine. Go elſwhere, and ſeek ſuch minds as you ſhall be able to ſeduce: I am too firm in what I believe, to be ſhaken by your opinions, which poſſibly are pump'd out of ſome modern Author, who is not followed by any other.

You are angry already, ſayes *Anſelme*, but there is a great deal more to come: Aſſure your ſelf, that neither in what you have ſaid, nor in what I have, there is any thing of truth. There is no ſuch thing as a Nymph *Eccho* that anſwers us: 'tis our own voice, which retained in ſome concavity, returns again, as the light of the ſun is retorted by the reflexion of the place where it caſts its rayes. Nor is there any *Parque* or *Deſtiny*: and it is only the pleaſure of God, that makes our lives longer or ſhorter. But we will diſmiſs that point for the preſent, and talk of ſomething whence there ſhall not ariſe ſo much conteſtation between us. *Lyſis*, who would not ſeek the occaſion of a quarrel with a perſon whom he had much need of, was very well pleaſed to change diſcourſe, and thereupon asked where his Couſin was. *Anſelme* told him that he had left him at his houſe, where he had met a certain friend that ſtaid him: but that he would neither ſup nor lodg there, though he had much intreated him; and that he was deſirous to go to the Inn where he had ſet up his horſe in the morning. *Lyſis* ſwore by the god *Pan* that he would not go ſeek him there, and that he would go back into a little Hut which he had choſen for his habitation: conceiving that *Adrian* would doe nothing but importune him to return into the *City*. *Anſelme* anſwered him, that haply his perſwaſions might be ſo effectual with him, as that they ſhould inducehim to turn *Shepherd*: He ſaw ſome likelihood of it: yet would he not return ſo ſoon, ſaying the ſun was yet too high, and that Shepherds ought not to retire till *Veſper* which is their ſtar began to appear.

Though *Lyſis* ſaid this, yet *Anſelme* ceaſed not endeavouring to get him away immediately to St. *Clond*, as he had promis'd *Adrian*: but he therein loſt his labour,

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but to ſpin out your life: muſt they not alſo ſpin mine and all other mens? In what manner do you diſpoſe of them? Tell me how they are all imployed. The firſt holds the Diſtaff which hath the Flax on it, ſayes *Lyſis*, ſhe wets her fingers and twiſts the thread: The ſecond turns the Spindle to wind it upon: And the third is to cut it with the Sciſſers. Very good, ſays *Anſelme*, is not that a ſtrange abſurdity? The *Deſtinies* being always a ſpinning as long as the life of a man laſts, can hold but one ſpindlefull at a time, and yet there are a hundred thouſand lives that laſt at the ſame time. Is it not the ſame caſe as that of the Nymph *Eccho*, which you think anſwers all the world? He who firſt advanced theſe two things, had he not a hollowneſs in his brain? and ſo many Poets as there have been ſince, have they not been blinded and beſotted to follow him without any examination? Take another doctrine that I ſhall teach you. The *Deſtinies*, whether they are in heaven or in hel, are indeed charg'd with the ordering of our dayes to come, which *fate* hath preſcribed; but they have neither Flax nor Spindle: They have a great Pannier, where there are almoſt as many Silk-worms as there are men living on earth; all the threads of them are drawn and placed on a pair of windles: The firſt turns it, that it may be made into skains; the ſecond comes and cuts ſometimes one, ſometimes another, with the ſhears; and the third makes proviſion of new ones, in ſtead of thoſe that are finiſh'd or cut. Now the threads which are drawn from one only worm, are to wind the lives of thoſe that are of the ſame linage; and when there is no more ſilk about the Bottom, it ſignifies that race is at an end. There is yet another thing to be conſidered, and that is, That for to determine a life 'tis not abſolutely neceſſary that the thread ſhould be cut, it happens often that it breaks, and then it is that we dye before our time by ſome accident which our horoſcope did not ſeem to portend. But it is to be obſerv'd that they are always the fineſt threads which break, as it happens here on earth that the men of the moſt piercing wits live ſhorteſt.

I never heard any thing of all you have ſaid, then cry'd out *Lyſis*. You are an *Heretick* in *Poetry*; you falſifie the texts of *Homer* and *Virgil*, and entertain us with corrupt doctrine. Go elſwhere, and ſeek ſuch minds as you ſhall be able to ſeduce: I am too firm in what I believe, to be ſhaken by your opinions, which poſſibly are pump'd out of ſome modern Author, who is not followed by any other.

You are angry already, ſayes *Anſelme*, but there is a great deal more to come: Aſſure your ſelf, that neither in what you have ſaid, nor in what I have, there is any thing of truth. There is no ſuch thing as a Nymph *Eccho* that anſwers us: 'tis our own voice, which retained in ſome concavity, returns again, as the light of the ſun is retorted by the reflexion of the place where it caſts its rayes. Nor is there any *Parque* or *Deſtiny*: and it is only the pleaſure of God, that makes our lives longer or ſhorter. But we will diſmiſs that point for the preſent, and talk of ſomething whence there ſhall not ariſe ſo much conteſtation between us. *Lyſis*, who would not ſeek the occaſion of a quarrel with a perſon whom he had much need of, was very well pleaſed to change diſcourſe, and thereupon asked where his Couſin was. *Anſelme* told him that he had left him at his houſe, where he had met a certain friend that ſtaid him: but that he would neither ſup nor lodg there, though he had much intreated him; and that he was deſirous to go to the Inn where he had ſet up his horſe in the morning. *Lyſis* ſwore by the god *Pan* that he would not go ſeek him there, and that he would go back into a little Hut which he had choſen for his habitation: conceiving that *Adrian* would doe nothing but importune him to return into the *City*. *Anſelme* anſwered him, that haply his perſwaſions might be ſo effectual with him, as that they ſhould inducehim to turn *Shepherd*: He ſaw ſome likelihood of it: yet would he not return ſo ſoon, ſaying the ſun was yet too high, and that Shepherds ought not to retire till *Veſper* which is their ſtar began to appear.

Though *Lyſis* ſaid this, yet *Anſelme* ceaſed not endeavouring to get him away immediately to St. *Clond*, as he had promis'd *Adrian*: but he therein loſt his labour,

this Shepherd made a great conſcience of violating any *Paſtoral* cuſtoms. *Anſelme* therefore being reſolved to paſs away the time with him, they entertained themſelves upon divers ſubjects: And among other things, *Lyſis* not being able to forget his Love, ſtumbled on this. But thou comeſt from that St. *Cloud*, gentle Shepherd! haſt not thou ſeen the beautifull *Catherine du Verger?* And preſently correcting himſelf, and ſtamping on the ground with his foot, Ah! unhappy man that I am, I have named her! wo is me, I have named her! ah indiſcreet ſhepherd that I am! A Lover! whom reſpect obliges to ſilence: muſt I, ah! muſt I diſcover a fire which ſhould always be covered with its own aſhes?

What, is it *du Verger* that you love there? ſays *Anſelme*: I ſwear I was almoſt in ſuſpect of it. But why would you conceal it ſo much? ſhould not I have diſcover'd it at laſt? You have asked me for a Picture of your Miſtreſs, could I draw it without knowing her? Thou art in the right, replies *Lyſis*, with a countenance not ſo ſad: And prethee, if I had not named that Fair one, what other couldſt thou conceive capable to enſlave me? However I muſt tell thee, that I ſhould have been glad that none knew my flame, before her who hath cauſed it. That *Beauty* it ſeems is yet ignorant of the hurt ſhe hath done you, ſays *Anſelme*. Doſt thou think otherwiſe? anſwers *Lyſis*. Yet I am ſure my eyes have ſpoken enough of it; and all the times that I have paſs'd before her, I have ſigh'd ſo loud, that I believe I might have been heard to the other world. Henceforward, to give her clearer teſtimonies of my love, I will always wear of her Colours, if I can learn what they are. Doſt not thou know them? I do, anſwers *Anſelme*, I may very well know them, for I do much frequent Madam *Angelica's*, whoſe ſervant ſhe is. A ſervant! replies *Lyſis* all in a fury: what unworthy name is that for her that is the Miſtreſs of the whole world! Say that ſhe is a Companion of the Nymph *Angelica*. I will indeed, Maſter *Lewis*, I ſhall not fail henceforth, replies *Anſelme*. How's that! ſays *Lyſis*, retiring three ſteps backward: wilt thou never make an end of affronting me? Knoweſt thou not that I am call'd the Shepherd *Lyſis?* and that theſe names of *Sir*, *Maſter*, and *My Lord*, are only for thoſe deſpicable people that live in Cities? I beg your pardon, ſays *Anſelme*, my tongue goes before my wit: For to appeaſe you, I am to give you to underſtand that the Shepherdeſs *Charite*, who is no more call'd *Catherine du Verger*, Companion, and not ſervant of the *Nymph*, not the *Lady Angelica*, and Miſtreſs of the *Shepherd Lyſis*, and not of *Maſter Lewis*, hath choſen *Red* as her moſt favourite colour: ſhe hath ſhoo-ſtrings of it, and ſhe hath Lace of the ſame colour at her Buſk, and 'tis not Carnation I am ſure of it; if you will not believe it, go and ſee.

Whereupon *Lyſis* putting on a countenance inclining to a ſmile, came and embraced *Anſelme*, and ſaid to him, I believe thee, courteous Shepherd, my only aſſiſtance! I thank thee for this ſignal favour thou doſt me! And as by chance the Sun being near ſetting appeared all red, and made the clouds all about appear ſo too, the Shepherd beholding it preſently cry'd out, It is eaſily ſeen that the incomparable *Charite* loves *red*: The heaven, which honours her, will not be adorned with any other colour; and if it be conſidered well, I believe Nature, which is not pleaſed but in pleaſing her, communicates redneſs to all things that are ſubject to her: It will be found that this year there are more *red* Flowers then *yellow*, or *white*, or *blue*: There hath not been ſuch plenty of any Fruit as of *Strawberries* and *Cherries*; and there hath been great ſcarcity of Apples, unleſs it be thoſe which are of a vermilion colour. I meditate thereon ſomwhat that is excellent and rare, ſuch as never fell into the brains of *Sylvander*, the moſt knowing Shepherd of *Isgnon*. But it's enough! let us return to the village, it is now time; for if I ſhould ſtay here any longer, I ſhould fear the loſs of ſome of my ſheep, being not yet provided of a Dog for to keep them. *Let us go: behold the Sun lies him down in the waters.*

Anſelme, who deſired nothing ſo much as to get him away, ſeeing him in a good humour, led him into the way to *St Cloud*: And to try the ſubtilty of his ſpirit, ſaid to him as they went along, But Shepherd! you have a ſtrange opinion concerning the Sun: you think he goes to bed in the *ſea*, and that he repoſes himſelf

ſelf there till the morrow that he ſhall riſe for to continue his wonted journy. That indeed is it that I believe of it, anſwers *Lyſis*, and who doth not the like betrayes much ignorance. Conſider then a little this thing, replies *Anſelme*: Behold, the Sun ſets on that ſide, and to morrow he will riſe on the other, which is quite oppoſite: how is that done? There is as much way for to go thither, as he had diſpatch'd before when he was above us: In what manner can he doe it, if he reſt himſelf upon a bed in the ſea which the *Nereides* had prepared for him, or if he ſtay a banqueting with *Neptune*, as I believe you imagine? The bed or chair wherein he is, doe they go forward while he ſtirs not out of the ſame place? But beſides that, how does he go to his *Orient*? is it athwart the Earth that he returns thither? is that pierced through to make him a paſſage? We muſt grant it is ſo, anſwers *Lyſis*: and though I have heard much talk of the *Antipodes*, I do not believe there are any other then thoſe we ſee when we look into a Well. I have not ſo great appetite to your new Maxims, as that for them to diſcredit ſo many good Authors, from whom I learn that the Sun paſſes over the night in the ſea: It's a thing ſo univerſally received, that the *Poets* of this age doe not ſtick to avow it, though they would diſſent from all that their Predeceſſors have ſaid. I will conteſt no further with you, replies *Anſelme*, Clear but my mind of one doubt: If the Sun be all night in the ſea, hidden in ſome cave, how can he communicate his light to the Moon? for they ſay, that if ſhe be ſometimes full, and ſometimes in her increaſe, 'tis according as the Sun enlightens her. Oh the blind minds of mortals! ſays *Lyſis*: Is it not ſufficiently known, that whereas there hath never been but one Sun in the heaven, there hath always been an infinite number on earth? and that at preſent there is one that hath more light then a hundred thouſand others, which is the divine *Charite*? 'Tis from her that the *Moon* borrows her light, and ſhe is much more *Sun* then the *Sun* himſelf on high: ſo that when the *Marigold* beholds her, it looks ſtraight up, and is raviſhed into an extaſie: It does not know on which ſide it ſhould direct its yellow and languiſhing leaves, and which is the true Sun, that it might follow it. Truly, ſays *Anſelme*, this is ſuch a new *Aſtrologie*, as *Sacroboſco* never imagined: And you are able to comment on the Great *Shepherds Calendar*: you can give the reaſon of *Eccliſpſes*, *Comets*, and *Meteors*, and all other natural effects, without having recourſe to any thing but your *Miſtreſs*.

As this diſpute ended, they entred *St. Cloud*, and were preſently at the Inn where *Adrian* was lodg'd, which was juſt at the Towns end: There was a world of people met them, all being aſtoniſhed at the ſtrange habit of *Lyſis*, and at the ſheep which he drove before him: but no body durſt ſay any thing to him, ſeeing him with *Anſelme*, who was there much reſpected, as being a perſon of quality. *Adrian* who waited for them at the Inne-gate, received them very courteoully, being very joyfull that his Couſin came with ſo good a will. The firſt thing that *Lyſis* did, was to provide a Stable for his Flock: there was one preſently aſſigned him, where he locks it up, and afterwards returns to *Anſelme*, who was talking with *Adrian*, and taking him aſide, put him in mind of drawing the Picture of *Charite*, ſeeing he knew her, and had the means to ſee her often. *Anſelme* aſſured him that he had already a Copper-peece for that purpoſe, and that he would not reſt till he had fallen in hand with it. But I ſuppoſe it a very hard peece of work, ſays *Lyſis*: For as a man cannot behold the Sun but in a glaſs, ſo a man cannot ſee *Charite* but in what repreſents her. Open my breaſt, *ſecond Apelles!* take out my Heart, her Figure is therein engraved, That ſhall be thy Original. But what doe I ſay? I have no *heart* at all: and though I had, thou wouldſt not commit that cruelty. Take example from every thing that approaches the beauty of my Miſtreſs: I will teach thee how thou muſt guide thy ſelf in thy work: Make firſt thoſe *fine twiſts of gold* which adorn her head, thoſe *inevitable ſnares*, thoſe *hooks*, thoſe *charms*, and thoſe *chains* which ſurpriſe *hearts*: Next paint me that *Forehead*, where *Love* is as it were ſeated in his *Throne*; below that put thoſe two *Bowes* of *Ebony*, and under them thoſe two *Suns* which perpetually dart forth *arrows* and *flames*: And then in the midſt ſhall riſe up that fair *Noſe*, which like a little Mountain ſeparates the

Cheeks;

Cheeks, and that not without reaſon, ſeeing they continually ſtriving which ſhould be the faireſt, would ſometimes or other fall out, if they were not ſeparated. Thou ſhalt make thoſe *pretty Cheeks*, intermingled with *Lilies* and *Roſes*: And then that little *Mouth*, whereof the *Lips* are *branches* of *Coral*. If it were decent to leave them half open, thou ſhouldſt draw her *Teeth*, which are two *rowes* of *fine Pearl*. But content thy ſelf with this, and afterwards there is only the *Neck* to doe, and her fair *ſnowy Boſom*.

When *Anſelme* had heard this fine diſcourſe, as he was a perſon of the greateſt courteſie in the world, ſo he preſently conceived an excellent Invention as to this Picture: and being impatient till he were at his own houſe to fall about it, he took leave of *Lyſis*. When he was departed, *Adrian* believing that the folly of his Couſin proceeded from over-faſting, had a mind to make him good cheer, and asked him if he could not feed on a diſh of *Carps* and *Pikes*, becauſe it was Saturn-day. He conſidered a little thereupon, and ſmiling to himſelf ſaid, The time is come that I ſhall doe the gallantry which I erewhile boaſted I would: I will outvie the fidelity of *Sirenus* and *Celadon*, and doe a thing that ſhall be eternally memorable. No, no, Couſin, I am not for the Fiſh you have named: Let me have a Diſh of *Gurnards*, ſome *Salmon*, ſome *Shrimps*, and ſome *Beetroot* or *Carrets*: And for Fruits, give me only Cherries, and Apples of *Calleville*. And doe not believe that this is without myſterie: I will eat nothing but what is *red*, becauſe the fair *Charite* loves no colour but that. Alas! what excellent myſterie is this? ſays *Adrian*: What ſhall we doe, if we cannot find what you now ask for? I will rather ſtarve then eat any thing elſe, anſwers *Lyſis*: the Dy is already caſt for't, I am reſolv'd. And ſo going into the Kitchin; Dear *Comus*, God of banquetting! ſays he to the Cook, Let me have what I have called for. *Adrian* being gone in with him, gave order for the providing of *Beet-roots* and *Crabs*, for to pleaſe him; and ſo led him into a Chamber where the cloth was laid. When he was there, he conſidered it all over; and finding all painted with *red*, he thought in himſelf it was very well; but that he would not lie there, unleſs they brought in another Bed, becauſe that which was there was green: He went into another chamber, where finding a red one, he ſaid he would have it removed into his own chamber. *Adrian*, who would not they ſhould be at the pains to take it down, began to contradict him, and would have him to ſupper without any further troubling himſelf about that. But he told him, he would by no means hear of it, and ſo made unto him this fair complaint: How? Couſin, are you ſo barbarouſly minded, that you will not grant a Lover a ſmall ſatisfaction that he deſires? Ha! I ſee now you have a heart of ſtone, and that a fair Eye never touched you: Would you have me commit this crime, to make uſe of any other colour then that of my Miſtreſs? I will dye rather then offend that fair one: if I have a thought guilty of it, it is a Traitor. But what do I dream on, ſtupid man that I am! I wear the ſame colour as the bed in my chamber, which I will preſently be rid of: ſhall it be ſaid that I preſerve it? No, no, my fortitude ſhew thy ſelf! While he ſaid this, he took his *Shoe-ſtrings*, which were green, and caſt them out at the window: As for Garters, he had not any, for his Breeches came down below the calf of his leg. Alas, what folly is this! ſays *Adrian*: why doe you caſt away thoſe Strings, which might well have ſerved one of my little children? Now you talk of Love, we ſhall have ſomwhat to doe with you: if you will have all *red*, you muſt always have *Dyers* at your breech, or elſe you muſt have your train after you like ſome great man. Cannot one ſleep as well in a *green* bed as another? O Couſin! ſays *Lyſis*, how extreamly are you miſtaken! and all becauſe you have not read good *Authors*: I am confident you never medled with my *Aſtrea*, and that you never read any thing but your *Shop-books*. Cannot you judge by what charms I am forced to have an averſion to this *green* bed? Beſides that it is not of my Miſtreſſes colour, doe not you ſee that *green* is deſpiſed for many reaſons? As long as Fruits are *green*, they are not fit to be eaten; while the Wheat is *green*, it is not ready for the ſickle: Thoſe which are defeated in a buſineſs, wear the *green* Bonnet; and out of a certain contempt, all your *Cloſe-ſtool* cuſhions are of *green* Serge. But that

which

which is moſt conſiderable, *Green* is the colour which the *Turks* honour, and we muſt hate what thoſe people love, as being bruit beaſts who know nothing of *Love*, or a *Shepherds* life. As for *red*, the amiable colour, the fleſh and blood which ſuſtain our life are of it, the lips and cheeks of *Charite* wear it. That is the reaſon *I* deſire that even my *Sheets*, my *Table-cloaths*, my *Napkins*, my *Shirts*, and my *Handkercliffs* might be *red*, if poſſible.

As he ſaid ſo, there ſtood behind him a little *Bar-boy*, that had a Napkin on his arm, and a little light Cap on: who asked him, Sir! would not you have a *red Noſe* too? We have good wine in the houſe to *paint* it withall. At which *Lyſis* ſmiling, anſwered, Thou wouldſt laugh, little *Foot-boy* of *Ganymedes!* Obſerve what *I* ſay, and bring me ſomebody to change the Bed. This is handſom: For Gods ſake, ſays *Adrian*, let him have his will.

There came preſently two Servant-maids, who took down the Cuatains and Vallands of both Beds, and put the *red* into the Shepherds chamber. In the mean while he ſat down at the Table with his Couſin, and Supper was brought in: There were ſome *Beet-roots* fryed, and ſome cold in a Sallad, whereof *Lyſis* fill'd his belly: but as for the *Crabs*, ſeeing that within they were all white, and were only red without, he left them for *Adrian*. There waited at the Table a good big Servant-maid, who took the pot and the glaſs for to give him to drink: but he perceiving it was white-wine that ſhe fill'd, Take it away, ſays he, *Nymph* of the *Kitchin!* it is not of *Charite's* colour: Give me ſome *Claret*, fair *Goddeſs* of the *Pottage-pot!* or elſe we ſhall not be good friends. Nay, for this time he is ſomwhat in the right, ſayes *Adrian*: *Evening red, and morning gray, denotes the Pilgrim a fair day*. Men ſay that in relation to the *weather*: but for my part, *I* apply it alſo to *wine*. Yet doe not caſt away that wine, *I* pray, as you did your Shoo-ſtrings: we muſt not abuſe Gods creatures. When *Adrian* had ſpoken thus, they took order that Claret-wine ſhould be brought him, whereof *Lyſis* drank with much ſatisfaction.

Supper ended, he began to walk up and down without ſaying ought to any body; and at length his Couſin prevail'd ſo far with him, that he put off his cloaths and went to bed. A while after *Adrian* went out of that chamber, making all faſt, and went to bed in another. His *Ward* had found him ſo much trouble, that he fell aſleep as ſoon as his head was laid on the pillow: but it was not ſo with the amorous *Shepherd*, who imagined that his eyes were little *ſtars* upon earth, and that they ought to *twinkle* all night like thoſe in heaven.

But he was not the only man that was awake that night in *St. Cloud*: there were a many more, to whom his company had been very ſerviceable. That *Shepherd* whom he had ſpoken to in the fields, had acquainted his Maſter, who was a ſtupid Country-Clown, with all the ſtrange diſcourſes which had paſſed between them. This fellow went and related all again to nine or ten of his own quality, and the report thereof ſeiz'd a many zealous devout women. All the ſuperſtitious multitude addreſs'd themſelves to the *Shepherd*, who repeated the ſame things divers times from point to point: He not being wanting as to the relation, nor they as to audience. He told them, that he who had come to him was ſo beautifull and ſo brave, that he took him at firſt for an Angel: but that having foretold him ſo much miſchief, he took him for ſome Devil, who had gotten ſome ſheep, and had a ſheep-hook in his hand, ſo to appear leſs terrible, and make him believe he was of his condition. In fine, all that we can judge of what he hath ſaid to me, (goes he on) is, That that curſed Woman, which is here for to maſſacre all men, and bring the world to an end, can be no other then the wife of *Antichriſt*, and *I* believe that he whom *I* have ſpoken with is *Antichriſt* himſelf, for he boaſts that he can doe great matters. As the Shepherd had ſaid thus, there was one Country-fellow more reſolute then the reſt, who drew aſide ſome of his companions, and remonſtrated to them, how that that man ſhould not be credited ſo lightly, though he had always been of a good reputation; and that the honeſteſt men did ſometimes lye, whether out of hope of gain or otherwiſe. Upon that account they all went to him, and made a world of queſtions to him for to try him. He ſeeing that they did not ſufficiently credit his diſcourſes, began to

weep

weep of very grief, making this complaint. Alas, my good friends! what have *I* done to you, that you ſhould doubt of what *I* tell you? *I* would to God it were not ſo true! but *I* never lyed leſs in my life.

Preſently a woman of the village, who thought herſelf the moſt knowing among them, interrupted him, and ſaid, Alack my friend *Richard!* tell me all: Sayeſt thou not that this old ſhe-Devil muſt kill all the men? Doubtleſs, replies the Shepherd: *I* have been told nothing that ſhe ſhould doe to the women. Alack! what great pitty it is, replies the woman: what ſhall we doe here by our ſelves? what's a woman without a man? ſhe is but a Spindle without Flax, or like an Oven without an Oven-fork. 'Twere better ſhe ſhould take ſome of both, and that the ſhorteſt cut were drawn who ſhould be eaten firſt. To theſe fair complaints the other Goſſips added others, and that with ſo much weeping and ſobbing, that the whole houſe where they were did eccho again.

The Shepherd *Richard* thinking to comfort them, bid them not be ſo much troubled; that they ſhould not be long without Husbands, for they ſhould go after them, ſeeing the world was ſhortly to end. But ſhall that be by fire, ſays the maſter of the houſe, ſhall we all burn together? If *I* ſhould put wet ſheets on the top of my houſe as *I* did when my neighbours houſe was a fire, ſhould not *I* ſave my ſelf? *I* fear me, ſays *Richard*, that we muſt be deſtroyed by water: methinks the viſion threatened ſuch a thing. And as he ſpoke the word, a light appeared in the sky, which ſmit the ſight of all that were preſent, and immediately it began to rain. Ah! we need no more doubt of it, cry'd out a Waterman, behold the deluge approaches: *I* will go to the river with a horſe, for to draw my Boat aſhore; if *I* can, *I'll* bring it up to the top of my chimney, where *I* will expect till the water riſe to that height, and that it carry me where God pleaſes.

As he had done ſaying ſo, yet without any great deſire to doe it, the Maſter of the houſe's Son approving the invention, would needs practiſe ſomwhat that were like it. 'Twas a Lad of ſome ſixteen years of age, of whom it might have been ſaid that there were wiſer at ſix. Having gotten a great waſhing-tub, he made a ſhift to get it up to the top of the houſe, and placed himſelf in it as if it had been a Boat. All this he did without ſpeaking ought to any body, for fear ſome body ſhould diſpute with him for the ſafety of this fine Veſſel. In the mean while the women altogether comfortleſs, reſolved among themſelves to go to Mount *Valerian* to the *Hermites*, and the men would doe the like, ſaying that the water could not ſo ſoon riſe to the top of that mountain, and that till then they ſhould be ſafe enough.

Thereupon they had an infinity of excellent conſiderations: A *Churchwarden* of the Pariſh that was there, came and made this complaint. Alas! to what purpoſe have we ſo much troubled our ſelves, my good Pariſhioners, about the repairing and adorning of our Church? is it not ſo much loſt, ſeeing *Antichriſt* will convert it into ſtables? Ah! how ſhould we have ſpared that pains, if we had known the world ſhould end ſo ſoon? *I* who have quite new built my houſe, and have faſted ſo much to ſpare ſomewhat, had it not been better that *I* had enjoyed what God hath ſent me? Ah! how doth man purpoſe, and God diſpoſe! And you that dreſs the Vineyards, and have planted ſo many Stocks, you ſhall not drink of the wine, but the dog of Antichriſt ſhall devour it. Ought *I* not to think that he will ſhortly come, ſeeing that when *I* went a while ſince to *Paris* with ſome Apricocks to my Landlord, *I* heard *his coming* cry'd openly upon the *New-bridge* by the Almanack-ſellers? *I* wiſh now *I* had bought the book of it: *I* remember *I* heard two or three leafs of it read by one that held it: 'Twas the moſt terrible thing that can be imagined, and it muſt needs have been ſome new Prophet that had compoſed it. In fine, the time of our ruine is come upon us: And yet my Goſſip, the Miſtreſs of the houſe, ſticks not to be juſt now driving a buck, and dreams not that the Linnen ſhe waſhes is only to wipe the muſtaches of the great Tyrant that we expect.

Theſe words were heard with as much attention as if they had been propheſies; and yet the Miſtreſs of the houſe forſook not her Bucking-tub: ſhe was a woman ſo reſolved, that when ſhe once began a thing, ſhe would go through with it. The rain

which

which fell down abundantly did not ſtrike ſo much fear into her as the others; and being oblig'd to be ſtill ſtooping near the fire, ſhe thought not of any thing but her work. But ſhe had put into the fire a certain ſort of wood that crackled after a ſtrange manner, and a great coal flew out of the fire and lighted on her coat: Preſently after feeling the heat, ſhe cry'd out, Ah! I burn, I burn! the world will be deſtroy'd by fire. He who was moſt amaz'd was her ſon, who was upon the top of the houſe, where he had been ſufficiently wet, and held his hands together, ſhaking his teeth in expectation of what ſhould happen. Aſſoon as he heard them cry, that the world was not to periſh by water but by fire, his tranſportation was ſo ſtrange, that he caſt himſelf down together with the Tub, which ſtaid not much after him, but ſoon tumbled down: And if by chance there had not been a dunghil in the yard, whereon he fell, he had without diſpute broke his neck. His fall was eaſily perceiv'd, and every one hearing him cry, they went to ſuccour him, but they found he had more fear then receiv'd hurt. All being entred into the houſe, one of the Village ſpake theſe ſententious words: What doe we fear ſo much? if we dye not to day, we ſhall dye to morrow, it is the way we muſt go ſooner or later: Let us not climb up on the tops of our houſes, nor yet to the mountains, and leave all at random: Hang all! we ſhould be more jovial: It is enough that the *Pedees* of *Antichriſt* have the vintage of this year, let us not leave them the wine we have already, let us rather drink it (my dear friends!) when we have taken a little of it, we ſhall know no more care, we ſhall not think ſo much on our ſorrows, and we ſhall die more gently.

This advice being approved, the good man of the houſe went himſelf down into the Cellar, and all the reſt follow'd him with tankerds and pitchers; and having ſtruck out the heads of the Pipes, they drank ſo much, that they in a manner knew not what they did. Afterwards they brought to the women what wine remain'd, and they in like manner invited one the other to drink, ſaying at every word, Ah! we'll burſt rather then leave a drop to the fornicator *Antichriſt*. So all the wine was drunk: which now failing, and not raining ſo much, it began to dawn. Their fear began then to diminiſh a little, and they were ſo bold as to go into the ſtreet, where they perceiv'd that all the water ran along the channel, which ſoon ſmother'd all further fear of the deluge. But the wine flying up into their brains, furniſh'd them with a new reſolution: And the moſt witty among them, laughing at the fear paſſed, tels them, that he could not conceive for what reaſon they ſhould be ſo fearful, and how they could imagine the end of the world to be ſo neer: For (continued he) we fear the Deluge and Antichriſt both together: If all the Earth were deſtroy'd, what ſhould that falſe Prophet have to doe here? You ſee that all this cannot ſtand together: and ſeeing he muſt come at leaſt ſeven years before the end of the world, as I believe I have heard affirmed, we have yet ſome time to live.

Theſe words were approved by all the rout, only there was a little grumbling at him that ſaid them, becauſe he had ſo long ſtudied for this fine advice. Thereupon thoſe that were moſt drunk went and ſlept; and the reſt hearing the laſt toll to *Mattins*, went to the celebration of a low Maſs. *Lyſis* his Landlord, who was a very good *Catholick*, was there alſo. When they had done their prayers, they came and acquainted him with what news they had. That Shepherd whom *Lyſis* had ſo terrified, deſcrib'd his habit and countenance, ſo that the Inne-keeper knew whom they would ſpeak of, and laughing ſaid, Alas, my friends, you are of a very eaſie belief, to have credited what hath been told you not by an Angel, nor yet an evil ſpirit, nor yet a wiſe man, but the moſt fool of all men, and who the laſt night lodg'd at my houſe: I well know his madneſs, and by and by you ſhall ſee the truth of it. As he ſpake thus, there were others in the Church, who ſaid it was true, that ſuch a one as the Shepherd had deſcribed lodg'd in his houſe, and that the laſt night they had ſeen him go in there. The Country-people were hereby convinced they had been deceiv'd, and were ſo aſham'd of it, that they would have given ſomwhat they had not ſpoken of the fear they had been in the night before. The Parſon who

ſaw them talking with great attention, would needs know what the matter was: which when they had related to him, he made a good exhortation to thoſe ſtray'd ſheep, and ſhew'd them how that they ſhould not believe Impoſtors; and that though there be nothing more certain then the laſt Judgment, yet there is nothing more uncertain then the time it ſhall be. Which done, he diſmiſs'd them in peace with his benediction.

Being returned to the houſe where they had ſpent the night, they awoke thoſe that ſlept, and among the reſt the good man of the houſe, whom they communicated with what they had learn'd. When he ſaw it was a Fool had cauſed all this their fear, and that his Shepherd had been the firſt deceiv'd, and had afterwards deceiv'd the reſt, he became furiouſly angry, and ſtirr'd up all the company againſt him, ſo that they began to beat the poor fellow, and had murther'd him with their fiſts, if he had not ſomwhat appeaſed them by his ſad complaints, making it appear above all things that he had done nothing maliciouſly, and that all the hurt they had received was that they had had a ſleepleſs night of it; and that he was the cauſe of that good work they had done in ſerving of God, which was meritorious, and whereof they ſhould one day receive the comfort. 'Tis true, replies his maſter: but thou doſt not withall ſay that all my good wine is by that means gone, Nor doe I mean to loſe it, I intend thoſe that have drunk it ſhall return it me. While he ſpake that, he who had drunk the beſt part was diſgorging behind the door: 'Tis not in that manner (continues he) that I would have it returned; you muſt all come to proportion, or the Judge ſhall hear of it: Will you have me now drink nothing but water, or that I ſend to the Tavern for daſh'd wine? You muſt every one of you preſently carry me to your houſes, and give me of yours. He had no ſooner ended this diſcourſe, but his wife purſues with the choiſeſt injuries all thoſe that had drunk of their wine: So that to avoid the tempeſt, which was more heavy then that of the night, they left them there and went to their homes.

The report of the Adventure was preſently ſpread abroad, and eſpecially among the Citizens of *Paris* who were at St.*Cloud*. They wiſh'd the day ſomwhat further ſpent, that they might ſee thoſe that had been ſo neatly deceiv'd. They came to high Maſs: which ended, and they gone out of the Church, they were infinitely jeer'd. Yet I know not which prevail'd more with them, whether the indignation of having been ſo troubled all night, and of ſeeing themſelves ſtill aſſaulted by ſo many abuſes, or the joy of being aſſured that the world ſhould not end ſo ſoon as they had believed, and that they had time enough for the Vintage. *Anſelme* and *Adrian* were at Church, and were extremely aſtoniſh'd at the troubles which *Lyſis* had already cauſed in St.*Cloud*. But that need not ſeem ſo ſtrange: For perſons of greater underſtanding then the people of a Country-village might be deceiv'd, if they were ſoberly entertained with the extravagances of *Poetry*; and there would be many who would innocently believe what ſhould be told them of the *fire, ice, chains*, and ſo many other imaginary puniſhments of paſſionate perſons. *Anſelme* asked *Adrian* where he had left his Couſin? He anſwer'd, that he was a-bed, but that he had barracado'd himſelf in his chamber; and when he had asked him whether he would go to Maſs, he told him that he would reſt himſelf yet a while: ſo that he had left him, knowing that ſleep would doe him no hurt. *Anſelme* was of opinion that they ſhould go and ſee whether he would riſe: And in this deliberation they walkd to the Inne, and went to *Lyſis*'s chamber-door. *Adrian* opened it with the Key, but it was bolted within. *Anſelme* ſpoke, and pray'd the amorous Shepherd to let him in. Knowing preſently the voice of his beſt friend, he opened to him: And having bidden good morrow to his Couſin and him, he put on his cloaths, telling them for excuſe for his not being more early, that all night he had not put his eyes together, and that he began to be ſleepy at the break of day. However that is not well done, Couſin, ſayes *Adrian*: there is no more Maſſes to be ſaid, and you cannot hear any to day. Think you that God hath any need of thoſe fancies wherewith you entertain your ſelf? Yet this is paſt, and there is no remedy: But what (when I think on't) if you went to Church, would you go in that mask-

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ing habit which you put on? Think you that there are any Masks, or that they act Comedies in a consecrated place? Away with it presently, I will send for another for you. I will never put on any other then this, says *Lysis*: And I pray content your self that I do not, as I did yesterday, desire one all red. Then turning him to *Anselme*, he cry'd out, O dear friend! what have I not done since I saw thee! Know then that I have gone through the noblest adventure in the world, and that I give checkmate to all the Lovers in *Europe*. The last night I ate nothing but what was *red*, and all my *thoughts* have been *red*. Am I not as good as my word, as to what I boasted to thee? 'Tis enough to have shewn by one time, that it came from my invention to doe it: Henceforward I will eat of any thing, and will not be any more scrupulous as to *colour*; it shall suffice me to wear always about me some little *red* Riband, in remembrance of *Charite*. But when I think on't, what an ample subject will there be here to exercise the pen that shall write my history! where could he have found a more noble matter? By this means shall not his discourse have those ornaments which are not seen in other books?

Having finish'd this discourse, he sent to the Mercers for red Ribaning, and put some to his shoes instead of the green which he had cast away: And when he was all cloath'd, he asked *Anselme* whether he would come along with him into the fields, for he was going to lead out his Flock to graze. I pray stir not hence, says *Adrian*, but let us dine: Besides you are out of the story; here is no Flock for you, I have sold it to the master of the house, who causes all to be kill'd, and perhaps you shall eat your share of them. *Lysis* thereupon look'd into the Yard, and saw a man cutting the throat of one of his sheep: which put him into such a choler, that he cry'd out presently, Ah cruel Cousin! what have I done to thee, that thou shouldst deal thus with me! Thou hast sold my dear Flock to these Barbarians, and there they massacre it. Ah innocent *sheep!* you will be no more the witnesses of my *Loves*. Alas! how was I delighted in your company! Yet I should be comforted, if they made you dye upon some noble occasion: And if they offered you up at the Altar of some God, that is the worst could happen to you, nay you should have been reserved for a Sacrifice; you should have had the honour at least to die within some stately Temple, whereas now you die on a dunghill in a filthy yard. Ah Butcher! ah Executioner! stay the fury of thy knife, leave me some to comfort me. Ah! I see that thou never wert a *Shepherd*; and that thou never readst the *Apothegms* of *Erasmus*, where it is written, That the good Shepherd shears, but doth not fley his sheep. Ah poor Innocents! that I have not here a *Chalmia*, to celebrate your death in sad and Elegiack *Verses!*

Cease your complaints, sayes *Anselme*, taking him aside: You must not afflict your self so much for the death of Beasts. We are not Disciples of *Pythagoras*, nor doe we believe as he did, that the soul of our Grandfather is in the body of a Calf. Why doe Shepherds breed up Sheep, but to sell them? we may have others in stead of those: And if we should have none at all, is it a prodigie to see a *Shepherd* without a *Flock?* it suffices that he sometimes hath had one. A Gentleman that hath had Souldiers under his conduct, is still called Captain, though his Troops be disbanded, because he hath shew'd himself capable of being so. You speak well, says *Lysis*: And when I think on't, I saw you yesterday in the fields that you had no Flock, yet I call'd you Shepherd: I have always believ'd you to be one, for you speak with a *Courtezy*, which is not common but to *us*. *Anselme* unwilling to humour him then, said to him, You were mistaken in calling me Shepherd, for I am not one; and there is no person of quality in the Country that is so, unless it be you. I doe not desire you should call me otherwise then *Anselme*; and for my qualities, there is not any one I more esteem then that of your Friend and Servant. Have you not seen that they are only Country-Clowns that keep Sheep all hereabouts? I grant what you say, courteous *Anselme!* says *Lysis*: but my design should be to restore to its splendor that happy condition, and to cause that the most noble and rich personages should not disdain it; to the end that men may no longer study how to plead and wage war, and that they should speak no more

of any thing but *Love*. Would not you willingly ſecond me in it? When men ſhall ſee us both of an opinion, will not every one imitate us? Let us now talk a little of this, now the time is propitious, and that *Adrian* is gone down to ſee if dinner be ready. That I may conceal nothing from you, replies *Anſelme*, know that it would be very ill look'd upon to turn Shepherds in a place ſo neer *Paris* as this, whither all the *Pariſians* ordinarily come. We are not far enough from *ambition* and *avarice* to lead ſuch an *innocent* life: were it not for that, I ſhould be of the deſign. Is there ſo much to do, ſays *Lyſis*? For to ſhorten the pains which we ſhall have to perſwade a people to receive new cuſtoms, let us go into a place where thoſe which we would follow have been already practiſed: There are many Countries in the world where men live in a *Paſtoral* way: Let us go into *Arcadia*, gentle *Anſelme*! it is a Country much eſteem'd by the Gods, they ordinarily live there among men. We muſt paſs the Sea to go thither, ſays *Anſelme*, and I doe not love to ſee ſhips but in the haven; *I* would not be in a place whence a man cannot come away when he pleaſes, nor get on a horſe which a man can lead by the tail. When one is there, he is much the better to ſay, *I* ſhake, *I* am afraid, *I* am ill at the heart! *I* would return to our houſe! No body hears you; or if any do, they abuſe you. Let us go then, replies *Lyſis*, into the Plains of *Leon*, along the River *Ezla*, where the diſgraced *Sirenus* hath ſhed ſo many tears. That is yet too far, ſays *Anſelme*: and beſides, we ſhall not agree well with the arrogant humour of the *Spaniards*. You will then ſtay in *France*, ſays *Lyſis*: Well then, there is nothing but may be done. *I* know many Provinces where there are brave Shepherds. *I* have lately read a book called the *Paſtorals* of *Veſper*, wherein are deſcrib'd the Loves of certain Shepherds of *Tourain*? Shall we go into that Country? they ſay it is the Garden of *France*. Yet let me tell you, theſe Shepherds whoſe hiſtory *I* have ſeen live a little too ruſtickly for us: There is nothing commendable in them, unleſs it be that they love faithfully. What doe *I* dream on all this while, or have *I* reſerved it as the beſt till laſt! 'Tis into the Country of *Forreſts* that we muſt go, near the antient City of *Lyons* on the weſt-ſide: There we ſhall find the *Druid Adamas*, who diſpenſes with much of his gravity, the better to entertain ſtrangers: We ſhall ſee *Celadon*, *Sylvander*, and *Lycidas*, and *Aſtræa*, *Diana*, and *Phillis*. *I* leave it to you to imagine how much we ſhall be taken with their converſation, ſeeing the relation of their Hiſtory is ſo noble, that in reading it *I* have often wept for joy. But how confident am *I* to refute the reaſons of the inconſtant *Hylas*, and diſpute againſt him with more heat then *Sylvander*! And if he do not confeſs himſelf vanquiſh'd by my words, *I* ſwear to you that *I* ſhall not abſtain from blows; for *I* ſhould not brook it, that that little Raſcal ſhould deride the fidelity of *Thyrſis*. Moreover *I* ſhall not appear there as a ſtranger; for *I* know all that is paſt there theſe many years, and the Shepherds ſhall not relate their Loves to me. It is more then three years that *I* conceiv'd my ſelf among them, for *I* was in a company where the young men and maids took their names out of *Aſtræa*, and our entertainment was a perpetual *Paſtoral*: inſomuch that *I* may truly ſay that it was there *I* went to School to learn to be a *Shepherd*.

Anſelme hearing this diſcourſe, had much ado to keep from laughing, yet could he not but make *Lyſis* this anſwer: *I* am willing to go into *Forreſts*, *I* know that the ſojourn wil be very delightful, and *I* doubt not but we ſhall find there abundance of *Shepherds* and *Shepherdeſſes*: but as for thoſe whom you name, it is moſt certain we ſhall not meet them there; they lived in the time of *Merceur*, reckon how long it may be ſince they are dead. How ſay you! replies *Lyſis*: doe you affirm that in jeſt, or for want of judgment? The Author of the Paſtorals of *Forreſts*, doth he not dedicate an Epiſtle in the beginning of his firſt book to the Shepherdeſs *Aſtræa*, and in the ſecond another to the Shepherd *Celadon*? Doth he not ſpeak to them as to perſons yet alive? Beſides, do you not ſee that their hiſtory is not yet finiſh'd? *Celadon* hath not obtain'd the favour of his Miſtreſs: He perſonates *Alexis* in the fourth and laſt book of him, who hath begun to put down his adventures in writing: For as to what may be in the Books which others have written of it ſince, or may do hereafter, as if they proceeded from the true Hiſtorian of *Lignon*, *I* am not obliged

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to believe them. *I* think, if *Celadon* had married *Aſtrea*, or had dyed, as you ſay, the Author of this Hiſtory would have mentioned it; and that is it confirms my belief the more.

It muſt be ſuppos'd that *Anſelme* would have been much to blame, if he had endeavoured to deprive *Lyſis* of ſuch a rare and excellent opinion, therefore did he not attempt it, but humour'd him in it, to make more ſport with him; affirming that all he ſaid did more and more heighten his deſire to be a Shepherd as he was, but that there was one thing troubled his mind extremely, which was, That if they ſhould go to *Forreſts*, they muſt quit the converſation of the fair *Charite*, without which *Lyſis* could not live. He anſwered, that he had much conſidered it; but that he hoped the firſt time he ſhould ſpeak to her, he would uſe ſuch a charming perſwaſion to her, that ſhe ſhould conſent to go with them and turn *Shepherdeſs*. *Anſelme* ſaid that were very well, if it could be obtained. And thereupon in comes *Adrian*, with the people of the houſe after him bringing up Dinner. He bade *Lyſis* make haſte to dine, that he might take him along with him to *Paris*, ſaying that his houſe was all in diſorder when he was not at home, conſidering his wife was not of the beſt houſe-wifes; the Prentiſes were in league with the Servant-Maid, who would give them the key of the Cellar to drink up his wine; and if ſhe would not give it them, they would go down half way the well, and paſs through a little window which was there for to viſit his Pipes. *Lyſis* anſwered, There needed not ſo many words; that he might go if he would; that as for his part, he would not live any longer under his tuition, and that he was big enough to be without Guardian or Curator. *Adrian* believing he would ſtay there and continue in his follies, told him that if he would not go by fair means, he would carry him away by foul; that it was not ſo hard a matter to find a Coach, wherein he ſhould be chained and fetter'd; and that when they were at *Paris*, he would clap him in priſon at *St. Martins*, where he ſhould be whipt every day; or elſe ſend him to the Almshouſe, to keep company with ſuch fools as they diſpoſe thither. At that *Lyſis* was extremely angry, and his Couſin was no leſs: but *Anſelme* by his prudence reconciled all; telling *Adrian* in particular, that as he had already remonſtrated, the diſpoſition of the Young-man could not be overcome by rigor, and that it were better to humour him. So that he conjur'd him to leave him to his cuſtody a moneth or two, and he would deſire nothing for his entertainment. *Adrian* believing it was neceſſary, for the *diſ-ſhepherding* of him, that he ſhould be with ſome honeſt man which would acquaint him with the world, conſented to leave him to his care, ſeeing he was willing to venture the trouble of his importunity; and promiſed him a world of ſervices in requital.

Anſelme having obtain'd his deſire, ſate at Table with them, and there was no diſpute while they were at dinner: Only *Adrian* told *Lyſis*, that he had reſolved to leave him with *Anſelme*, and charg'd him to obey him in all things as his maſter and benefactor. He promis'd him he would not fail, and ſeem'd very joyfull to be left in ſo good company. After dinner the *Merchant* took horſe; and leave taken, return'd to *Paris*. He was in hope the good diſpoſition of *Anſelme* would conduce much to reform that of *Lyſis*; and he gave all the kindred this account of him, that they ſhould have more comfort for the time to come, then they had had before. Yet *Anſelme* tranſported with the impetuoſities of Youth, which loves nothing ſo much as to paſs away the time merrily, would not task himſelf ſo ſoon to take away his fancies; and in himſelf accuſed *Adrian* of a great injuſtice in deſiring to deprive the world of the moſt excellent Fool that ever was; believing that if he ſhould reſtore him to his underſtanding, it would have been a hard matter to reduce him to his folly. He reſolved therefore to make ſport with him as long as he ſhould remain in the Country, being rich enough to give him his entertainment. And as our contentment is never perfect, if our friends are ignorant we receive it, and do not partake of it, he reſolved to recommend to all his Acquaintance this gentle Perſonage, when he thought it convenient. Having made him quit the Inne, he led him through a many ſtreets, to bring him to his own houſe. They were met by ſome who knew what had happened to the Country-people, who had ſo much fear'd the end of the

world.

world. They ſaw well enough that *Lyſis* was he that had been the cauſe of it. His extraordinary habit which had been deſcribed to them, eaſily diſcovered him. The novelty of his clothing, and of his proportion'd gate, obliged to follow him all the Townſmen of *S. Cloud*, who were then in the ſtreets. They who had already ſeen him ran a great way before, that they might ſee him paſs by again: the Boys throng'd at his heels, making a noiſe as thoſe of *Paris* do at the riding of a man beaten by his wife. *Anſelme* could not make them be quiet; and they had not ſo good luck as they had had the day before, when they were not followd by any, it being a working day. This malicious rout caſt ſtones at *Lyſis*; ſo that receiving ſome hurt by one in his back, he could endure no longer, and turning back with his hat in his hand towards thoſe that followed him, he ſaid, Sirs! leave off your conduct of me, *I* proteſt you ſhall go no further; *I* beſeech you no further ceremony; *I* take the favour for received.

Theſe words amaz'd both great and ſmall, who underſtood no more the one then the other; and with the menaces which *Anſelme* us'd at the ſame time, it prevail'd with them to retire. *Anſelme* admired the natural ingenuity of *Lyſis*; and this was haply one of the beſt things had ever been heard from him. Being come home, he aſſign'd him a pretty Chamber; and having left him certain *Books*, he deſired him to paſs away the afternoon in reading, while he in the mean time would go viſit certain perſons whither he thought not fit to bring him along.

The End of the Firſt Book.

THE

THE Anti-Romance; OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The Second Book.

Lyſis beſtow'd ſome time in peruſing the Books which *Anſelme* had left him: But at length not allowing any conceptions any way comparable to his own, he would entertain himſelf no further with them; but in the midſt of his fond imaginations, would take a walk in the Garden. And indeed he found not any Books that pleas'd him, they being *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, *Du Vair*, *Montagne* and *Charon*, which do not ſpeak any thing of *Romance*. He affirmed that all was worth nothing; and that it was only *Plutarch* that he valued a little, becauſe he ſaid *Romulus* had been a *Shepherd* in his youth. When he had been at leaſt two hours in the Garden, he had a great deſire to go abroad, though *Anſelme* had pray'd him not to doe it by any means. He found a little door, whoſe lock was not of the ſtrongeſt, ſo that he eaſily opened it with a knife: It went out into a narrow ſtreet, where he had not gone twenty paces, but he perceives that ſo fair *Charite*, the ſource of his deſires, who was returning all alone from ſome houſe where *Angelica* had ſent her of an errand. However this recontre a little ſurpriz'd him, yet did he not appear ſo fearfull; and having an intention to ſpeak to her, he choſe rather to go towards her, then expect her. But preſently a huge Country Clout-ſhoe, who lay, as it were in ambuſh for her at ſome door, came and caſt himſelf on her, ſaying, Ha *Catherine!* I have thee! Thou muſt pay me the Kiſs thou oweſt me, ſince laſt night that we plaid at Queſtions and Commands. *Lyſis* ſeeing her faln into the hands of

of a perſon ſo unworthy her, ran as faſt as he could for to reſcue her: But before he could come at her, ſhe had been already kiſs'd above ten times, whatever reſiſtance ſhe could make. Which put him into ſuch a fury, that lifting up a ſtick he had in his hand, he diſcharg'd it about the ears of the Fellow; crying out, How now, filthy *Satyre!* who hath taught you to be ſo preſumptuous, as to profane the Coral of that fair Mouth? Go and profeſs love to ſhe-Goats, ſtinking Beaſt! The Clown feeling himſelf hurt, diſmiſs'd *Charite*, and flew at the collar of *Lyſis*: He took away his ſtaff, and did ſo meaſure his ſides therewith, that he was convinc'd his ſafety lay in his feet; but the other purſuing faſtned with him again, and threw him down, in which poſture he gave him three or four kicks. He had beſtowed a little more on him, had he not perceiv'd *Anſelme* coming with two Lacquays after him; which ſo frighted him, that he took his heels.

Lyſis being riſen up, ſaw *Anſelme*; and going as gently as if he had had all his bones bruis'd, went to tell him, Ah! that you had not come ſooner! You might have aſſiſted me againſt a *Goat-footed* god, which thought to have killed me. He would have forced *Charite*, and I endeavoured to deliver her out of his hands, or rather paws. The truth is, ſhe got away while we were fighting: but indeed I have got good blows, and have not reliev'd her but at the coſt of my ſides. What could I do againſt him alone? Theſe *Fawns* are much ſtronger then men: they have the advantage in all things; and if your people ſhould have run after this, they could not have overtaken him; he is as ſwift as thoſe horſes which they ſay that the wind *Boreas* had engendred. I am very much troubled at this unhappy adventure, ſays *Anſelme*: but it is your own fault, you ſhould not have gone abroad, I had deſired you as much. The reaſon of it is, that in theſe parts they underſtand not what *Shepherds* of your quality mean: You ſaw a while ago, that I had much ado my ſelf to defend you: And henceforward if we go out together, we will be ſure to be well train'd. I had not a while ago my ſervants about me, becauſe I make no great difficulty here to walk abroad all alone, as well as at *Paris*, where there is more gravity required: But now I ſee it is not amiſs for a man to have always people about him. But I pray tell me, why do you believe that he you fought with was a *Satyre*? I perceived him a little, and he ſeem'd to me as proper a Country-fellow as any hereabouts: He had breeches and doublet on, and do not you know that the *Satyrs* go all naked? Alas, how are you out of the way! replies *Lyſis*: have you not well obſerved that it was a *Satyre* diſguiſed? He had only taken the garb of a Country-fellow, the more freely to come into this Town, and carry away *Charite*. For my part, I am certain his feet were cloven; and his doublet being unbutton'd, and his ſhirt open, I ſaw his breaſt was all hairy: And if all this were not ſo, the deformity of his countenance ſufficiently diſcovered him. Well then, replies *Anſelme*, I grant you it was a *Satyre*, you have felt him better then I: Let us now ſee whether you are much hurt. Having ſo ſaid, he conducted him home to his houſe, where the *Shepherd* being well ſtretched and chaf'd, perceiv'd his hurt not ſo great as he had imagined: And when they asked him which ſide pain'd him moſt, he pointed to the right ſide; but the people aſſuring him that they could not perceive any bruiſe there, Then (ſaid he) I think 'tis the other. To cure him perfectly of his imaginary evil, *Anſelme* cauſed him to be rubb'd all over with a certain Unguent that did him neither good nor hurt; and in the mean time while Supper was preparing, he went and ſhut himſelf into his Cabinet for to perfect *Charite's* Picture, whereon he had been at work from betimes in the morning.

Aſſoon as he had done, he returned to *Lyſis*; and being both at ſupper, he told him that he had finiſh'd his work. This news put him into that impatience, that his Hoſt was fain to ſhorten his meal to half of his wont, that he might ſhew him that ſo excellent Peece. The Study being opened, *Lyſis* entred therein with as much reſpect and veneration as if it had been a Temple; and *Anſelme* ſhewing him the Copper-piece whereon he had wrought, our paſſionate Lover beheld it a long time with an extreme attention: But at laſt crying out like one amaz'd, he ſaid, I do not apprehend this, *Anſelme!* You have miſtaken, and given me one Picture inſtead

of

of another. You are deceiv'd, anſwers he: Do not you ſee well enough by this candle we have; or will you have me cauſe four or five more to be brought, that ſo you may the better ſee how to judge of the Picture? Are you ſo blind, that you do not perceive this to be the face of *Charite*? and that *Du Mouſtier* himſelf could not draw it better? But how do you conceive it? replies *Lyſis*: I ſee there are Chains, and Suns, and Flowers; 'tis not a Face. I will make you underſtand all in one word, ſays *Anſelme*: Do not you ſee that I have done all according to your directions, and that I have repreſented all the features of *Charite's* beauty in the ſame manner as you have expreſſed them to me? Whereupon *Lyſis* diſcovering the artifice of the excellent Painter, began to obſerve in order all the parts of the Picture, which had amaz'd him when at firſt ſight he beheld them all confuſedly. *Anſelme* had in this buſineſs acted a piece of ingenious knavery; obſerving what the Shepherd had told him of the beauty of his Miſtreſs, and imitating the extravagant deſcriptions of the Poets, he had painted a Face, which inſtead of being of a *fleſh*-colour, was of a complexion white as *ſnow*; There were two branches of *Coral* at the opening of the *Mouth*; and upon each *Cheek* a *Lilly* and a *Roſe*, croſſing one the other: Where there ſhould have been *Eyes*, there was neither *white* nor *apple*, but two *Suns* ſending forth *beams*, among which were obſerved certain *flames* and *darts*; The *Eye-brows* were *black* as *Ebony*, and were made like two *Bows*, where the Painter had not forgotten to expreſs the *holding-place* in the middle, that they might the better be obſerved: Above that was the *Forehead*, ſmooth as a piece of *Ice*; at the top of which was *Love*, like a little Child, ſeated in his throne. And to add perfection to the work, the *Hair* floted about all this in divers manners: ſome of it was made like *Chains* of *Gold*; other-ſome twiſted, and made like *networks*; and in many places there hanged *lines*, with hooks ready baited. There were a many *Hearts* taken with the bait, and one bigger then all the reſt, which hang'd down below the *left* Cheek, ſo that it ſeem'd to ſupply the place of a *Pendant* to that rare *Beauty*. This is mine own *Heart!* cries out *Lyſis*, when he ſaw it: I know it again: How judiciouſly is it placed in this part! Now that it is ſo near *Charite's* Ear, it will continually repreſent unto her my *ſufferings*.

Have I not had reaſon to conceive that you would like my work very well, replies *Anſelme*? I can without vanity affirm that the fancie is incomparable. There was never any that found out the way of painting the beauties of faces by a *Poetical* figure: This ought to be called a Picture by *Metaphor*. Let me embrace you, my dear friend! ſays *Lyſis*, after a little recollection apart: I muſt confeſs you have given an incomparable proof of your ingenuity. That beautifull face of *Charite* could not be painted but by *Metaphor*. We had before conſidered that theſe features could not be repreſented naturally. O Painter more excellent then *Apelles*, *Protogenes*, and *Parrhaſius*! I do not judge this a Monſter, as I did erewhiles; I hold it a thing extreme rational, and very full of art.

The ſatisfaction of *Lyſis* diſcovered it ſelf by a many ſuch other expreſſions; and as for the excellent Picture, he would preſerve it as long as he lived. *Anſelme* diſpoſed it into a Box, leſt it might receive any hurt; and then it was he received the higheſt thanks that could be for the pains he had taken. As he was ruminating on his invention, he ſaid to *Lyſis*, that as they had *metaphorically* repreſented the fair *Charite*, ſo might be painted any ill-favoured woman. She ſhould have on a *Perriwig* of *Serpents* like *Megara*; or if ſhe might be allowed *hair*, they ſhould be *big*, and ſtanding *upright* like the briſtly head of a *Wild-Bore*: At which there ſhould be *chained* nothing but *Lice* and *Nits*. Her *Eyes* ſhould be like two waſhed *Prunes*, about which there ſhould be a quantity of *birdlime* for to catch the *Flies* that ſhould come neer it. Her *Mouth* ſhould be like the ſhutting of a *Carriers pouch*; and the *Complexion* ſhould be like the *folds* of an old *Boot*. And ſo for the reſt, which I refer to the conſideration of more excellent wits.

Lyſis thought all this very ingenious, yet nothing witneſs'd his approbation but a ſhort ſmile; becauſe indeed he was ſo taken up with *Charite's* Picture, that he beſtow'd not much of his thoughts on any thing elſe. When bed-time was come, there

was a little Chamber aſſign'd him alone, for he deſired it ſhould be ſo. He made faſt the door and went to bed, but it was a long time ere he could ſleep. He had left the candle (which was a good big one) burning, that he might conſider his Picture; and it is not eaſily imaginable what praiſes he ſtill gave the Painter, whoſe invention ſeem'd to him wholly divine. He was thinking within himſelf, that as *Poetry* was called a ſpeaking Picture, ſo painting might be called a dumb *Poeſie*. So that he was clearly of opinion, that Painting and Poetry were well met, and that both of them diſcovered themſelves in terms diſtinct and intelligible enough to good wits.

Anſelme having underſtood that he had not put out the candle, was ſomwhat troubled, for he was afraid leſt he might ſet the houſe on fire. But though he was ſufficiently a fool, yet did he not advance ſo far; and unleſs it were for ſome extravagancie that he betray'd in miſtaking all the Fables of the Poets for real truths, and thinking men ſhould live as the *Heroes* in *Romances*, he appear'd rational enough; and beſides had judgment enough to know what could hurt him, or was for his good. Nevertheleſs the ſervants were charg'd to be carefull; and ſo at length the candle being ſpent, every one went to his reſt and ſlept, as he did alſo. The next morning he riſe, and gave his Entertainer a viſit, who was making himſelf ready. While *Anſelme* was entertaining him with ſome curious and choiſe diſcourſes concerning the divers effects of *Love*, there entred into the Court a Gentleman of his acquaintance, called *Montenor*, whom he immediately went to entertain, and was with him ere he was off horſ-back. He carried him into the Hall, ſpeaking by his gladneſs the obligation he laid on him, in that he had been at the pains to come to his houſe. *Montenor* told him that he came out of *Paris* betimes, for two reaſons: The one, to enjoy the cool of the day; and the other (which was the ſtronger inducement) was, the likelier meanes he had to finde him, which he was in ſome impatience till he had done.

While they were thus engag'd, *Lyſis* deſirous to know who it was, entred the place where they were, and ſaluted the Company very courteouſly. *Montenor* was ſomwhat aſtoniſh'd at his garb and mode; but preſumed not to ſpeak of him to *Anſelme*, becauſe the other was ſomwhat neer, as alſo becauſe he was entring into a diſcourſe of that importance, that he could not wave it. I am very certain, ſays *Anſelme*, that beſides your deſire to give me a viſit, there is ſome particular occaſion hath cauſed your coming hither. So that the other found himſelf oblig'd to diſcover what burthen'd his mind, in theſe words.

I muſt confeſs (ſays he to him) that I come hither partly upon the occaſion of an afflicted perſon, on whom there muſt be compaſſion ſhewn, or ſhe muſt not be heard complain. That you may not languiſh in expectation, 'tis *Geneura* that I ſpeak of: Caſt but your eyes on the vehemence of the affection ſhe hath always born you, and you will perceive, that not being able to beget any thing in you that were not like it, the diſquiet ſhe is in to ſee herſelf forſaken muſt needs be extreme. They ſay that in Love the ſeparation of Bodies is not truly abſence, ſeeing there may be viſits of Thoughts at every moment: But when a Lover abſents himſelf abſolutely, 'tis then that his affections and inclinations wander from the Object on which they ſhould be faſtened. *Geneura* is an example of this; and though you are now but at the diſtance of eight or nine miles from her, ſhe hath more to ſuffer then at other times when you were in *Touraine*, or in *Britany*; for then ſhe was aſſured, that if in the night ſhe dream't of you, you did no leſs of her; and that ſo it ſeem'd your minds being diſengaged, your bodies gave one the other the meeting at half way. But now that ſhe knows that you have quite forgotten her, he that would comfort her contributes to her deſpair; and ſhe knows ſo much affliction, that for to learn how to dye, there is no more required then to ſuffer the like. This hath made ſuch an impreſſion on me, that I promiſed her to come to you to repreſent part of her ſorrows, that you might be induced to give her a viſit, at which time you ſhall receive the reſt from her own mouth.

Now am I fully convinc'd as to the artifices of *Geneura*, ſays *Anſelme*, they muſt needs be very ſtrong, ſith they have been able to overcome you. However, I am

ſorry

ſorry ſhe hath employed a perſon ſo wiſe, in ſo indiſcreet a buſineſs. I ſhall not repent my pains, if I can ſatisfie your prejudice. But what! will you ſay that *Geneura* cannot accuſe you of infidelity, ſays *Montenor*, and challenge what you have engaged elſwhere, to have been ſometimes hers? Knew I not that what ſhe bewails was ſometimes hers, and that ſhe hath a right to require it, I ſhould not have been ſo uncivil as to come to ſpeak to you of a thing which would return as much to her diſhonour as mine own. I muſt needs acknowledge, that if I ſhould ſay I never loved *Geneura*, ſays *Anſelme*, the very ſtones of her houſe would convince me of falſhood, and that it were not neceſſary they ſhould ſpeak for to repeat the things they have heard me ſay, ſeeing in many places they bear yet the characters I trac'd on them when I was in my amorous *fondneſſes*; the Letters and Sonnets which *Geneura* hath in her Cabinet, were alſo ſufficient evidences againſt me. But, Sir, what would you infer thence? That becauſe I have been a long time expoſed to the ſurges of a tempeſtuous ſea, muſt I therefore return thither again, and that I remain there till the conſequence muſt be a wrack? Tell me no more of the love of theſe Wenches, that are ſo fickle, that among them all there is not one conſtant, unleſs it be in the deſire of change every houre. A man ought not to engage himſelf ſo far in loving them, as not to preſerve the better part of his Liberty for an antidote againſt the affliction which their lightneſs may bring upon him. It ſeems by what you ſay, ſays *Montenor*, that you your ſelf are quite metamorphoſed, and that you are no more one of the Subjects of the Godeſs of *Cyprus*, as you have been; for *Love* and *Liberty* are the two moſt *incompatible* things in the world. *Love* muſt be *abſolute* Maſter where-ever he is: *Reaſon* gives him the place; the *Will* obeyes; and the Inclinations *change* for him, and the ſervice done him is not thought half what is due to him. But though this God have ſuch power, yet muſt we not endeavour to avoid him: 'Tis well known, that if Love be a poiſon, 'tis a pleaſant one; if it be a diſquiet, 'tis deſireable; if it be a death, 'tis peaceable; if it be a priſon, there wants nothing but liberty, and miſery reigns not there as in other priſons. A perſon that at your age ſhould love nothing, is like a dead Sea, wherein if a ſhip cannot be caſt away, no more can it attain the haven; and if you can loſe nothing by not loving, neither can you arrive at any conſiderable good fortune. When I ſee a Mind ſo noble as yours not inflamed with Love, methinks I find a Torch of moſt excellent wax, but without fire to light it, for want whereof we are ſtill in the dark.

All this were good enough, replies *Anſelme*, had I not experience that Love is an evil painted with the colours of good. The torments are much more aſſured then the pleaſures, to him that will ſubmit to his conduct; and though ſome take great pleaſure in taſting its fruits, yet is it a ſort of meat whereof a man cannot eat much and think it's good. There is a ſentence as true as old, that ſayes there are but two happy dayes in marriage, the Wedding-day, and that of the Wifes death. But it is withall to be granted, that ſince this ſentence was firſt pronounc'd things are rather grown worſe then better; nay, for my part, I ſhould not grant the Wedding-day to be wiſh'd. To be ſhort, A Woman is a domeſtick danger, and under a humane beauty there often lurks a ſavage beaſt; ſo that ſome wiſe men have doubted whether they ſhould rank them among *men* or *beaſts*. But thou omitteſt (cry'd out *Lyſis* engaging himſelf in the conteſt) that ſome other *Philoſophers*, wiſer then thy Authors, have thought they ſhould be diſpoſed between Men and Angels, as participating of both natures. Ha! who would have thought thou hadſt profeſs'd enmity to what is moſt amiable in the world. Ah, my Entertainer! how hypocritically haſt thou deceiv'd me! how unfit art thou to meddle with the profeſſion of a *Shepherd*, as thou hadſt reſolved with me! Where haſt thou ever heard that *Shepherds* ſhould blaſpheme againſt *Love* and *Women*? Ah *Savage*! *Woman-hater*! Inſenſible thing! Wouldſt thou have Mankind decay, and that there ſhould not be any body here below to ſacrifice to the immortal Gods? or if thou deſireſt Children ſhould be brought forth, wouldſt thou have no other way but by caſting of ſtones backward as *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* did, without any further copulation? If thou art of that

humour, I diſown thee: Come give me my bag and baggage, I will not ſtay any longer with a perſon accurſed of men and the Gods.

Lyſis was delivered of this diſcourſe with much choler; and *Anſelme* conſidering he had ſome reaſon to blame him for what he had ſaid, reſumed the diſcourſe thus. Be not angry, my dear Friend! know that I do not blame all women: 'tis only with this *Geneura*, of whom we ſpeak, that I was afraid a marriage would have proved my repentance. But that is contrary to what I ſaid, replies *Montenor*: you are obliged to love *Geneura*, and to avoid all others. Anſwer that objection, friend, ſays *Lyſis* to *Anſelme*: This Gentleman ſeems to be in the right. You will never be thought worthy to enter into the Temple of *Aſtrea*, if you have not continued faithfull to your Miſtreſs. I have hearken'd a good while to your diſpute, but I ſhall be able to make nothing of it, if you give me not each his ſtory, and alleadge your reaſons. Obſerve me; Will not you ſubmit to the *Paſtoral* Laws, and take a *Shepherd* for to be Judge in your difference, and not ſpend your mony on the Pettifogers of the Country? So *Sylvander* judg'd the difference between *Leonice* and *Tyrcis*; and *Leonidas* that of *Celidea*, *Thamyra*, and *Calidon*, and that of *Adraſtus* and *Doris*; and *Diana* decided that of *Phillis* and *Sylvander*. 'Twas always the cuſtom to take him for Judge whom the Oracle had choſen, or the firſt they met that would undertake it, that there might be no long quarrels between Shepherds, whoſe profeſſion it is to live in all tranquility. Will you not therefore do well to take me to decide your buſineſs? Am not I a competent Judge in this caſe? I refuſe you not (ſays *Anſelme*, laughing at this rare invention) and it ſhall be the Gentlemans fault, if you diſcharge not that office. For my part, anſwers *Montenor*, I believe ſhe whom I ſpeak for hath ſo good a cauſe, that I fear not to appeal to any whatſoever. 'Tis very well, replies *Lyſis*: but the worſt on't is, that we are not in the midſt of the fields; and methinks we ſhould be there, for all the differences in *Aſtrea* have been ſo judg'd: ſhall we go thither? It may poſſibly be that the ſentence will not be valid, if the Judge that gives it ſit not on a ſtone in the ſhade of an Elm. Nay, if it pleaſe your Honour, let us not go hence, ſays *Anſelme*: Seat your ſelf in that Chair before the Table: you ſee that on the Chimney-piece which is behind you there is a Repreſentation of the Country; you ſhall be in the ſhade of thoſe Trees that are there, doth not that ſuffice? I think *Anſelme* is in the right, reply'd *Lyſis*; and it muſt be granted that our Judgment-ſeat is whereever we are, ſeeing we have none certain.

In ſaying ſo, he ſate him in the place they had aſſign'd him; and putting his hands on the elbows of the Chair, he took on him the gravity of a Magiſtrate. *Anſelme* remonſtrated to *Montenor*, that ſeeing he was of Councel for the Plaintiff, he ſhould ſpeak before the Judge firſt, for to make his complaint. He, who knew not yet whether *Lyſis* was a Fool, or play'd the Knave, began to provide himſelf to ſpeak; beſides that he thought himſelf obliged to perſwade *Anſelme* not to diſcontinue his love to *Geneura*. So ſtanding on one ſide of the Table, while his adverſary was on the other ſide in the ſame poſture, he thus began his Harangue.

MONTENOR'S Speech in the behalf of *GENEVRA*.

IF I were to ſpeak before Barbarians, *I ſhould be ſomewhat in doubt I might not obtain juſtice: But ſeeing he whom I complain againſt hath always made appear he carried no ſavage heart, I am almoſt aſſured that he will condemn himſelf when I have laid down my reaſons. 'Tis with you that I have this conteſtation,* Anſelme! *I am come hither to ſummon you to the performance of the promiſes you have made to* Geneura *to love her ever. Time was, that the ſame torch lighted both your hearts, and your days were ſpun by the ſame ſpindle, and that one onely ſoule inſpir'd your wiſhes and your thoughes. To prove this, I ſhall need no other witneſs then your ſelf, againſt your ſelf, and we are already agreed as to that point. But I would gladly know, ſeeing you*

have

have ſometime thought her worthy your affection, why is ſhe not ſo ſtill? Is her beautie decay'd? All the world knows that it advances daily; and that if at the time you became paſſionate of her, it challeng'd eſteem, it now claims admiration. If Geneura *ſpeak, ſhe charms our ears with the ſweetneſs of her voice; if ſhe be ſilent, her gravity engages our admiration; if ſhe laugh, ſhe hath I know not what attraction, would captivate the moſt barbarous mindes; if ſhe walk, ſhe hath a majeſtie fires the beholders. To be in her companie, is to converſe with* Diana, Venus, *the* Graces, *and ſo many other Goddeſſes which Antiquity hath ador'd; if ſhe depart out of the Company, ſhe carries away with her the hearts and eyes of the preſence. All that know her will confirm this: but ſuppoſing there were no ſuch thing, and that ſhe have not thoſe attractions ſhe formerly had, ſhould you diſcontinue your love, ſeeing your oathes oblige you thereto? If ſhe had been wanting as to her part, there were pretence for you to diſengage: but there is nothing to be ſaid againſt her. She now calls you again, and that with the ſame affection ſhe ever bore you, and the firſt moment of your appearance to her will ſeal you a pardon of all your faults. Let it be conſidered, if ever there was ſuch a Goddeſs ſeen, and if ſuch a Miſtreſs deſerved not to be eternally loved.*

Montenor ſaid no more, ſo that he finiſhed his Speech where *Lyſis* thought he was beginning. Nor indeed underſtood he any thing in that way of pleading, which they would have him obſerve, having not converſed much with *Paſtoral* Books, which at that time he not ſo much as thought on. Yet the Judge with a ſlender ſmile ſaid, That indeed it was well harangu'd, though ſuccinctly; the moſt tedious Advocates are not the beſt pleaders. And you *Anſelm*, what ſay you againſt him? Begin; and I ſwear by the Sword and Ballance of the Goddeſs *Themis* (a thing I ſhould have done before I had heard either of you) that I will do you juſtice, ſo as I would deſire to receive in the like caſe my ſelf; and I ſhall give you the ſame meaſure, as I ſhould wiſh my ſelf. *Anſelm* having told him that he was not any thing doubtful, began to hum, and ſpit a good while, to diſpoſe himſelf for his plea, which he inteuded ſomewhat long, both for the pleaſure he ſhould receive from his Judge, and to make appear effectually to *Montenor*, that he was not to blame for diſcontinuing his love to *Geneura*. And this was the purpoſe he ſpoke to.

ANSELME's Speech, wherein is contained the Hiſtory of *GENEURA*.

I Shall not need the courteſie of a long Preface, to captivate your Honour's favour, nor will I throw duſt in your eyes, as the Proverb ſays, leaſt you ſhould ſee the truth, for it concerns me that you ſhould know it, and it is ſhe ſhall ſpeak for me. To anſwer then my Adverſaries Councel; who aks firſt, Whether I believ'd the Beauty of Geneura *decay'd: I ſay, it is a needleſs queſtion. Alas! To whom doth he make it? I have never found her but too beautiful, and I deny not but that ſhe hath yet as many beauties in her face, as ſhe had ever: but that (ſhe hath) the ſame now in her diſpoſition and minde, is more then I avow. As for the faithfulneſs which ſhe hath obſerved towards me, I ſhall bring thoſe proofs will witneſs the contrary: And to clear up all this to my Judge, and to your ſelf* Montenor, *whoſe charge it is to ſpeak againſt me, I ſhall give you a ſhort Hiſtory of my Loves, which you have not received ſo naturally from* Geneura: *for if you had but known any thing, you would not have pleaded for a Wench, who hath ſo little right to what ſhe demands of me.*

After the deceaſe of my Father and Mother, taking the Liberty of all ſort of Converſation, I became acquainted, among others, with Lerantus, *a Batchelour, one not of the meaneſt quality, and an ingenioW man. He carried me one day to* Geneura's *Fathers, with whom he had ſome buſineſs, and he did as good as bring a Victim to the Altar to be ſacrificed. I had no ſooner ſeen her, but my deſires were ſo inflamed for her, that I had no reſt till I had returned to offer her the prey ſhe had already gotten. The*

Father

Father and Mother being a ſubtile ſort of people, diſcover'd preſently on what deſign I came to their houſe, and gave me thoſe entertainments that lur'd me to further viſits. They perceived that a while before, I had gotten a Treaſurer-ſhip; beſides, they knew my Father had left me ſomewhat, and as for their part they had not much, the husband being of the moſt inconſiderable Officers belonging to the King; ſo that it had been to their no ſmall advantage, if I had married the Daughter. I think they had not forgotten to recommend to her, to receive me favourably, and to carry her ſelf before me diſcreetly and modeſtly. And indeed ſhe was not wanting; and I vow to you, that as ſhe was yet very young, and of much ſimplicity, I took an infinite pleaſure to hear her talk innocently of Love. I ſhall not tell you how many afternoons and evenings I have paſtim'd away with her, nor how many Serenades *I have given her, nor what Letters and Verſes I ſent. It's enough for me to tell you, that I lived not but for her, and that ſhe lived not but for me, and that preferring content before riches, I diſpos'd my ſelf to marry her as ſoon as I ſhould obtain the conſent of my friends. Yet from that very time I obſerved ſome Artifices in the Mother, and in Her; but paſſion blinding me, I thought all ſupportable. When I was in the houſe, and that there came ſome to viſit them, if he were a perſon of quality, as there frequented divers, they gave word they were not within, and had much ado to recover the courteſie they did me. But what dream'd I on at that time, that I ſhould give them any credit, ſeeing* Perſida, Geneura's *Mother, being as ſubtile as woman could be, ſerved me in the like kinde, and cauſed me to be ſent back again, when I came to ſee them, while they had others to entertain: And this maxime ſhe ever kept, that it might not be known they were familiar with all the world, and that they might be thought very reſerved. Now it hapned often, that I was told they were not at home, and I doubted the principal reaſon to be, that* Geneura *was not dreſſed to her advantage: for when ſhe had notice of the day I ſhould viſit her, I obſerved ſhe would make long mornings to dreſs her head only. All this wind ſhook no corn: And though I could remember ſome paſſages then, I ſhall conceal them, as being not capable to make her be deſpis'd. But one time, having been about a year abſent about my Charge, when I was return'd, I found her firſt innocency chang'd into the greateſt ſubtilty in the world; and that ſhe might deſervedly be called the* Queen *of Tatling Goſſips. Her mother had carried her to great Ladies, who were pleas'd to eſteem her for her beauty, ſo that ſhe would govern as they, who were more then ſhe could ever be; and ever and anon ſhe diſcover'd an inſupportable vanity. She never heard a Coach go by, but ſhe bid her maid look out at the window to ſee if it were not ſome great Lord of her acquaintance: See if it be not* Lyſander *or* Poliarchus, *ſays ſhe to the Wench, though 'twere but ſome Countrey Laſs, that knew neither of them. How's that? ſaid I to her once on that occaſion, do you know when* Lyſander *paſſes by, by the going of his horſes, or by the noiſe of his Coach-wheels? That is not it, ſays ſhe, but I well know he fails not to paſs by every day at a certain hour juſt by the houſe; and note here, that in ſaying ſo, ſhe bit her lips, as if ſhe gave me a bone to pick, and to make me believe, that that Lord paſs'd by that way for to ſee her. Another imagination ſhe had was, that all that once ſaw her dyed for love; and ſhe took ſuch a pleaſure to be look'd on, that one evening being in a ſtreet wherein there is always much people, I ſaw her paſs by in a Coach, at the boot whereof ſhe ſate with a lighted Taper in her hand. There was no Maſque or Collation, where ſhe appear'd not with the firſt; nay, ſhe would not ſtick to come to Revels, and danced with throngs of men, an action which was thought ſomewhat diſhonorable by the diſcreeteſt perſons. I found her one time in a great company, wherein we were ſix who loved her, and ſtrove to obtain ſome favour from her, when in the mean time ſhe was ſo ſubtil, that ſhe obliged all together: For ſhe ſate on ones knee, trod on the foot of another; ſhe had one Gentleman by the hand, and ſpoke to another that ſtood by him. That hindred not but that ſhe heard another Lover, who had a very good voyce, ſinging, and caſt amourous looks on his neighbour. So every one thought himſelf in greater favour then his Rivals, but ſhe knew not her ſelf what would pleaſe her. Whereas before ſhe went to Maſs ever and anon in the morning, ſhe went not now till almoſt noon, becauſe that is the time the Nobility goes; and when ſhe was in the Church, though ſhe ſaw a Maſs ready to begin, yet would ſhe walk up and down as if ſhe ſought for one:*

and

and if she saw a knot of Courtiers discoursing together, she would pass through them, that they might all behold her. Nor indeed did the design miscarry, for there was not any one that addressed not his eyes to her, but it was only to laugh at her folly. One gave her a jog as she pass'd by, so did the other: and I have heard, that a witty Gentleman observing her, ferretting all about so, said to her, Lady, you need seek no further, I have what you look for; yet they say, this sharp abuse rais'd not the least blush, so much confidence was she guilty of, or to say better, impudence. That which besides further presented the world with occasion to laugh, was her gate, for she gave her whole body a certain shaking, as if it had been a Puppet, and she negligently bent her head on every side, with such measure and proportion, that it seem'd she had learn'd that method by Tablature. As for her cloathes, there was so much matter for Reformation, that she deserved an EDICT for her alone; and though when she went abroad she was so gallant, that there was much to be reproved, yet was she not content, but when she stayed at home she had better Cloathes then she durst shew abroad. Her Language was also very extraordinary, that there might not be any thing in her that smelt not of Artifice. When she spoke, she us'd a wanton lisping, and of an imperfection of Speech she would make a grace. As for her discourse, it was only of some little Court-toyishness; and she never looked on any person twice, but she presently gave him some name of alliance, and that reciprocally she took not another from him, not once thinking that the most commonly she address'd her self to infamous persons. I well observed all these things, yet I was so bewitched, that I excused them, rather then condemn'd them: And I answered those who spoke to me of the affectations of Geneura, That it was impossible to finde a Beauty so accomplished by nature, but there may be necessary some recourse to Art. Nay, I could not rid my self of the desire of marrying her, and attributing all her indiscreet actions to the ill conduct of youth. I hop'd one day to furnish her with better discipline then her Mother. But what a mad man was I to think, that a woman will exchange Liberty for Slavery? He that would keep her in, must give her her way; and he that would have her desire any thing, must pretend to stand in fear of her. Geneura would have done so too, and I am beholding to her disdains and remissions, which, when I was the most enchanted, prevail'd with me to seek my remedy rather in her contempt, then in her enjoyment. The proud Titiril forgot all respect to me, that she observed before, promising her self a better fortune: so that to the end she might the more easily be found, she freely entertained all that came. While St. Germains Fair lasted, she miss'd not a day to be there: she sate on the Counter of some Shop, that she might the better be perceived, as if she had been some Commodity to be sold. 'T had been no great matter, had she only obliged those that passed by of her acquaintance to treat her with sweetmeats, but she further importun'd them for some little Diamond, or some piece or other out of the Goldsmiths: So that if she would do so every year, 'twould prove a great revenue to her. About that time she had purchas'd a great reputation for her Beauty; and I think that when there came any strangers to Paris, they went to see her in the Church, and other places, as if she had been some Rarity of the Citie. Those that had any Suits of consequence at Law, endeavoured her acquaintance, for to desire her to speak for them to their Counsellours, for they thought her beauty able to corrupt the Judges of most integrity. But this might have been excus'd, were it not that she did it for advantage, and that it gained her the frequentation of a many, who would not have courted her but for to deceive her. I was extreamly troubled to see it, though for my part, I had all the reason in the world to hate her, and I thence easily inferr'd her ruine. For I know well, there could not be a worse Guardian of a Maids chastity then Poverty, and that slender Revenues, Beauty and Chastity seldom lodge all at the same Inn. And what is more; Geneura encouraged the less confident sort of people, to ask her those things which are honestly refusable; and her Cloathes, words and actions seem'd to prostitute her to all the world.

Howbeit I took notice of all this, yet did I not discontinue my visits, but suffered a gradual decay of my affection; to imitate the Sea, which ebbs so slowly out of the Rivers, that it is hardly perceiv'd, but with this difference, that I intended no reflux. So I insensibly disingag'd me out of her Love, to the end she might let go quietly what I took

took from her, without knowing how it was loſt, as if it had been a ſhadow which had diſappear'd: So that if there remained any affection for her, 'twas only in conſideration of that I had formerly born her, it being an incivilitie to make a ſtable of that place, which was before reverenced as a Temple. But it was to great *purpoſe for me to wiſh her happineſs: for ſhe met with that misfortune, which a Laſs of her quality ought the moſt to fear. She never went with her Mother, becauſe the woman was ſtill ſo fooliſh, that ſhe would have the reputation of fair, and by a maxim of Goſſipry, would not take her in her company, leſt ſhe ſhould diſcover her age, ſeeing ſhe had a daughter ſo big.* Geneura *being once at a Wedding where ſhe had but one Maid with her, a young man who had taken her in divers times to dance, kept alwaies ſomwhat near her, and proffer'd his ſervice to wait on her home, ſeeing no body came to look after her. About ten of the clock, when they talk'd of bedding the Bride, a ſort of unknown diſguiſ'd Dancers came into the room, and putting out all the Torches, committed an unſpeakable diſorder. In the midſt of the tumult, they ſay the Bride was raviſh'd by one of her former ſervants: and as for* Geneura, *there was one* Gismond *carried her away, and diſpos'd her into a Coach that waited in the ſtreet. In the mean while he that held her in talk before, made ſome ſtir in the Hall, which was obſerved by her Maid, who knew not where her Miſtreſs was. As ſhe was asking him for her, he told her ſhe was with him, and bid her follow him. The Maid believing him, follow'd, and kept her eye on him ſtill in the dark; and when they were come into the ſtreet, where it was not much more light then on the ſtairs of the houſe whence they came, ſhe ſaw him conducting a Gentlewoman, which ſhe took for her Miſtreſs, ſo that ſhe ſtill followed on. She diſcovered not the cheat till the Gentlewoman ſpoke, and then the poor Wench almoſt amaz'd, returned to the houſe where the Wedding had been, for to look for* Geneura, *where when ſhe had in vain as'd for her of all thoſe ſhe met, ſhe return'd with the news of this loſs to the Father and Mother; and I know not whether they were much diſpleas'd at it or no, or whether they had ſome aſſurance that their daughter was in ſome good place.* Giſmond *having gotten the prey he deſired, bid the Coachman drive as faſt as he could, ſo that in a little while they were gotten a League off* Paris, *where they accidentally met a Gentleman, a former Suitor of* Geneura's, *who was coming out of the Countrey. He hearing his Miſtreſs ſpeak, draws his ſword, ſtaies the Coachman, and gives* Giſmond *a thruſt in the left arm.* Giſmond *thereupon drew out a piſtol he had, but it went not off, only the others horſe, being ſtartled, carried him away acroſs the fields. In the mean while the Coachman put forward, and having gotten a good diſtance from the place, met with no further miſadventure. He ſoon after recovered a houſe of his Maſters, three leagues from* Paris. Giſmond's *wound was there lanc'd, but that ſo careleſly, that a feaver ſo violent enſued, that ten days after he dyed. Thoſe that think it their buſineſs to ſpeak the truth without diſſimulation, affirm, his life was not ſhortned but through his impatience in his loves; and that without regarding his wound, he would enjoy the fruits of the ſpoil he had taken, wherein he ſo overheated himſelf, that he could live no longer. This being very likely to be true, do you ſuppoſe* Montenor, *that I would marry* Geneura, *though ſhe be come back to her Fathers, and though ſhe ſtill pretends to honeſty? I do not believe it the ſame caſe with Women as the Sun, which though it be common, loſes not of its beauty; and if I ever marrie, I will take one that is not only not blamed, but not ſuſpected. I have now found out a Miſtreſs, who is ſo far from all ſubtilty and affectation, that ſhe hath nothing of it but the diſdain · give me leave to ſerve her, and tell me no more of this* Geneura, *who would be better known then I, were I the moſt renowned man in the world.*

Anſelme having paus'd there, *Montenor,* who was not able to endure what he had ſaid of his ancient Miſtreſs, retorted thus. I do not ſo much wonder at what you have ſaid *Anſelme*; for it is a thing generally granted, that there is no diſaffection ſo violent, as that which ſucceeds a friendſhip? but I apprehend not whence it comes that you are guilty of ſuch a change: you tax *Geneura* with many little affectations, but it is well known, that ſince ſhe hath been out of *Giſmonds* hands, ſhe hath only preſerved thoſe that render her more handſome, and more deſirable. As for her Chaſtity, there is no doubt but ſhe is as pure as ever. 'Tis generally known,

known that *Giſmond*, who was an old Batchelor, and very rich, carried her away by force out of the place where ſhe was, by the aſſiſtance of his friends diſguiſed. When he had her at his own houſe, I believe he gave ſome aſſault to her chaſtity: But to make it appear to you how that he prevailed nothing at all, you ſhall be ſhewn the Teſtament he made the day before he dyed, wherein he bequeaths all his Chattels to *Geneura*, repenting him of the injury he had done her, and deſiring to make her ſatisfaction, and that preciſely for what, ſays he, becauſe that having endeavoured to corrupt her when ſhe was at my houſe, ſhe reſiſted my aſſaults, and diſcovered that chaſtity, that ſhe well deſerves an honourable acknowledgment.

Seeing ſhe was carried away by force, ſays *Anſelme*, why did ſhe not cry out for help among ſo many people; and when ſhe was in an open coach, why did ſhe not ſtrive to get out? When ſhe was at *Giſmonds* houſe, what endeavours was ſhe ſeen to have to ſend to her friends for to come and relieve her, or to my ſelf who ſhould have been more ready to aſſiſt her then any of them? You would alſo have me believe that ſhe did not ſuffer herſelf to be vanquiſh'd by her ſweet Enemy; and you quote me his Teſtament to prove it. But alas! how plain is this cheat? For what appearance is there that *Giſmond*, an old Ruffian, who had deſign'd his means to be the prey of diſhoneſty and lewdneſs, ſhould make choice of this Wench to be his Heirreſs for having continued honeſt. Was ſhe then the firſt wherein he had found that vertue, and was there no chaſtity among his Siſters and Couſins? What a miracle is this! There is only he that attempted her love, that thinks her chaſte, and all others eſteem her unchaſte. It muſt be conceiv'd it was ſhe caus'd the poor man to ſay ſo, when he was at the point of death. To be ſhort, I will not take other mens leavings, and buy a Tree whereof the faireſt fruits are already gathered.

'Tis injuſtice to infer the worſt rather then the beſt in things uncertain, replies *Montenor*: And if, as I perceive by your diſcourſe, you ſuſpect *Geneura* of unchaſtity, becauſe ſhe ſpoke freely to all ſorts of perſons; conſider that you your ſelf are the cauſe; and when you were far from her, her diverſion muſt needs require other acquaintances. But return, to her putting away all ſuſpitions and jealouſie.

Anſelme ſeem'd to have ſomwhat further to ſay in anſwer to this; and *Montenor* would not have been wanting to maintain his cauſe longer, if *Lyſis* had not commanded them both to conclude, becauſe that he would give ſentence. *Anſelme* diſpoſed himſelf to hear it, and had cauſed his Adverſary to be ſilent. But the Judge riſing out of his ſeat, ran away as faſt as he could, ſaying to them, Stay for me a little, I'll be back preſently. And in that poſture went he to his Chamber, where he took his Sheep-hook that he had left there; and being return'd, ſeated himſelf in his Chair; which when he had done, ſayes he, I had forgotten what was moſt neceſſary, which is this Paſtoral ſtaff, without which my ſentence might have been invalid. Now I have it in my hand, I will give judgment upon this difference.

Montenor knew not upon all theſe circumſtances what to think of him; for while *Lyſis* had been at his chamber, *Anſelme* could not abſtain laughing ſo loud, that he could not tell him what perſon this Shepherd was: But now he was to put on a more ſerious poſture, becauſe of the preſence of the Judge; who having aſſum'd a majeſtick Countenance, and a grave geſture, pronounc'd the Sentence in this manner.

The Judgment of the Shepherd LYSIS.

WHereas there is a Suit depending in this Court between the fair Geneura *Plaintiff on the one part, and the courteous* Anſelme *Defendant on the other part;*

part, the ſaid Plaintiff hath Remonſtrated, or her Councel in her behalf, that ſince the Year of the great Snow, the ſaid Anſelm *having taken fire at her fair eyes, to arm himſelf againſt the Winter, ſhould have given her his heart in exchange, the which he hath ſince taken away, together with all the affections of his ſoul, into poſſeſſion whereof ſhe was entred, as having been morgag'd to her: wherefore ſhe demands reſtitution thereof, with all coſts, charges and intereſts. To which the Defendant pleads, that for the miſcarriages of the Plaintiff, and her frequent diſdains, he ſhould have forſaken her, and principally becauſe ſhe ſuffered her ſelf to be carried away by one* Giſmond, *who, as was reported, had enjoy'd her. Whereto* Montenor *of Councel for* Geneura, *anſwered, That all the little ſubtilties of his Client, were but innocent inſinuations; and that for the raviſhing of her by* Giſmond, *ſhe had not conſented thereto, and that ſhe had reſiſted his attempts. All theſe things being eloquently debated, ſeriouſly and maturely conſidered, and the Teſtament of the deceaſed* Giſmond *taken for ſeen, We by the full power granted Us by* Cupid, *King of men and Gods, have delivered, and do deliver, the heart, ſoul and affections of the Defendant out of the power of the Plaintiff, permitting him to provide for himſelf where he ſhall think good, and that without prejudice to the reputation of the ſaid* Geneura, *whom we charge only to have always ſome one with her to witneſſe her Chaſtity, when ſhe ſhall have occaſion to run away with men.*

Paſs'd in the Parliament of Love, the firſt year of the ſecond *Golden Age*, and the third day ſince we have taken the habit of *Shepherd*.

Lyſis had no ſooner given his judgement, but *Anſelme* making him a great reverence, gave him a long Gramercy; whereat the Shepherd being offended, anſwered him, 'Tis not me that you muſt thank, give your thanks to Juſtice: what! do you think I have ſhewn you any favour? Theſe retorts quieted *Anſelme*; ſo that changing his diſcourſe, ſays he to *Lyſis*, But if it pleaſe your honor, you have made your Sentence too large, dating it at the pronouncing, which is not us'd to be done: Beſides, you have been overſeen, in that you have not caus'd it to be written. How ſhall I take it out againſt my adverſary? Who hath the minutes of it? You are indeed in the right, replyes *Lyſis*: you have a Lacquey that writes well, why have you not made him come hither to be my Clark? Yet ſtay, now I remember me, the Shepherds of *Lignon*, never had any Clark to write down their judgements, and I will tell you the reaſon, They lived ſo innocently, that as their Contracts were not paſs'd before Notaries, to oblige them to do what they promiſs'd, ſo no more do they keep any Records of the Sentences they gave, becauſe who were condemned, were people of ſuch good conſcience, that they remembred as well as their Adverſaries what paſſed againſt them, and performed it without violence. You muſt live like them, and be content to imprint in your memory the judgement I have given. *Anſelm* confeſs'd it was well ſpoken, and affirm'd, that *Lyſis* ſhould ever carry the day of *Sylvander*, and the reſt, ſeeing his judgement was better couch'd then theirs. Wherein they diſcover'd they underſtood not the Laws and the practiſe as well as he who had been deſign'd for the *Long robe*, and had ſtudied the *Pandects* of *Juſtinian*.

Afterward he went to *Montenor*, and told him, that what was order'd muſt be obſerv'd, without thought of appealing: And the Gentleman ſeeing by all his abuſes, that his contempt of *Geneura* was as high as might be, knew well enough he had engag'd his heart elſewhere. He asked him who was his new Miſtreſs; he ingeniouſly told him it was *Angelica*, the daughter of a Patentee, dead not long before. *Montenor* who knew her, and withal knew ſhe was very handſom, and very rich, would not divert his purſuance of her, and ſo ſaid to him, Aſſure your ſelf, that though *Geneura* bewail'd your loſs, ſhe hath repair'd it, by the devotion of as faithful a Lover, whom ſhe muſt reſolve to marry, now that ſhe can hope no more from you. I muſt with all haſte return to *Paris* to diſpoſe her thereto; for I am certain ſhe counts the hours ſince I parted, and thoſe my return might take up, ſuch is her impatience to know what I have prevail'd with you. To which *Anſelm* anſwered,

ſwer'd, That he ſhould be very glad *Geneura* met with a good fortune; and that what he had ſaid againſt her, was partly the better to juſtifie himſelf as to the Crime which he was charg'd with of having forſaken her. In conſequence of this diſcourſe, he took *Montenor* aſide and told him, who the Judge in the *ſhort Robe* was, that had reconcil'd them. He alſo farther forc'd on him the pleaſure to hear him diſcourſe ſome longer time, for he would not permit him to go before dinner. Which being done, *Montenor* returned to *Paris*, where he gave an account of what had paſs'd to *Geneura*, who thereupon reſolved to take for husband him they ſhould propoſe to her.

Lyſis ſpent that day within doors with *Anſelm*, and that very impatiently; for he had a great deſire to be carried to *Angelica*'s, where CHARITE dwelt, but *Anſelme* had no minde to't: and all the Shepherd could obtain of him, was only to paſs by the door, which yet *Anſelme* was willing to do ſo far as he thought it ſo much walk. As they were in the ſtreet: O God! ſays *Lyſis*, what a propitious hour is this to go and tickle the ear of a *Miſtreſs* with the ſound of a *Lute*, that crys Compaſſion for him that touches it! Can you play on the Lute Shepherd, ſays *Anſelme*? No, anſwers *Lyſis*, but for the *Guitar*, I touch it in ſuch a manner, that there is no Magick ſo ſtrong as the ſound I give it, when I ſing to it ſome ayr that is amorouſly ſweet. Well, if you ſing it ſuffices, replys *Anſelm*, the voyce is an inſtrument which may be carried every where. Come and ſing before the window of your Sherherdeſs. That would do very well, ſays *Lyſis*, if I had but an ayr upon that occaſion, but I thought not on't this afternoon to make one: beſides, I left at *Paris* my Dictionary of French Rimes, and my Collection of Epithetes, without which I cannot make Verſes. And now I think on't, He that not long ſince hath advanc'd in *France* thoſe looſe Verſes according to the *Italian* mode, hath been much in the right, for there is nothing ſo eaſie as to make of them; and when a man is in haſte, they are ſoon diſpatch'd. They are ſome long, and ſome ſhort, ſome maſculines, ſome feminines, ſometimes with plain Rimes, ſometimes a croſs, all as it comes into a mans minde, without being oblig'd to diſpoſe them into *Stanza*'s or *Odes*. I yet would not preſume to practiſe them, till ſome others had lead me the way: for I have heard ſay, that at preſent there are at *Paris* a ſort of people, who would be call'd the Ingenuities of the age, who would hiſs at me, as if I preſented them with ſome unſeaſonable Novelty. They would preſently rank me among thoſe who have endeavored to make meaſured Verſes according to the Latines. A man muſt a little fear them, for things are ſo far well or ill done, as they like or diſlike them, and all depends on their approbation, and their cenſure.

Anſelme thought theſe conſiderations very rational, but he perſwaded him that though he had not made Verſes purpoſely to ſing before *Charite*'s window, yet muſt he not omit to go thither, conſidering, many Gallants gave *Serenades* every day with ordinary Songs, and that it matter'd not, ſo that they were well ſung. *Lyſis* was ſo deſirous to go and raiſe up his Miſtreſs with the melody of his voyce, that he eaſily believed all this: ſo having bethought himſelf a little, he ſaid chearfully to *Anſelme*, I have found what I had need of; have not you heard of an Ayr that begins thus:

Charite, *whoſe brighter eyes,*
Our hearts do Tyranniſe,
And thoſe that dare rebel chaſtiſe, &c.

That's it *I* muſt ſing, *I* believe it was made expreſly for me, and that the Poet preſag'd that a *Charite* ſhould diſpoſe me under her Laws.

As he had ſaid ſo, *Anſelme* gave him notice, that they were before the houſe of *Charite*, and aſſured him, that his choice as to the Song was ſo excellent and ſudden, that he believed it was ſome Divine inſpiration, wherefore he advi'sd him not to think of taking any other. Then he ſhew'd him that part whence he might be heard by his Miſtreſſe: and *Lyſis* having hemm'd divers times to diſgorge all the

flegme that might have block'd up the paſſage of his voice, began his aire ſo melodiouſly, that his muſick was almoſt as pleaſant as the noiſe of a Cart-wheel. *Anſelme* in the mean time bethought him to take off his Galloches, and put them between his fingers; and by making the ſoals clatter one againſt another, he playd as if it had been with Clappers, that he might bear a part with *Lyſis*. But the Shepherd not approving it, intreated him to let him ſing alone the ſecond and third Couplet, and afterwards he ſhould do what he would. He had no ſooner begun, but a Country-fellow whoſe ears were grated with this mad muſick, came to the window, and caſt three or four ſtones at the Muſitian. See there! ſays *Anſelme* to *Lyſis*: your muſick is as powerful as that of *Orpheus*, it already draws the ſtones after it. That makes no amends, ſays the Shepherd; let us retire, 'tis not good to be here: Theſe ſtones are not reſpectfull as thoſe that followed *Orpheus*; for they approach'd him not by twenty paces, leſt they ſhould have orewhelm'd him, and were balanc'd in the air; but of theſe we may in the end feel the weight.

When he had ſo ſaid, they retir'd: For though *Anſelme* could have quieted the Country-fellow, yet would he not, leſt any ſhould know he were there. *Lyſis* in the return, diſcourſed much to him of the diſcourteſie and ſavage humour of the Inhabitants of the Town, who would not permit Lovers to give *Serenades*; and he ſpake ſomewhat too concerning his voice, ſaying it ſeem'd to him it was not very good then, and that if he had not caught a cold, he had ſung a great deal better. As ſoon as they were come home, they went to bed, and ſlept both of them very well till the next day, which *Lyſis* would ſpend in ſolitude in his chamber to write a Letter to *Charite*. In the mean time *Anſelme* went to viſit *Leonora*, *Angelica's* mother, at whoſe houſe dwelt the incomparable Miſtreſs of our Shepherd. He acquainted her with the excellent adventures of his Gueſt, and of what pleaſant folly he was poſſeſſed: which rais'd in her ſuch a deſire to ſee him, that he promiſed to bring him along with him as ſoon as he could conveniently. He forgot not to tell her, that he was paſſionately ſurpris'd with the beauty of her Waiting-gentlewoman; and that the diſcourſes he made on his Love, excell'd the moſt excellent Comedies in the world.

Anſelme being return'd, asked the Shepherd if he had finiſh'd his Letter? He anſwered, He had but three words to add, and he would not ſup till he had done, and had neatly encloſed it in gilt paper, and ſeal'd it with Spaniſh wax, with red ſilk about it. While they were at Supper, *Anſelme* told him that he had been where *Charite* dwelt, and made him believe that he had ſpoken to her of him, and that ſhe thank'd him for his aſſiſtance againſt the *Satyre*. This he thought a high glory; and he ask'd his dear Hoſt whether he would do him the favour to deliver his Letter to his Miſtreſs? *Anſelme* told him he would willingly do it; but withall, that he ſhould be glad to know the contents of that Miſſive. I have forgotten it, ſays *Lyſis*: If it were burnt or loſt, and that I were to write another, I ſhould not put one word of the ſame. Shew me the foul Copy, ſeeing you will not unſeal it, ſays *Anſelme*. I have tore it in a thouſand peeces, anſwers *Lyſis*: And not to diſſemble with you any longer, I tell you that if I had it, you ſhould not ſee it, for it is not reaſon you ſhould ſee the true draught of my affections, before her that hath caus'd them. Are you thereabout? replies *Anſelme*: how prettily capricious you are! I ſhall pay you in the ſame coyn; and I aſſure you, you may go ſeek one to carry your Letter, for that ſhall not I. Poſſibly, ſeeing you will not ſhew it me, there is ſomwhat in't to my prejudice. I have read of divers who have carried their own deaths in a Letter, and receiv'd their puniſhment as ſoon as it was in his hands to whom it was directed. That's not the reaſon, *as I am a Shepherd*, replies *Lyſis*: And I tell you that I care not much whether you carry my Letter, or no; nay I would not admit of *Love* himſelf to be the Meſſenger, were it not that he is blind, and cannot read my ſecrets. Know then that I could willingly give him this Pacquet, and that he would carry it ſafely, though he have neither pocket nor budget, for he would hide it in the locks of his hair; yet cannot I truſt him; for put the caſe he ſhould not know the way to *Charite's* chamber, he not ſeeing any thing at all, muſt have ſome other little Boy to

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be his guide, as your Bag-pipers have; and he perhaps would miſtake *Angelica* for *Charite*, and ſo ſome other then my Miſtreſs ſhould have the glory of my writings. You offend *Cupid* to think ſo, ſays *Anſelme*: For though he have no eyes, yet he preſently knows whom he hath any thing to do with; he hath a better noſe then any Dog in *France*, he'll go ſcenting ſo long till he find out your Miſtreſs; he hath as good an ear as a Cat that watches a Mouſe, ſo that he'll preſently know her by her ſpeech; then he hath the feeling ſo good, that he will not miſtake another for her. But if all that were not ſo, ſhould he have ſo little wit as not to know his ordinary lodging, having no nobler retreat then the eyes of *Charite*? If he ſhould not ſeek her, would he not ſtill go to her by cuſtom? I grant your reaſons, ſays *Lyſis*: But leſt this *little God* who is very quarrelſom, ſhould be angry with me, I will not ſpeak to him of carrying my Letter: He would anſwer me, that I was uncivil to take him for my Lacquay. He is not like you, who proffer me that favour: For among us men, who can make returns of courteſies, 'tis the office of a friend, and not of a ſervant. All this conſidered, I have bethought me of an invention to ſpare both you and him; but let us talk no more on't, for 'tis not yet time to execute the deſign.

So *Anſelme* could not ſee the Shepherds Letter: and two houres being ſpent in this conteſtation and other things, *Lyſis* deſired leave to go out, and deſired him he would let one of his Lacquays go with him. *Anſelme* granted it, though he ſeem'd to be angry with him: And the Shepherd having taken the Lad aſide, promiſed him a great reward, if he would aſſiſt him in his affairs. He ſhew'd himſelf ready to obey him in all things; and according as he had bidden, took the Hay-loft-ladder, and carried it after him. *Anſelme* ſeeing them go out ſo accoutred, ask'd them if they were going to ſcale the Heavens, and take the Moon by aſſault? But *Lyſis* bid him only retire and be ſilent, and that he ſhould ere long have an account of his enterpriſe. *Anſelme* letting him go his wayes without any further diſcourſe, expected a good while for his return: but ſeeing he ſtaid out long, and that it was very late, he went to bed.

In the mean time *Lyſis* being come before *Charite's* houſe, look'd about to ſee if there were any light in the chamber where *Anſelme* had told him ſhe lay. There was, contrary to his deſire, but it was preſently put out; ſo that he then thought all were abed in the houſe, and that opportunity favoured his deſign. He caus'd the Ladder to be placed againſt the wall; and bidding *Gringalet*, *Anſelme's* Lacquay, hold it faſt below, he went up from rowel to rowel, with the Letter in his hand, for to put it on the window of his Miſtreſs: but being come to the upper end of the ladder, all he could do was to reach the lower brink of the window; ſo that he began to ſtand a tip-toe, and to ſtretch out his arm, that it had been as good for his joynts to have been on the rack. While he thus lengthned himſelf, there was a Cat within kept a pawing at the clappers of the window, which ſo alarm'd him, that he made ſuch haſte back, that he very narrowly miſs'd falling to the ground. Having been a little while in expectation of what might enſue, he bethought himſelf 'twere better to give the Lacquay the Letter to put on the window: whereupon he came down and ſpoke to him of it: but having meaſur'd which were the taller, he was two fingers ſhorter then himſelf; and beſides he perceiv'd his arms were very ſhort, which rendred him the leſs fit for his enterpriſe. That caus'd him to get up again, not looking for any aſſiſtance but from himſelf; and taking heart, he went as high as he had been at firſt. Hearing the ſame noiſe as before, he thought there might be ſomebody that would ſurpriſe him; ſo that he deſcended three ſtaves; then hearing nothing, he aſcends again; the noiſe beginning again, he deſcends again. Sometimes he lengthned his arm with all his might, ſometimes he drew it back: He would oftimes lift himſelf up altogether, and preſently again be ſhrunk down: And methought he was like thoſe Capons legs, whereof children do lengthen or contract the claws as they pleaſe, by pulling the ſinews. O how many pounds might have been beſtow'd on the curioſity of ſeeing ſuch pleaſant poſtures! But alas, they had no other ſpectators then the Stars, and a miſerable Lacquay that knew not his own happineſs.

Lyſis

Lyſis having retir'd, and as often approach'd the window, did at laſt put the Letter upon it, and being preſently come down, he bid *Gringalet* take away the Ladder, and return a long with him to *Anſelme*'s houſe. He ſaid no more to him, he was ſo taken up, to entertain the divers imaginations which ſeiz'd him, when he conſider'd the Amazement his Miſtreſs ſhould be in, finding his Letter the next morning on her window. He ſaid within himſelf, That ſhe would believe it were ſome Bird had brought it thither in his Beak; or rather *Love* himſelf, who flyes as well as the Birds. In this Meditation he came to *Anſelme*'s houſe, but underſtanding he was a-bed, he would put his time to the beſt advantage. He bought of the Gardener ſeven or eight Poſies half wither'd, wherein there were Pinks, Gilliflowers and Marigolds, and ſome other flowers, he faſtened them altogether to a long peice of Packthread. Then out he went again, with the Lacquey, whom he made take the Ladder with him, which was ſuch a burthen to him, that, if he had not fear'd to diſobey his Maſter, who had charg'd him to do whatſoever *Lyſis* ſaid to him, he had bid him carry it himſelf. The Shepherd ſhewing himſelf familiar with him, to gain his more willing aſſiſtance, asked him, If he had never ſeen the Sonnets of *Ronſard*: No; anſwered the Lacquey, but I have ſeen Sonnettes or little Bells at the Knees of Morrice-dancers, and at the Collars of little Dogs. That's not it, replyes *Lyſis*, I ſpeak to thee of a Book of Verſes: But I well perceive thou haſt not read it, ſeeing thou ſpeak'ſt of it ſo ignorantly. Know then, that the *Poet* ſays in ſome places, that he adorn'd his Miſtreſſes door with *Noſe-gays* and *Garlands* of flowers. I intend to imitate him; for he underſtood the *Art* of *Loving* as well as any *Shepherd* alive. And to what purpoſe, replyes *Gringalet*? were it not better keep theſe Poſies till to morrow? I would carry them to your Miſtreſs in our ſilver Baſin, with a clean Napkin or'e my ſhoulder, as the Attendants of Banquets do in theſe parts, and haply ſhe would ſpit a couple of ſhillings into the Baſin to make the Boys drink. Thou ſayeſt very well, replyes *Lyſis*: but that I intend not my Miſtreſs ſhall be at any charge; and then methinks thou art ſomewhat impudent, to think that I would go drink with thee out of the money ſhe ſhould give thee. Do not believe it, but rather that there is nothing comparable to what I intend to do, for to morrow morning if ſhe have a minde to any Poſies, there ſhall be no need to carry her any, ſhe ſhall only need take them down at her door; beſides that, to ſend her any, 'tis a thing too ordinary. We muſt reſtore the cuſtoms of the Ancient *Poets*, who faſtned flowers at the Portals of their Ladies Palaces, to repreſent to them that their beauties were like Roſes, which they conſidering continued not long, ſhould reſolve to make their beſt advantage of them, while they had the opportunity. Moreover conſider, that when it is Holiday at ſome Temple, the Gates are beautified with Garlands of Flowers, which ceremony is alſo practiſed over the Gates of Cities, where ſome Prince makes his Entrance. Now there is not any one on earth, ſo much to be honor'd as *Charite*, and there is a perpetual Feſtival and Solemnity in the place where ſhe dwells, ſeeing men go inceſſantly to adore her with all maner of Ceremonies and Sacrifices. If it be Holiday in her Pariſh, ſays the Lacquey, why do not you chime in her Steeple? This diſcourſe is inſolent and inſupportable, replys *Lyſis*, but I am not to puniſh thee for't, for in what thou doeſt, there is as much ignorance as knavery. I wonder, that having ſo gallant a man to thy Maſter, thou art not more expert in the delightful Profeſſion of *Apollo*. Why doſt thou not learn what the *Muſes* are? If I know not what *Muſes* are, I know well enough what muzzling is, and the *muſick* of a Bagpipe: Is that it you would ſpeak of? Ah! Infamy! cryed out *Lyſis*; have the gods given thee a tongue for no other purpoſe then to blaſpheme againſt them? be ſilent henceforward, for thy ſilence is better then thy beſt diſcourſes.

After that *Lyſis* ſaid nothing at all to *Gringalet*, leſt he ſhould oblige him to ſpeak, and the Lacquey ſomewhat frighted with his reproofs, durſt not open his mouth though he conceived he had not ſpoken any thing amiſs. When they were come before the door of *Charite*'s houſe, the Ladder was planted on one ſide thereof, and the Shepherd went to make faſt one end of the packthread to a nail which

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he had obſerved there, but afterward he was in a peck of troubles, for he could not tell where to make faſt the other. He had neither nail nor hammer; yet ſuch was his opinion of his deſign, that he would execute it whatever came on't. At length he thought it his beſt courſe to faſten his packthread to the iron-bar of a little window which was on the other ſide: which, having carried back the ladder to that ſide, he preſently did. Now though theſe Garlands were acroſs the door, and that it might be conceiv'd they were put there out of ſpight, yet could he not believe but they were very handſom, and were a great ornament to *Charite's* houſe.

Having accompliſh'd this rare work, he came before the door; and having one knee on the ground, he divers times kiſs'd the clapper, calling it moſt happy, as having often the honour to be touch'd by the fair hands of his Miſtreſs, when ſhe knock'd at the door. As for the Lock, he kiſs'd it not, nay on the contrary he ſpoke injuriouſly to it, becauſe it kept in a Treaſure for which he ſigh'd, and hinder'd him to enjoy it. But preſently changing his conceit, he demands pardon for having offended it, and acknowledg'd himſelf oblig'd to it becauſe it kept his Rivals from offering any violence to *Charite*. While he was thus imploy'd, *Leonora's* Kitchin-maid, who was lodg'd juſt over the gate, had occaſion to make water, and having no chamber-pot, made uſe of a broad-mouth'd glaſs-viol that was in her window; and having fill'd it, ſhe emptied it into the ſtreet, putting forth her arm, not looking if there were any body under, for ſhe was half aſleep. *Lyſis* feeling himſelf beſprinkled with that water, lifted up his head and perceiv'd the hand and the viol as much as the time of the night would permit him. He thought it had been his Miſtreſs, who having diſcovered him, caſt ſome perfum'd water on him as a ſignal favour: So that to give her thanks, ſays he, My faireſt! what ſweet preſage is this! Do you not caſt water on me, to ſignifie unto me that you deſire to quench my flames? But why, my *Sun!* do you debaſe your quality, and will become *Aurora*, ſeeing you honour me with this *dew?* This he ſpake very low, leſt ſome of the neighbours might overhear him; ſo that the Maid herſelf did not hear it; and becauſe ſhe had not quite emptied her bladder, ſhe piſs'd a few drops more into the viol, and caſt it juſt on his noſe while he was looking up, which made him ſhake his head a little as a Spaniel newly come out of the water; yet forgot he not to ſay, Ah *Charite!* Now I ſee thy favours never go alone. But the Maid not thinking on him, ſhut her window and went to bed again. So that being diſappointed the happineſs of entertaining his Miſtreſs, as he conceiv'd, he knew not what was become of her: And however *Gringalet* adviſed him to be gone, he told him he would not, and that he had ſome extraordinary diſquiets whereof he deſired firſt to be delivered; that is to ſay, whether the window whence the water had been caſt, and that whereon he had left his Letter, belong'd to the ſame chamber; and if that Paper were ſo laid, that his Miſtreſs muſt perceive it? *Gringalet* told him, he doubted not but 'twas: But *Lyſis* remonſtrated to him, that he was not ſo fully ſatisfied; and that he would go up to the window which was above the gate, to try if he could ſee *Charite* in her Chamber, and ſpeak to her; and that to ſhew himſelf a true Lover, his importunity muſt come to that point. The Lacquay, who knew not who *Charite* was, and knew her not by any other name then *Catherine*, diverted him not from his deſign, and ſo plac'd the ladder where he bid him. *Lyſis* aſcends, and finding that window a great deal lower then the other, was very joyfull, and reſolved in the firſt place to kiſs the ground thereof, becauſe his Miſtreſs had ſometimes reſted her elbow thereon. But in the mean time, *Gringalet* hearing people coming afar off, forſakes the ladder which he held below, and ran away, fearing to be taken in an action which could not ſeem otherwiſe then wicked. As for *Lyſis*, his amorous tranſportation kept him from thinking of any ſuch thing; and bowing himſelf down to kiſs the ſtones which *Charite* had touch'd, he put his head into a platter of blood which the Chirurgion had plac'd there, after he had that morning bled the Kitchin-maid. He bath'd his noſe in it, and overthrew it all on himſelf; which put him into ſuch a fright, that in violently removing himſelf, he caus'd the ladder, which was not held by any thing, to ſlip away, and ſo came to the ground with it. He recovered himſelf

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on his feet the best he could: But as he was calling *Gringalet* with a low voice, behold four men, who passing by had heard the noise of his fall, asked him what the matter was; and perceiving the Ladder, take him for a Robber scaling of houses, seeing he refused to make them any answer. As for the Platter, which was also fain down, they saw it not, nor yet the Posies he had fastned; for their greatest care was to make sure of him and carry him where they lodg'd, which was not far, that so they might secure his person and know who he was. *Lysis* suffered himself to be led away peaceably, seeing his resistance would have been to no purpose: Only what he believ'd as to all the business, was, that they were Pyrates that would carry him away, as hapned to divers Lovers mention'd in Histories. Do not you believe you carry away *Lysis*, says he at every turn: You have but the one half of him; To have him all, you must have had *Charite* too: And if you have but him alone, you can make no advantage of him. Those that led him were some *Paris*-Merchants coming from the Tavern, who understood nothing of all this: They only answered him, that he should give them a good account of his planting of ladders against the walls of houses. But as for his part, he no more regarded what they said: And so falling into his extravagances, he imagin'd still that they carried him away for his beauty, and that they would present him to some barbarous Princess that was in love with him. As he would have spoken to them to that point, they came to the house of the chiefest of the company, who had brought the rest with him from *Paris* to be merry. They had no sooner knock'd, but the Maid opens to them, having a candle, by the light whereof they perceiv'd that he whom they led had his face and cloaths all bloody: which made all cry out together, Ah mischievous man! ah murtherer! 'Tis not enough for him to take away peoples goods, but he must take away their lives. But where's his sword? Hath he thrown it in at some cellar-window, or hath he left it in the wound of him whom he hath kill'd? Tell us, was't in the street that thou hast committed this murther, or in some house whence thou camest out?

Lysis set on thus with all their demands, began to apprehend what they would say to him; and viewing himself all about, was amaz'd to see his cloaths in that pickle. If you see any blood on me, says he, it is none but my own, and it must needs be that I have hurt my self in the place where you found me. Alas! it is not I that commit murthers; on the contrary, 'tis on my person they are committed every day, and *Love* himself hath taken away my life above a thousand times already. If you wonder you found me with a ladder, know I took it with me to do my devotions to a Beauty, which is so wonderfull, that if there were such another in Heaven, there would be new Gyants who should heap *Ossa* upon *Pelion*, for to scale it.

This so extravagant a discourse confirm'd to those Citizens, that the fellow had a soft place in his head; and finding in him more simplicity then mischief, they thought to make sport with him, and so ask'd him, What he would give them to be set at Liberty? He told them he had no money, and that if he had, he would not give them any, seeing he was not their Prisoner of War, that he should be obliged to pay his ransome. While they were in this discourse, one of the company considering his extraordinary habit, remember'd, he had heard say, that *Anselme* had at his house such a one, and thereupon acquainting the rest therewith, they concluded that their Prisoner belong'd to that gallant man, who was their especial friend; but it being too late to carry him thither, they dispos'd of him for that night. They assign'd him a bed apart, where he imagin'd more then slept; but the others being burthened somewhat with their drink, were in a contrary posture.

The next morning *Lysis* being gotten up, walkt in his Chamber, and the Mistress of the house who had not seen him, because she was a-bed when he was brought in, came to visit him; being charg'd to make him believe, they would not set him at Liberty. Fair Keeper of my Prison, says he to her, in saluting her. 'Tis of you, that I demanding Liberty, you are oblig'd to restore it me according to the rules of all good History; where do you see any *Heroes* in a *Romance*, that being a Prisoner,

Priſoner, recovers not his Liberty, by the means of ſome Lady who viſits him in his Captivity? *Pamphilus* of *Lopa de Vega* is delivered by *Florida*; *Clyantes* in the *Polyxena* of *Moliere*, is delivered by *Elismena*; and *Arſace*, delivered by *Thiagenes* in *Heliodorus*. Imitate theſe Ladies, that ſo you may not diſturb this order, and if you cannot do it for love, do it for compaſſion. The *Cockney* was of ſuch a dull ſpirit, that ſhe underſtood not any thing of what he ſaid, but thought he tempted her to diſhoneſty, ſo that ſhe ran away all in a fury, and went and conjur'd her husband, not to keep a perſon ſo loſt as to his wits, any longer in his houſe. He to ſatisfie her, went to ſee *Anſelme*, and came juſt as he was going to beat *Gringalet*, for having forſaken the Shepherd. *Anſelme* having had tidings of him, went to him, and brought him to his houſe very joyfully. *Lyſis* being enter'd the houſe, reckon'd up to him all his adventures. He would not have the ſpots taken out of his cloathes, becauſe not feeling himſelf hurt any where, he did not imagine 'twas his own blood. He remembred ſomewhat of the diſh he had overturn'd, and believed it was *Charite* had been let blood in the arm, ſo that he conceiv'd it not diſhonorable for him to carry her marks about him. Yet *Anſelme* having made appear to him, how the teſtimonies of his affection ought not to be ſo publike, he put off his cloathes, and bravely went to bed, while one of the Maids took them to waſh, ſaying there was no ſhame in that, though 'twere day, ſeeing they might well affirm he was ſick, becauſe he was in Love, health ſeldom lodging with Love. *Anſelme* having left him, a Lacquay from *Leonora* enters the houſe, and acquaints him, that his Miſtreſs deſir'd him to come and ſee her preſently. That Lady which pretended much to gravity, was not accuſtomed to betray ſo much familiarity; ſo that he wonder'd a little at this meſſage, yet withal, was very glad on't, becauſe of the affection he bore *Angelica*. He departed preſently unknown to *Lyſis*, and being come to *Leonora's*. She told him ſhe had found a Letter on her window, which ſhe would communicate to him, becauſe ſhe thought it came from the Shepherd which was at his houſe, and that there were found about her Gate, abundance of Noſe-gays, and a Ladder in the midſt of the ſtreet, which it was likely this excellent Lover had made uſe of to bring about his deſign. *Anſelm* told her ſhe had gueſs'd aright, and ſo gave her the whole Hiſtory of the adventure of *Lyſis*: wherein the Lover had omitted no circumſtance, but that he had not hang'd himſelf at his Miſtreſſes door, as *Iphis* did at *Anaxareta's*, and that too, after he had diſpoſed there a many Garlands of Flowers, according to the ancient cuſtom. *Leonora* had already read the Shepherds Letter, ſo ſhe delivered it *Anſelme*, who therein found theſe words;

To the Moſt *Worthy* to be *Loved*, and the beſt *Beloved SHEPHERDESS* of the River *SEINE*.

"LOve having taken your *Beauties* for *Armes*, had long "ſince laid a *Seige* to my *Liberty*, which was *retreated* "within the *Fort* of my Reaſon, when without putting "himſelf to the trouble of a *Scalado*, he is fled into my *eyes*, "and by that way is enter'd my *heart*, as a Robber breaks "into a houſe through the windows. The ſufferings I am "in through its means are very violent, but being at length "appeas'd, he hath ſworn to me that the remedy lay in your

" power, and that all I had to do was to write to you of it.
" But then ſeeing I was a *Secretary* very ill furniſh'd with
" the neceſſaries of my profeſſion, he took a *Quill* out of his
" own *Wing*, and hath made me a *Pen* with the point of his
" *Dart*; He hath given me *Paper* made of his old *Head-*
" *bands*, by a *celeſtial* Paper-maker: He took the *Coals* of
" my Heart which was *half-burnt*, and having beaten them
" to *powder*, he hath mingled them with my *Teares*, and
" thereof hath furniſh'd me with *Ink*, with which I have
" written; and for to dry the Writing, he hath caſt *Aſhes*
" which he took out of the ſame place where he had the
" Coals, which are already half conſumed. When my Let-
" ter was written, he cut off a little peece of the *ſtring* of his
" *Bow* for to *bind* it, and he gave me *Wax* out of his *Torch*
" for to *ſeal* it. Conſider, fair *Shepherdeſs!* if having aſſiſt-
" ed me thus far ſo favourably, he may not with as little
" difficulty furniſh me with all his *Arrowes* for to wound
" you, and make you ſick of the ſame diſeaſe as him who
" terms himſelf

Your Slave,

LYSIS.

Anſelme made ſport enough with this Letter, which was according to the ſtile that moſt part of our ignorant Clarks uſe to write at this day: who when they are to write, excuſe themſelves that they have not written a long time, or that they have now preſum'd to write; and ſo beſtow the whole Letter in telling they write one, and acquaint you almoſt with nothing elſe. But there was one very pleaſant conſideration, which was, that *Lyſis* out of want of judgment had put down, that *Love* had caſt duſt on his writing to dry it, which yet could not be done till it was finiſh'd; and beſides he ſaid, that the ſame *God* had given him of the ſtring of his Bow, and ſome wax out of his Torch, wherewith he had ſeal'd it: but how is't poſſible he could write all this, if the Letter was already incloſed? That made *Leonora* laugh heartily, who was never weary to hear it read. Therefore ſhe told *Anſelme*, that ſhe was deſirous to enjoy the converſation of his gentle Shepherd, as he had already promis'd her. *Anſelme* told her at his departure, that without fail he would bring him with him in the evening. And indeed accordingly, when his clothes were well waſh'd, and rub'd and dry, ſo that there was no ſpot to be ſeen, he cloth'd himſelf; and having ſupp'd very cheerfully, went with his dear Entertainer to the houſe ſo much deſired. They found no body in the Hall but *Leonora*, whom *Lyſis* accoſted with a Complement taken out of one of the moſt celebrated *Romances* of the Age; and if ſhe had anſwered him according to what was in the Book, he was ready to return what follow'd. But ſeeing *Angelica* and *Charite* enter the room, he was at a loſs of talk, and began to ſhake, as if he had been in a feaver. Yet taking *Anſelme* aſide, he had the boldneſs to ſay to him, Do you mark how thoſe two

Beauties enter'd in here? *Angelica* goes before, and *Charite* follows. A Clown would think it is becauſe *Angelica* is the Miſtreſs, and *Charite* the Maid: But let us baniſh that opinion; the reaſon is, that *Angelica* repreſents *Aurora*, to *Charite* who is the *Sun*, and ſhe always denotes her coming. *Anſelme* had anſwered him ſomwhat, to preſerve the honour of *Angelica*, if *Leonora* had not call'd him to know what the Shepherd had ſaid. Fearing ſhe might be angry for the diſparagement he did her Daughter, he made her believe that he ſaid, that Time that ſubſtracted from all things, added every day ſome freſh grace to his Miſtreſs. *Leonora* ask'd him in his ear, if 'twere not fit ſhe ſhould tell *Lyſis* ſhe took it not well that he came in the night-time to ſcale her walls, and that it was a thing of ill example. But he perſwaded her to the contrary, ſaying, 'twere not good treating ſo rigorouſly the firſt time a Mind ſo extravagant, if they intended to make ſport with him. Whereupon there came in four Gentlewomen of the neighbourhood, and two young Gentlemen, who ſaid they came to dance to Songs. *Lyſis* preſently fearing any other ſhould take *Charite*, went to her and demanded her hand with a moſt humble reverence: But he was no ſooner in the dance, but *Angelica* told him he muſt ſing, and that a Shepherd (as he was) muſt needs know a many Songs. Know the number of the Stars, ſays *Lyſis*, count the Shells in the Sea, the ripe Ears of the Harveſt, the Apples of *Normandy*, the Cheeſes of *Holland*, and the Grapes of *Burgundy*, and you have the number of my Songs. But I ſhould have had here my *Nomenclature*, which my Couſin *Adrian* hath taken away from me: I ſhall now ſing but ſome common Song. Juſt then a Gentlewoman of the company began to ſing, being weary of doing nothing; and when ſhe had done, they made *Lyſis* believe it was his turn to ſing a Song: whereupon he began to ſay,

O Shepherdeſs! this is the time,
See now the graſs hath put on green.

And he ſtill look'd on *Charite* with a corner of his eye, to tell her 'twas ſhe he ſpake of. His manner of dancing was very pleaſant: For beſides that he pac'd it out of ſeaſon, he quaver'd his body from one ſide to the other, as if his ribs had been diſjointed. In the mean time the Company, who had been acquainted with his humor, confeſs'd ſtill they were much honoured to enjoy him: But becauſe they would not importune him, there was none but the Gentlewomen ſung afterwards. The time to retire being come, they gave over dancing: And becauſe it was not very light on the ſtairs, there came a Lacquay with a candle to light down the company, but the wind blew it out before he was half way down; ſo that *Lyſis* ſeeing the Ladies at a loſs by reaſon of the obſcurity of the place, cry'd out in this extremity: Page! go thy ways to *Charite*, and touch her *heart* of ſtone with an iron, and there will iſſue out fire as out of a flint and ſteel. You are in the right on't, *Lyſis*, replies *Anſelme*: But to ſtrike out the ſparks of her heart, it muſt have been the iron of the darts of your eyes that ſhould touch it; and the tinder of your Love, and the Match of your Deſire muſt have been all ready for to light our candle. Is there all that ado, replies *Lyſis*? I have another invention that's readier: Page, go thy ways immediately, and light thy candle at the eyes of *Charite*, there ſhe hath alwayes flames; but take heed the tallow be not quite melted. As he ſpake thoſe words, *Charite* comes with a candle which ſhe had bin to light in the Kitchin. Ha! praiſe be to *Love*! (continued he) you ſee the power of the fire of the rareſt Beauty in the Univerſ. And though every one began to laugh at his extravagant imagination, yet could he not be perſwaded but that the candle had been lighted at the eyes of *Charite*: and when *Anſelme* at his own houſe would ſeem to contradict him, he alleadg'd for a very pertinent reaſon, that it was read in the *Poets*, that *Cupid* always lighted his Torch at the Eyes of his Mother and other Fair ones, and that it was not the firſt time that the Beauties had flames. Not to flatter you, ſays *Anſelme* to him, I aſſure you that I never obſerved any *fire* in the face of *Charite*; but once that ſhe had a certain *ſcab* on her cheek, which they call *wild-fire*. And to convince you of your

errour, do you not conſider, that when the candle was blown out, we ſhould not have been without light, if that beauty had any in her eyes, ſeeing ſhe was in the place where we were in darkneſs: You are no good Phyloſopher, replyes *Lyſis*, you are to know, that the fire which is in the eyes of *Charite*, is like the Elementary fire, which we cannot ſee, though we are well aſſur'd that it is between the Ayr and the Orb of the Moon. Now if this rare fire of my Miſtreſs be inviſible as to us, 'tis becauſe it is ſo pure and ſubtile, that our eyes cannot perceive it; and if her flame be fully ſeen when ſhe lights a candle, or ſets a peice of wood on fire, 'tis the mixture of the material vapours that gives it a colour.

But howſoever, *Lyſis* ſtrove to ſhew himſelf an able *Naturaliſt*, yet the next day *Anſelm* renew'd the conteſtation upon the ſame ſubject, to make himſelf ſome ſport, but the Shepherd had the diſcretion to be ſilent, leſt the other being incens'd againſt him, ſhould carry him no more to the place, where his heart was in Priſon. A while after Dinner, walking together on the backſide of *Leonora*'s Garden, they found the back door open. *Anſelme* went in, and being advanc'd a good way into the Garden, he came back and told *Lyſis*, he had ſeen *Charite* aſleep on one of the beds. The buſineſs was, that her Miſtreſs being gone abroad upon ſome viſit, ſhe had taken the opportunity to walk, and having repoſs'd her ſelf in that place, was inſenſibly fallen aſleep. *Lyſis* willing to take the advantage of this occaſion, made ſigns to *Anſelme* that he ſhould ſtay at the door, while in the mean time he would go ſee her, but he ſtill followed him to ſee what were done. The Shepherd was ſo afraid to make the leaſt noiſe, that he went as gently as if he had trod on thorns, and when he was come to the bed which *Anſelme* had ſhewed to him, he perceiv'd *Charite* laid down on a moſſie bank, tapiſtred with graſs. Her face was towards the ſky, and her mouth open, ſo that the Sun ſhining on it, as he did, the time of the day might be known, by looking on her teeth, which were large, and proportionally diſpoſs'd, upon which reach'd the ſhadow of her noſe, which was ſo ſlender, that it ſeem'd to have been plac'd there as the needle of a Quadrant. The Shepherd raviſh'd with admiration to ſee her, was jealous of every thing. He was angry that her body made any ſhadow, and he could have wiſh'd to have been there without it. In the Sun beams which paſs'd through the trees, he obſerved the Motes turning ſwiftly about, he was angry at that, and ſtrove to drive them away with his hat, believing they were a fighting who ſhould firſt go and kiſs *Charite*. Conſidering alſo, that the leaves were not thick enough for to fan his Miſtreſs from the heat of the Sun, he ſtood before her, to hinder him to ſee her any more. That which troubled him moſt, was that he ſtill heard ſome little noiſe, which he was afraid might awake her, and that if ſhe went away, he might not ſee her at his pleaſure. How troubleſom is this wind! ſays he, very ſoftly: 'tis not content to blow in her noſe, but it muſt alſo keep a ſtir among the leaves. Methinks I can hear hither the noiſe of the wheels of the Suns Chariot, nay I think the trees make a noiſe in growing, and the fruits in ripening; but above all, I hate thoſe flyes that come humming about here, they would go and ſuck the roſes out of *Charite*'s cheeks, like thoſe of *Lencippus* and *Eudoxa*, and in the mean time they'll ſting her. If I can catch but one, ſhe ſhall pay for the reſt. I will ſacrifice it to my Deity, and will offer it up before her. Having ſo ſaid, he put himſelf into more different poſtures to catch flyes, then ever did the Emperour *Domitian*. He lifted himſelf up, he ſhrunk down, he leapt in the ayr, he opened his right hand, then ſhut it again preſently, without catching any thing but wind; and beſides that, he made ſuch faces, that no mask or revels can have as pleaſant viſards. When he ſaw he could not catch any, he contented himſelf to drive them away with his hat, to hinder them to come near her. Yet there was one ſo preſumptuous, that when he was a little turn'd aſide, it pitch'd on the noſe of the Beauty, where it continued ſome while with much gravity. 'Tis very well, ſays *Lyſis*, Is there the place where you intend to ſit Lady Preſident? doſt thou prophane that fair Throne? but that pleaſure ſhall coſt the dear. In ſaying ſo very ſoftly, he put forth his hand gently, and thinking to catch the fly, ſtruck *Charite* on the noſe with all his might; who thereupon awoke in a ſtart, and believing

lieving he had ſtruck her on purpoſe, ſays to him, Beſhrew you for a foul Gameſter; I ſhall feel this blow a good while. Could you not have awoken me more gently? While ſhe ſaid ſo, *Anſelme*, who had ſeen all, and was hid behinde the trees, came to appeaſe her, making it appear, that it was *Lyſis*'s intention to oblige her, by taking a fly which would have ſtung her in the noſe. And *Lyſis* ſaid it was true, and the greateſt misfortune was, that for all that he miſs'd the catching of that miſchievous Vermine, that he might have puniſhed it for the hurt it had cauſed. After this, *Anſelme* asked *Charite*, If there were no body at home? She anſwered him, That they were all gone abroad, but that *Leonora* and *Angelica* would be back very ſuddenly. Well, ſaid he, lets go into the houſe, and ſtay for them. *Charite* as ſoon as ſhe came in, fell to work about ſome Linen, to recover the time ſhe had loſt, and *Lyſis*, ſeeing ſhe wetted the thread between her lips, to make it the more eaſily go through the eye of the needle, went and took it out of her hands, and ſuckt it a good while, ſaying he would endeavour to moderate his flames by that charming moyſture, which was well as good as the dew of *Aurora*: And when *Charite* ſnatcht the thread from him again, wondring at his folly: What, my faireſt, ſays he, ſhall I not kiſs what hath touched your mouth, ſeeing all the laſt night I did nothing but kiſs my own hand, becauſe yeſterday it toucht yours when we danc'd, and the day before I did much more then that. There he ſtopt, for what he was about to ſay, was ſo particular, that he muſt have conceal'd it. He would have ſpoken of the door that he had kiſt, and in conſequence of that he muſt have ſaid ſomewhat concerning his Letter, whereof he would not ſay any thing to *Charite* before *Anſelme*. Yet he was not a little troubled, that ſhe diſcovered not that ſhe had ſeen it, and that ſhe were truly conſcious of his affection; but he imagined it was her modeſty, which indeed was to be admired. He thereupon reſumes his former diſcourſe, and on a ſudden, which ſuited well with his humour, he came and told her; that he would thenceforward kiſs his hand no more, if *Charite* did not pardon him more ſolemnly then ſhe had done for the blow he gave her, and ſo immediately he went and kneel'd down before his Miſtreſs, expecting what ſhe would order: But ſhe who was not accuſtomed to ſee men cloathed as he was, took him for no other then ſome Jack-pudding in St. *Germains Fair*, and could not tell what to anſwer to his extraordinary diſcourſes, ſo that he was fain to take her ſilence for conſent: It happened a little after, that in ſowing ſhe prickt her finger with the needle, and *Lyſis* ſeeing the blood, cryed out thus, Such is the *Nectar* that flows out of the wounds which the Gods receive, ſuch was the blood iſſued out of the hand of *Venus*, when *Diomedes* hurt her in the *Trojan* war, and it was in the ſame manner ſhe bled, when going to gather Roſes the prickles prickt her: and if the Roſes which were then white, had not been Metamorphos'd into red, and that it were yet to be done, it were the blood of *Charite* ſhould do that miracle; but inſtead thereof, it ſhall produce ſome new flower, as well as that of *Ajax* and *Narciſſus*. In ſo ſaying, he took ſome ſmall ſhreds of cloath out of *Charite*'s Panier, wherewith he wiped off the blood that run down her hand, and ſo put it into his pocket with ſome other rags of cloath: he believed himſelf as happy in having this, as when he had the ſtains they had taken out of his cloathes: yet was he not ſatisfied, having found a bottom of red yarn, which his Miſtreſs made uſe of in ſome Tapiſtry work, he took five or ſix needlefulls, and made a Bracelet of it. *Charite* who was not pleaſed at it, told him he was to blame ſo to ſpoil the yarn, ſo that he was fain to make this fine complaint to her, How now cruel one! do you deny this poor favour to one that ſuffers ſo much affliction for your Love? have not you obſerved, that they beſtow collars on the dogs of great Princes, wherein their Arms are engraved, that where ever they go, it may be ſaid they belong to ſuch a one? And do you not know, that in a Forreſt there was a Stag found with a golden collar, wherein were engraved certain Letters, which made appear that fifty millions of years before, he had been *Alexanders* the Great? In like manner it is neceſſary I ſhould have ſome Bracelet, whereby it might be judg'd as ſoon as I am ſeen, that I am, not your Stag, for then I ſhould be devoured by *Actæons* dogs, but your ſlave and ſervant of Love. What

do

do you queſtion whether I belong to you? Know, you are my Goddeſs; and that you have the glory to be able to call your ſelf the *Queen* of my ſoul, the *Princeſs* of my heart, the *Dowager* of my *Deſires*, the *Dutcheſs* of my thoughts, the *Marchioneſs* of my inclinations, the *Counteſs* of my conceptions, the *Baroneſs* of my actions, and the *Vidame* of my words. I will not write you any more Letters, but all theſe Qualities and Titles ſhall be ſuperſcrib'd.

While he was in theſe Complements, *Charite's* finger bled ſtill: which *Anſelme* obſerving, told the *Shepherd* he was to blame to amuſe himſelf ſo much in vain talk, and not look for ſome remedy for his Miſtreſſes wound. He wiſh'd himſelf as knowing as *Machaon* or *Eſculapius* for to lance it; and preſently went out of the Hall into ſome ſluttiſh place to look Cobwebs. He entreated *Pallas* to aſſiſt him, that he might ſoon find it; for he believed ſhe had ſome power over that Inſect which had ſometime been a Tapiſtry-maker, and that ſhe herſelf had thus metamorphos'd. But *Leonora* and *Angelica* coming in, he gave over his ſearch, as alſo becauſe *Charite* had ſtopt the blood herſelf. *Leonora* having drawn in *Anſelme* into a diſcourſe of husbandry, came to tell him of ſome young graffs in her garden which had born fruit, and was deſirous he might ſee them. *Lyſis* follow'd them out of civility, though he was very loth to leave *Charite*. When he was returned, he found her in the Court ſitting on a ſtone: Leaving all other company, he went and kneel'd on one knee before her, for to entertain her.

In the mean time *Gringalet* was entred the Court, and was bethinking himſelf how to be reveng'd of him, for having been the cauſe that his Maſter would have beaten him; and that he had given him nothing of all he had promis'd him for his aſſiſtance in his amorous enterpriſes. 'Twas a Lad that ſpent all the mony he could get in ſome miſchievous knavery or other. He was never without falſe Spectacles, and Knives with prickles, for to cheat his Comrades: But at that time he had one of the beſt Burning-glaſſes that could be gotten. Though his Maſter ſaw him hold it, yet he ſaid nothing. He ſuffer'd the Sun-beams to unite in the middle, and made the reflection paſs on *Lyſis's* Hat, which being of ſtraw was preſently ſet a fire; it was half burn'd before he felt it, ſo was he tranſported in love: But at length his hair beginning to ſinge, he roſe up in a great fury, and clapping his hands on his head, he ſcratch'd it a good while before he would reſolve to diſcover himſelf: At laſt flinging his hat down, and ſeeing it yet burning, he in a great aſtoniſhment ſaid thus; O miracle! *Charite* would have turn'd my whole body into aſhes, if I had not ſtood away: But why a miracle, ſeeing it is well known ſhe can enflame all things? and therefore I ſhould not have come ſo near her as I did, if I had not a deſire to be burnt? Did I not tell thee as much, *Anſelme*, when thou didſt conteſt with me upon that point? Ah Infidel! 'Tis for thy ſake that this miracle is ſhewn; and if for puniſhment thou haſt not been burnt thy ſelf, 'tis becauſe thou art not worthy to be conſumed by ſuch noble fires,

Was there ever ſuch a pleaſant *ſally* as this heard on? *Leonora*, *Angelica*, and *Anſelme* could not laugh at it, ſo much were they ſurpris'd with admiring it. And to ſeem to *Lyſis* that they believ'd all he ſaid, they took his hat and view'd all about with divers geſtures, and ſaid they were truly aſtoniſh'd at the power of *Charite*. How now, houſwife! ſays *Leonora* to her, will you burn all thoſe that love you? Go your ways I pray quickly into the Kitchin, and put your head in a pail of water to quench the fire of your eyes, which might haply burn my houſe. Hereupon *Charite* went her way, though ſhe could not comprehend ought of what they ſaid to her: but looking into her Panier, and miſſing ſome Linnen, ſhe comes and demands it of *Lyſis*. You ſhall rather pluck out my eyes, then get the Favours which I have of yours, ſays he to her; I'll keep them as long as I live. She could get no more of him for the preſent: But a good while after, when he thought to go his ways with *Anſelme*, ſhe cryed out to *Angelica*, Madam, be pleas'd not to let him go! he hath ſtollen the ſtock of a band from me; let him not go till he hath reſtor'd it. Ah Shepherd! ſays *Angelica* to him, you are to blame to rob the Maids, in a houſe where you are ſo civiliy entertain'd. Dear *Nymph!* replies *Lyſis*; I am no *Thief*,

but

but of *hearts* and *affections*: As for the Linnen which *Charite* asks for, *Love* hath with good right given it me; if I ſhould reſtore it, he would be angry with me, and would diſown me again for one of his favourites. *Charite*, who thought this no ſatisfaction, pull'd him by the breeches as hard as ſhe could; and another Maid aſſiſting her, he was forc'd into the Kitchin: where this other Maid, which was ſhe that had beſprinkled him with the Roſe-water, told him, that he muſt not think to carry any thing away from their houſe. And when he had replied, he had nothing but thoſe Favours which were due to him, ſhe ſaid that he ſhould then reciprocally give others to *Charite*; and that it was never ſeen that a ſervant took any thing away from his Miſtreſs, without leaving ſomwhat inſtead of it. It happen'd in this ſcuffle, that one of *Lyſis's* ſhoes was untied: This maid, who was a ſturdy quean, took it quite off his foot, and ſaid, This favour ſhall be for *Charite* from her ſervant: Now in good time he may go his wayes, we do not ask any thing of him. Whereupon ſhe diſmis'd *Lyſis*, who was very glad to have gotten off ſo cheap; and having taken his leave of the company, went along with *Anſelme* in a very pleaſant poſture. Having but one Shoe, he went limping along for fear of ſpoiling his Stocking, ſuſtaining himſelf with a ſtaff that *Gringalet* had lent him. Beſides that he had taken his half-burnt Hat, which render'd him ſo gracefull, that he ſeem'd to be ſome maim'd Souldier newly eſcaped out of a Battel. And indeed he himſelf was ſaying, that as Warriours that have been at ſome skirmiſh do carefully preſerve their Armour and Head-piece, if an unhappy blow hath made any impreſſion on them, that ſo afterwards they may ſay they were the firſt in the Charge; ſo would he preſerve his burnt Hat, in remembrance of the danger he had been in by his approach to *Charite*, and that peradventure he would hang it up for a Trophy in the Temple of *Love*. *Anſelme*, with a ſerious look, told him he approved of the deſign: but it's to be thought he laugh'd under the mask of ſuch an extravagancie; for he had well obſerv'd how his Lacquay had burnt his hat with a burning-glaſs, and had purpoſely permitted it. As for *Gringalet*, who with his fellow-Lacquay came behind, he could not refrain laughing, and made more wry faces then a Puppet-players Ape.

When they were come home, *Anſelme* gave *Lyſis* a gray Hat, and other Shoes. And the Shepherd ruminating on what had happened to him that afternoon, ſwore he never obſerv'd in any book, that any Lover had in ſo ſmall a while met with ſo many rare adventures. He took out of his pocket the Linnen rags which had *Charite's* blood; and having kiſs'd them divers times, and his bracelet of Yarn alſo, he accounted all his pains well beſtow'd, and he was nothing troubled neither at the loſs of his ſhoe, nor burning of his hat. As for the Bracelet, he made a vow to wear it on his wriſt for ever; and as for the Linnen, he lock'd it up with the other Jewels he had before receiv'd of his Miſtreſs.

All ſupper-time he talk'd of nothing but the heat of the beams which iſſued out of *Charite's* eyes, and all the night he dream'd of nothing elſe. So that towards break of day, the ſtrong impreſſions he had of it made him dream that *Love* had plac'd him on a great block, where he burnt from the ſole of the foot to the crown of the head. Awaking as he was in that torment, he perſiſted in the opinion that he was in a fire; and ſtarting out of his bed, he went out of the chamber without any thing about him but his ſhirt, and went down ſtairs crying as loud as he could, Help, help! I burn! Ah cruel *Charite!* why are not your flames more remiſs? In that poſture went he to a Spring which was in the middle of the Garden, and caſt himſelf in, hoping to quench his fire. The baſon was four foot deep, and there was water enough to drown him, if he had ſtaid there any time. But God, who ever relieves Innocents and fools, ordered the Gardener to be already at his work. He hearing his outcries, and the noiſe of his throwing himſelf into the Spring, came to ſee what ail'd him: He came to him as he was dabling in the water like a Frog; and after he had ſuffer'd him to bath and refreſh himſelf as much as he would, he help'd him out. Had it not been for that good fortune, we ſhould not have been troubled to make his Hiſtory any longer, and his life and adventures ſhould here have been at a period.

When

When he was out of the water, he came a little to himſelf, and imagin'd not he felt any more heat, yet could he not get into the houſe without ſhaking, and would not go to bed again, out of an opinion he had, that his bed produced flames. *Anſelme* got up to ſee what reaſon he had to make ſuch a noiſe, and having had the ſtory from his own mouth, and from the Gardener, he made him change his ſhirt, and put on his cloathes, that he might walk abroad with him to drive away the time. *Anſelme* was never more at a loſs then now, he believ'd he had undertaken a greater charge then he imagin'd, and though *Lyſis* might be in the fault, yet would they require him better then he was, ſo that he knew not if it were his beſt courſe to ſend him back to his Couſin. While they walkt, he thought fit to try if there were no means to reſtore his minde to a better compoſure. Pray tell me one thing, ſays he to him, Why do you ſo much dread the fire of *Love?* Why do not you get a good Pail of water by your bed ſide when you go to bed, that you may quench it if it lighten in good earneſt? Alas! friend, replyes *Lyſis*, my fire is a wildefire; its compoſs'd of *Sulphur vive, quick-lime, naphte* and *camphire*, it burns in the water, and if it hath been quencht in thy Spring, that hath only been by good hap. But do not you think that the Frigidites of the minde, replyes *Anſelm*, may do ſomewhat againſt it? why do you not fortifie your ſelf with them? Alas! replyes *Lyſis* with a ſigh, it is a long time ago ſince my heart hath had no ice, and that there is nothing but flames inſtead. Will not artificial waters quench an artificial fire, ſays *Anſelme*, weep till yours be quite out. My tears flow from without, replies *Lyſis*, but the burning coals are within, to what purpoſe were they? it ſhould ſeem rather it were better not to ſhed them at all, that ſo remaining within they may aſſwage the internal ravages of my love. Yet not to lye, when I weep, I feel ſome refreſhment, and I am glad that people put me in minde of it. That's very well, ſays *Anſelme*, ſhed then abundance of tears. when you are before *Charite*, whoſe looks are ſo pernicious, that yeſterday ſhe was ſo near burning you, that you feel it yet. But now I think of it, whence comes it ſhe hath ſo many flames ſeeing ſhe hath alſo as many froſts, at leaſt for all other Lovers, if not for you? The fire is in her eyes, and the froſt in her heart, replyes *Lyſis*, its a good diſtance between thoſe two, ſo that they both preſerve their power. You are in the right, replyes *Anſelme*, but hath ſhe not ſnow on her neck and breaſt, nay, and on her face too? ſhould not all this moderate the heat that is in the torches of her eyes? There is in that a Miracle, anſwers *Lyſis*, and yet it is no novelty; for I have read of certain mountains in the world covered with ſnow, at the top whereof there iſſue out flames. I grant you that, ſays *Anſelm*, yet you muſt ever allow me, that the ſnow which is about the flames of *Charite*, doth extreamly abate the violence of the heat, ſo that ſhe cannot burn you, but when you approach near her, as ſhe did yeſterday, and cannot caſt her fire from her houſe hither? ſo that if you have felt any heat, 't hath been imaginary, and the ſubtile *Morpheus* hath deceiv'd you. I almoſt believe it, ſays *Lyſis*, for that cheating companion changes himſelf into fire and water when he pleaſes.

Lyſis continued in that belief, ſuffering himſelf to be perſwaded by the Antitheſes, and other ſubtilties of Poetry, that it were in his power to make that there be fire, or yce, or ſnow, and many other ſtrange things in his Miſtreſs, according as it pleas'd him to ſay ſo. His opinion was, that there was no more to do then imagine them, to give them reality. I do not know, whether the Poets are of ſo light a faith, but they have at leaſt the ſame conceits, and they build their deſigns on the like foundations. They hunt out plenty of contradictions, to advance their Artifices, and they'll deſcribe you a breaſt of Ivory which arrows cannot wound, in the ſame Miſtreſs to whom they had before given one of ſnow, which receives any impreſſions. 'Twere a long work to ſum up all their abſurdities: it ſuffices as to our purpoſe, to let you know, that *Lyſis*, who was one of their principal diſciples, ſuffered himſelf to be treated as they pleas'd. *Anſelm* was very joyful to finde him ſo tractable, and ever after entertained him with much confidence, ſhewing him how that he muſt not fear that *Charite* would burn him, ſeeing there are no *Divinities* ſo reſpectleſs of their honor, as to burn up their own *Temples*.

'Twas

'Twas this opinion reſtor'd him his ſoul, if I may ſo ſay; and his hoſt being a while after to go to ſee *Leonora* all alone, was not afraid to leave him in the houſe. Nor indeed did he ſtay out long, and being returned, he came and told him there was a great news ſtirring, and that *Leonora* (who was a woman, and built a deſign in a moment) was returning to *Paris* with her daughter *Angelica*. Thou canſt give neither grace nor gravity to things, ſays *Anſelme* to him, ſeeing *Angelica* is thy Miſtreſs, as I have eaſily obſerved, ought'ſt thou to mention her without a *Parapoſh*? ſay that *Leonora* who is the Queen of merit, returns into the Queen of Cities, with her Daughter, who is the Queen of thy ſoul. Say that this *Angelica* prepares her wings to flie away; that is to ſay, ſhe packs up her baggage, and folds up her ſmocks to be gone. Why ſhould I make men believe that ſhe flies, replyed *Anſelme*, ſeeing ſhe goes by Coach, and that *Charite* alſo bears her company? What! ſhe goes too, the *Beauty of Beauties!* cry'd out *Lyſis*; Alas! I think their Coach will not go very faſt, for it will be heavily loaden, *Charite* carries away with her my heart, which is ſo big with troubles and diſquiets, that the burthen of it cannot be light. But what is this departure ſo ſudden, that I ſhall not bid her adieu, and kiſs her hand. Ah! bleſſed opportunity! this long time ſhall I not recover thee. I muſt *loſe* my ſelf, for having *loſt* thee, in *loſing Charite*, whoſe *loſs* makes me *loſe* all things. The Shepherds Expoſtulation had been longer, if *Anſelme* had not comforted him by a promiſe, that within three days they would go together to *Paris* to ſee their Miſtreſſes. *Lyſis* was ſomewhat ſatisfied with that, yet was it not a little trouble to him to conſider that he was to go into a City which he was not at all taken with, and muſt forſake the *Fields* and the condition of *Shepherd*. But that nothing ſhould burthen his minde, his good friend aſſured him over and above, that they had eloquence enough to perſwade *Charite* to go along with them into *Forreſts*, as they had already propoſed. *Lyſis* told him, that he ever cheer'd himſelf up with that hope: and that if he had not ſpoken of it, 'twas becauſe there had not any occaſion preſented it ſelf. However, he became very melancholick, and though *Anſelme* would have carried him into ſome good company, yet he choſe rather to ſtay at home, where he employed the whole day in reading the Tranſlation of *Ovids Metamorphoſis*, which had been borrow'd for him. In the ſame manner ſpent he the two next days, never ſpeaking to his hoſt but at meals: for *Anſelme* went ſome way or other to divert himſelf, and that he did not carry him to his friends, 'twas becauſe he found him not in ſo pleaſant an humour in *Charite*'s abſence. Yet one evening *Lyſis* had a deſign to be merry, and he bethought him of going to that place where he had ſome days before heard ſuch a fooliſh *Eccho*. He intended for diverſions ſake to Interrogate her: ſo he asked her three times very loud if ſhe were there? and how ſhe did, but ſhe would not ſpeak; for *Anſelme* was not there to anſwer in her ſtead. The Shepherd wondring at that ſilence, returned home very penſive, and ſaid to *Anſelme* at Supper, that he thought that *Nymph* was dead. You are extreamly deceiv'd replyes *Anſelme*, ſhe is naturally immortal. The Eccho which anſwered you a while ago, is a member of that Muſician Eccho, which I mention'd to you: now it is Metamorphos'd into a ſubtile voyce, which can go from one place to another. You are to know, that ſince yeſterday, conceiving that you would have been glad to have ſuch another Oracle in the Country whither we go, I thought fit to take it for to tranſport thither, and you will never gueſs by what ſubtilty I could do it. I meaſured the place whence that voyce could anſwer, and having overſpread it with a large peice of Linen cloath, I retird about fifty paces, and having call'd on her, I let her anſwer a good while, then I pull'd a cord that I held, and all of a ſudden let down the cloath, under which I took her as a Partridge under the net. She is now encloſs'd in a Box, where ſhe ſhall remain till we be in ſome Muſick-room, or ſome fair Garden fit to be her ſojourning place. Thou tell'ſt me wonders, ſaid *Lyſis*; how couldſt thou conceal this from me till now? I know not how I came to tell you it ſo ſoon, replyes *Anſelme*, for you are very curious, you would fain ſee my little Nymph, and in the mean time I fear me, if I ſhould open her lodging, ſhe'll flie away far from hence, now that ſhe is not yet grown familiar with us. For which reaſon

you muſt not ſee, no, not the Box: And let us talk no more of her, leſt the deſire to ſee her increaſe in us by little and little. I am content, ſays *Lyſis*: But tell me, prethee, if thou ſeeſt her not, how doſt thou give her meat? I beg thou wouldſt let me know it, and that thou conceal not from me if ſhe ſtand in much the keeping. She is no charge to me, replies *Anſelme*: I only ſing ſometimes near her little lodging, or elſe I rap with a knife againſt a trencher, and ſhe is nouriſh'd with that ſound which ſhe eaſily hears. Thou art as ingenious as *Dædalus*, and as ſubtile as *Ulyſſes*, ſays *Lyſis*: I remember that the Prince of *Ithaca* lock'd up the winds in a leather-bag, and carried them in that manner in his ſhip. Thy invention is well worth his; there was never yet found in any book ſuch a thing as the tranſportation of Eccho's.

Lyſis having ſo ſaid, reſolved to ſpeak no more of it, fearing to loſe the pleaſure which he hoped for. The time of their departure being come, *Anſelme* ſaid to him, that ſeeing they were to return to the City, 'twas neceſſary he caſt off his Country-habit, otherwiſe people would follow him as an Inhabitant of the New world. At firſt *Lyſis* would by no means conſent; but at length ſeeing that *Anſelme* threatned him that he would never take notice of him, he took his former Cloaths which were brought from the Country-mans houſe, where he had lodg'd when he became a Shepherd. The Cloak was of Spaniſh cloth of a light-foot gray, and the Linings of Taby pink'd of the ſame colour, and the Doublet and Breeches were of the ſame ſtuff: Yet did he not conceive himſelf ſo brave in this cloathing as in the other; and the regret he had to quit it had not been ſilenc'd, if *Anſelme* had not remonſtrated to him, that men ceaſe not to be of a profeſſion, though they ſometimes leave off the ſignal habit thereof; that the Souldier is not always oblig'd to have his armour about him, and that Kings loſe nothing of their Majeſty when they have not on their Royal robes. So the Paſtoral habit and all its equipage was diſpos'd into the bottom of *Anſelme's* Coach; and when they had well din'd, they got in, and drave away for *Paris*.

Anſelme's houſe was ſomewhere about the *Temple*, and was one of the faireſt in that quarter: yet *Lyſis* found it tedious to be there, and ever and anon made it appear his deſire to go and ſee *Charite*. *Anſelme* willing to content him, ſaid, that on the morrow he would go and ſee if there were any means to give her a viſit: but aſſoon as he was return'd thence, he comes to *Lyſis* and ſays to him, You will be amaz'd at the news I bring you; 'tis ill, and yet withall 'tis good. *Charite* is not in *Paris*; but ſhe is not departed hence, but to go into *Forreſts*. Ah! that's bravely ſpoken, cry'd out *Lyſis*; for if I am troubled at her departure, I muſt on the other ſide be glad that ſhe is gone into that place where I have ſo much wiſh'd her. But tell me, doth *Leonora* and *Angelica* go along with her, and how this is come about? They go, replies *Anſelme*: So that to be neer the object I adore, I muſt be for that journy my ſelf. *Leonora*, you are to know, being weary of the world ſince the loſs of her husband, intends to live in that Country, which is full of *Shepherds*, where ſhe ſhall be entertain'd by *Tircis*, who ſtill bewails the death of his *Cleon*. Oh how well is it conſidered of her! ſays *Lyſis*; I am confident ſhe hath read the life of the good King *Baſilius*, and that ſhe intends to imitate him. He forſook his Royalties, and came and liv'd with his daughters among the Shepherds of *Arcadia*, who cheer'd him up with their *Eccloques*: ſo will ſhe take a pleaſure to hear our Country ſongs; for your part, you muſt become Poet and Muſitian as well as I.

Lyſis diſcover'd his ſatisfaction by many more words to that purpoſe; and if he ſaid [*you*] to *Anſelme*, 'twas becauſe he conceiv'd he ought not to be familiar with all the world, and that eſpecially in the City, where men lived not after the Shepherds mode. *Anſelme* promiſed, that within a few dayes they would go wait on their Miſtreſſes. *Leonora* was not gone into *Forreſts*, as he ſaid; 'twas a thing he had deviſed, to be in more quiet with *Lyſis*: ſhe was gone but to *Brie* to ſee a ſiſter of hers called *Florida*, married to *Orontes* a Gentleman of that Country. He had a mind to go thither, and to take the Shepherd along with him, being reſolved to take up lodgings in a little Town neer *Oronte's* Caſtle, becauſe he would not trouble him.

Now

Now he had power enough over the ſpirit of *Lyſis*, to make him believe that *Brie* was *Forreſts*. In five or ſix days all the buſineſs he had at *Paris* was diſpatch'd, ſo that he was at liberty to purſue his Loves, and make ſport with his *extravagant Shepherd*. They went together to ſee *Adrian*, and to take leave of him. He was very glad to ſee his Couſin in his ordinary cloaths again; and conceiving his brain better ſetled, he thruſt into his hands ſome Peeces towards the expences of his journey. The next day, as *Anſelme* was upon his departure, there fell out a buſineſs of importance, ſo that he was forc'd to defer it for two or three days.

The End of the Second Book.

Now he had power enough over the heart of Anna, to make him believe that Eric was Fenella. In the evening, all the business he had at Paris was dispatch'd, so that he was at liberty to recruit his Forces, and make sport with his entertainer's sleep. They went together to the play, and to take leave of him. He was very glad to see him in his ordinary chearfulness again; and conceiving his brain settled, he thank'd him for his kind Pieces towards the expences of his journey. The next day he left Paris upon his departure, there fell out a bustle of importance, which detain'd him for two or three days.

THE Anti-Romance; OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The Third Book.

THeſe tedious expectations were ſuch an affliction to *Lyſis*, that he thought his life would not have done him the favour to let him once ſee the day of his departure. As he was taken up with this conſideration, he lights on an *Almanack* in *Anſelme*'s ſtudy: Ha! *Parſon of Milmons* (ſays he with a great tranſportation, ſpeaking to the Author) doſt thou think with this *Aſtrology* to be fit for the care and governing of a thouſand worlds, when thou knowſt not how this one is diſpoſ'd? What! thou put'ſt down that this moneth of *Auguſt* hath one and thirty days, and it is rather to be believed it hath one and thirty *moneths*! Alas how thou art deceiv'd in thy Calculation! Prethee make a *Kalendar* apart for thoſe that are in *Love*, and that at leaſt the hours may be days, the days moneths, the moneths years, and the years ages. Thoſe days wherein a man ſhall ſuffer a thouſand torments without any comfort, ſhall be markt with black as the working days; and thoſe whereon a man may ſee his Miſtreſs, and adore her, ſhall be markt with red like Holidays. O famous invention! ſays *Anſelm*: but will you have no *Vigils* nor *Faſting-days*? *Vigil*, that is to ſay *Watching*, replyes *Lyſis*: That word muſt be every where, to ſhew that the Lover ſhould always *Watch*, for to be thinking of his Miſtreſs; and for the *Faſt-days*, they are all thoſe that a man is abſent from her, and that he is forc'd to be without ſuch delicate food. As for the

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fair and *foul* weather, cold and heat, the eclipſes of the Sun and Moon, and the fortunate and unfortunate days revealed by the Angel to honeſt St. *Joſeph*, all that ſhall be judged according to the preſence or abſence, the favour or the diſdain of that bright *Star* which hath an *Aſcendant* over us. And for *Fairs*, will you order nothing? ſays *Anſelme*: No, anſwers *Lyſis*; for it ſeldom happens that an honorable Lady will ſell her ſelf.

After that the *Shepherd* had thus diſcourſed as to that point, he reſolved to take his cloak and walk a little abroad into the City. At the firſt corner of a ſtreet he met, there was a man looking on a Paper ſtuck up by the Stage-players: he alſo would needs read it, and having ſeen that they promiſed to repreſent an *Incomparable Paſtoral*, one of the neweſt pieces of their Author, and withal a Maſquarade, he immediately returned to *Anſelme*, to perſwade him to go ſee the Play. As good fortune would have it, *Anſelme* had no buſineſs that afternoon, he therefore was willing to ſee whether the Prince of *Oranges* Players did as well as their Majeſties, ſo that he bid the Coach-man make ready the Coach to go thither. *Lyſis* ſeeing his reſolution, went preſently to his Chamber, and put on his Shepherds habit, which done, he came and preſented himſelf to his dear friend. You ſhal not go along with me in thoſe cloathes, ſays *Anſelme* to him, all the world will laugh at us. And I'll laugh at all the world, replyed *Lyſis*. When a man is to go to ſome place of Ceremony, muſt he not obſerve the *decorum* as to cloathes? For this time permit me to dreſs my ſelf according to my fancy. The Shepherds are going to repreſent their Loves; I go to ſee them as a Judge, and yet you will not have me clad like them, I who am of their Profeſſion: there is no reſpect ſhall prevail the leaſt with me in this caſe. Do you think a Judge would look handſomly in his ſeat with a ſhort cloak, while all the Councellors plead before him in their long Robes? *Anſelme* knew not how to anſwer this; and ſeeing *Lyſis* ſo wilfully reſolved, he received him into the Coach clad like a *Shepherd*, only cauſing his *Scrip* to be taken away, and hindring him to take his *Sheephook* with him, which had been a thing over-ridiculous. As for cloak, *Lyſis* would have none: and yet thoſe that ſaw him in the ſtreet, diſcovered not his diſeaſe, but thought him ſome fantaſtick Gentlemen, who loved to be lightly clad.

When they came to *Burgundy-houſe*, *Anſelme* meeting there with three or four Noblemen, his friends, placed himſelf with them in the Kings Box, having the Shepherd always at his Elbow. The Players having begun their Paſtoral, *Lyſis* was extreamly attentive; and ſeeing a very handſome Shepherdeſs come on the Stage, She is accompliſh'dly handſom, ſays he, but *Charite* goes beyond her.

As ſhe was ſpeaking all alone in a thicket, there came a *Satyre* that would raviſh her, but preſently there hapned a Shepherd to ſtart out, that reſcued her out of his hands, and began to fight with him. 'Twas no ſmall buſineſs to *Lyſis* only to look on; one while he turn'd to the one ſide, another while to the other, as he wiſh'd the Shepherd ſhould do. And as men at Bowls, think the Bowl will go one ſide or other according to their ſeveral poſtures; ſo did he bend himſelf divers ways, and ſometimes pull'd at one of the pillars as much as he could, as if by that means he could make the *Satyre* be overcome by the *Shepherd*. At laſt the *Forreſt-god* was overcome, and was led away chain'd by certain Huntſmen who happen'd to paſs by, ſo that *Lyſis* was very joyful, and ſaid that the Beaſt did well to deliver himſelf up, and that if he had reſiſted any longer, he would have gone and helpt to beat him, becauſe he believ'd it was the very ſame that would have done ſuch an affront to *Charite*, as was done to that Shepherdeſs, and that he knew it again well enough. This Act being done, the father of the ſame Shepherdeſs came and ſaid, that there was fallen into his hands a Love-Letter, that a ſervant of his daughters had writ to her, but that he would not have her love him, and that he went to deſire a friend of his to counterfeit the Characters of that Letter, and to write another, wherein there ſhould be nothing but abuſes, Thereupon he ſpoke to that miſchievous Secretary, and the buſineſs effected, that Letter muſt come to the hands of the Shepherdeſs. When it was delivered to her, *Lyſis* cryed out, he would never ſuffer

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ſuch a cheat, whereof he ſhould become a complice, if he did not diſcover it. Will you take the Play for a truth? ſays *Anſelme* to him: Do you not ſee it is but the Fable of a Fable? *Lyſis* regarded not this, but went out of the Box to look for ſome place whence he might get upon the Stage. *Anſelme* would have gone after him, to keep him in, that he might not betray his madneſs to all the world; but he was hindred himſelf by thoſe that were with him, who deſired to ſee what *Lyſis* would do, whoſe extravagancy they had already obſerved. He was by that time gotten into the Tyring Houſe, when the Shepherdeſs enter'd the Scene to make her complaints upon the pretended infidelity of her ſervant; ſo that he thought it concerning him to make haſte to ſpeak to her, and taking a Sheephook he lighted on by chance, he enter'd the Stage, without being perceiv'd by the Actors. He ſtood ſtill a good while in a handſome poſture, hearing what the poor amorous Shepherdeſs ſaid; for he knew not at which end to begin his ſpeech. Perceiving ſhe ſpoke all in Verſe, he imagin'd ſhe was not to be entertain'd in Proſe, and that ſhe underſtood not haply the Language: in fine, he thought himſelf able enough to make a Diſcourſe in Rhime, as indeed he ſpake very good words, but ſhortning ſome and lenthening others, ſo to give them the form of Verſes, and pronounc'd them with an harmonious Accent.

Fair Shepherdeſſe (ſaith he) *believe not that your Lover loves you leſs,*
Baniſh that errour which ſome will have you entertain: 'tis better,
'Tis no: your Servant writ that Letter.
I tell you now, becauſe you are ſo full of charms,
I wiſh not Jealouſie ſhould cauſe your death or harms.

The *Actreſſe* was ſo ſurpris'd to hear this diſcourſe, and to ſee the Author of it, that ſhe could not think on what ſhe was to ſay next; for indeed ſhe had not been long in the Quality. Being aſham'd to ſtay there and ſay nothing, ſhe went off the Stage, and *Lyſis* follow'd her. The people ſeeing this, began to hiſs at the Players; and every one thinking that *Lyſis* was one of the company, they cry aloud, that what he did was nothing worth. *Anſelme* and all thoſe with him could not hold themſelves, ſo heartily did they laugh at the admirable adventure, and being curious to know what *Lyſis* was then doing, they went to him. They found the Players quarrelling with him, for having interrupted their Play; and haply they would have beaten him in the end, if they had not been appeas'd; for he had no other reaſon to tell them, but that out of charity he would have undeceiv'd the Shepherdeſs, which made them believe that he was come thither to abuſe them. But the reſpect they bore the perſons that interceded for him, oblig'd them to ſilence: They proceeded in their Paſtoral, and *Lyſis* ſtanding at one corner of the Stage, the reſt returned into the Box. He was diſpos'd into a place where he was not ſeen of the people; but towards the latter end, ſeeing a Shepherd brought before an Idol, where they feign'd to ſacrifice him, he ſtarted out of his lurking hole, and believing that all was real, went and ſaid,

Ah! Inhumane Sacrificer ſtand,
Throw that Sword out of thy hand:
The Gods deſire not the lives of men,
He doth well that powres
Before them incenſe, and offers Milk, Fruits and Flowers.

With the finiſhing theſe words, he endeavour'd to deliver the Victim out of the Prieſts hands, who thruſt him back with two or three cuffs on the ear. A Lord which was with *Anſelme* made ſigns to the Pages that were upon the Stage to protect the Shepherd; ſo that they kept him from being beaten by the Players. But in the mean time there was below in the Pit, ſuch another Counter-ſcuffle. For the Pick-purſes, who come not there but to pick quarrels firſt, had all their ſwords drawn, and making a flouriſh, conſtrain'd the *Citizens* to retire. *Lyſis* was dazzl'd

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with the shining of so many Blades, and not being able to imagine whence the disorder grew, he cryed out as loud as he could, *O Heaven! O Good manners! Must these Fields that are sacred to* Pan, *be fill'd with so many horrours? O what Butchers! O what Treachery! O what Tears! O what Tears are the cause of our Tears!* He had no sooner cryed out so, but the quarrel was appeas'd, and among the dead, and among the hurt, there was but one hat lost. Hereupon *Anselme* went to look for *Lysis*, fearing he might cause any further trouble, and in the mean time the Pastoral was finished.

The Mummery at the end of the Play was pleasant enough, yet he lik'd it not, for he said, it was not seeming that *Shepherds*, such as he had erewhile seen, should disguise themselves into *Jack-puddings*, to relate a thousand absurdities in a place where they profess gravity, and should not speak but with sighs, and in amorous and dying expressions.

At the going out of the house, those which were with *Anselme*, asked him in particular, who that brave Shepherd was he had brought with him? He told them in few words what he knew of him, and so enflamed their desires to converse with *Lysis*, that they each of them invites him to dinner, in hopes he might bring the other with him: Yet *Anselme* was forc'd to decline their civilities, because his affairs were more urgent, and could not dispence with their entertainment: Yet the next day in the afternoon, desirous of a little diversion, after some troublesom business he had in the morning, would needs go abroad, principally indeed for to avoid visits, so he gave order the Coach should be made ready. He ask'd *Lysis* which way they should go; who answered, That he thought fit the preparatives for their Journey should be look'd after, and that they should go and buy good store of new books for their better instruction and conduct in their *Loves*. *Anselme* approving it, bid the Coach-man drive into St. *James Street*, among the Stationers. They drove along out *Ladies Bridge*, where *Lysis* having observed a Painters shop, cry'd out, Hold, hold Coachman, we have some business here. The Coach being staid: See you, says he to *Anselme*, the Painters of *Paris* have already heard of me; look, they have painted me in my Shepherds habit, and that with my Shepherds hook. *Anselme* looking about, saw in that shop a Shepherd painted, who by accident had somewhat of the aire of *Lysis*.

They went presently out of the Coach, to view it nearer, and *Lysis* being entred the shop, ask'd for the Master. When he was come, Sir, says he to him, I am very much oblig'd to you, that you have taken the pains to draw my picture: but I finde here some faults, I pray correct them. You have made the knots of my shoe-strings *blue*, and they should have been *red*; and here you have made me with a set Ruff, whereas when I was at St. *Cloud*, I wore nothing but a plain band. Do you think that Shepherds have the leasure to set Ruffs; and if they had, to what purpose were it in the fields, where the rain would spoil them, and the storms rent them? I protest to you, I'll never wear any. Besides, I finde you have bestow'd too much Vermilion on my face, and 'tis necessary in the complexion of a *Lover*, the *Rose* give place to the *Lilly*.

The Painter was so surpris'd with this discourse, that he was somewhat in doubt they were come to jeer him; for *Lysis* had not then on his white cloathes; but *Anselme* taking him aside, in a serious manner spoke thus to him, The Gentleman hath some reason to imagine that your intention was to draw his picture, for besides that, that countenance somewhat resembles his, he hath worn such cloathes, as having been a long time of the company of Players, among whom he acted the Shepherd. Observe him well now, take him for the present in dry colours, and henceforth put his face to all the shepherds you represent. They will sell extreamly, for he is well known. Whereupon *Anselme* turning to *Lysis*, bid him have a quarter of an hours patience, that he might be drawn more to the life. He was very willing, and the Painter conceiving he might get somewhat by it, drew him the best he could. Other Painters have since taken by that original, so that you hardly see any thing besides their Shepherds, either at their houses or their shops in St.

Germains

Germains Fair. When the Painter had made an end, *Lyſis* told him, he had done but half his work, and that he muſt alſo draw the picture of his Miſtreſs, but he would give him that which *Anſelme* had drawn, for to make another in her full length by it. He had in his pocket that little Copper piece, which he ſhew'd the Painter, telling him that he muſt graft that head upon a body cloath'd like a Shepherdeſs. Sir, I do not apprehend any thing here, ſays the Painter, 'tis ſome Riddle or Embleme, if I ſhould put it upon a body, people would take it for a Monſter, 'tis not fit for any thing unleſs it were to repreſent Anticks in the border of a peice of Tapiſtry. How, ſays *Lyſis*, do you not ſee it is a *Metaphorical* picture, full of *Scientifical Erudition?* In what manner elſe do you imagine my Shepherdeſs can be painted? You may do as you pleaſe, but you will never do it more fortunately, then the Courteous *Anſelme* here; and inſtead of painting my Miſtreſs, you will paint your own ignorance. *Anſelme* ſeeing he began to be angry, got him into the Coach again, and having taken leave of the Painter, bid him paint according to his fancy the Shepherdeſs, that he ſhould place near *Lyſis*, as he doth to his hour, ſo that we never yet have had any true Picture of *Charite*. Thence *Anſelme* and *Lyſis* went to St. *James-ſtreet*, to a Stationers that printed a world of *Romances*. *Lyſis* would ſee none but the neweſt, as for the old, he needed them not, for he had them all by heart. As they were bargaining for ſome of them, in comes *Montenor*, who having paſs'd his Complements, acquaints them that *Geneura* was married. *Anſelme* in the midſt of his Congratulations takes him aſide, and tells him of his deſign to go to *Bry* to ſee *Angelica*, and his intention to take *Lyſis* with him, making him believe it was the *Forreſts* Country. I am heartily glad of it, ſays *Montenor*; do not you know that the houſe I have bought is but a League from *Orontes's*? you ſhall not think of any other Quarters then my houſe. We'll be as merry as the Maids. *Anſelme* accepting his courteſie, went to *Lyſis* and told him, that this Gentleman had a houſe in *Forreſts*, and that he would bear them company thither, ſo that a many ſalutations paſs'd between them. They ask'd him, what he, who had a ſoul perfectly martial, came to do in the *Latine* Country: he anſwered, An intimate friend of his had ſent him a little book for to be printed, and that he had given it the Stationer, to ſee if it were worth it. The Stationer told him, he had not had ſo much leaſure as to peruſe it, and taking ſeven or eight ſheets of Paper written out of his Drawer, delivered them to him. This is what I ſpoke to you of, ſays *Montenor* to *Anſelme*, I wiſh you had the patience to hear a peice of it; you'll finde it the moſt pleaſant and ingenious thing in the world. *Anſelme* told him he was ready to hear what ever ſhould be read. *Lyſis* alſo being entreated not to diſſemble his opinion, ſaid, he would do the like, and that all came very opportunely, and was conformable to the adventures of all *Shepherds*, and all *Heroes* in *Romances*, who never go to any place, but they are entertain'd with ſome Hiſtory: So that being all ſeated, *Montenor* read the following Diſcourſe.

THE BANQUET OF THE GODS.

Vrora had already given the Watchword to the night to draw her Curtains, and truſs up her Baggage to be gone, when the earth receiv'd a Mornings Draught of pleaſant Dew, which gave occaſion to thoſe that ſaw it to imagine, that the Gods were rinſing their Bowls; or that it was the remainders of ſome Nectar, after a great Feaſt; or that haply the Beautiful fore-runner of the Sun waſh'd her hands at her uprising, or that ſhe emptied her Chamber-pot: But though it might have hapned to be any of all theſe, according to the ſeaſons, as men know well by the different Dews which fall from heaven, yet was it not either of all thoſe things, fell out then; for indeed it was nought elſe, but that the horſes which draw the Chariot of that Goddeſs who began to ſhew her ſelf, ſhook their mains at their ſtarting out of the ſea. The Sun being oblig'd to follow her, had by this time put off his Night-cap, and having put on his Caſſock of fine gold, had incircled his head with beams. The minutes, who are his pages, help'd to make him ready, while the hours having dreſs'd his horſes, and given them their Oates, were putting them into the Chariot. It was eaſie for *men* hence to judge it would not be long ere he would appear in the Celeſtial Vault; but they ſlighted his brightneſs, and having juſt broke off a *Debauch*, that had laſted four and twenty hours, they turn'd day to night, and went for the moſt part to bed. Nay, juſt then when the Gods beſetting themſelves to their ordinary employments, ſeem'd to upbraid their Supinity, their greateſt buſineſs was to baniſh all care, nor could they now proſtrate themſelves at any Altars, but thoſe of *Bacchus* and *Sleep*. *Jupiter* who was wont to receive the early addreſſes of ſuch as ador'd him in his Temples, was very much ſurpris'd with this alteration; and not thinking fit it ſhould be ſaid, that while *Mortals* entertained themſelves in all ſorts of pleaſures, the *Gods* ſhould be ſubject to infinite toil (as for example the *Sun*, who perfected his courſe with that diligence, that he had not the leaſure to wipe his noſe by the way) he reſolved to treat them all at a ſolemn *Banquet*.

He communicated his deſign to *Juno*, who was then a-bed with him, but ſhe being ſomewhat of a niggardly humour, was not well pleas'd that he ſhould put himſelf to ſo great expence; and to take away the deſire he might have to effectuate his reſolution, ſhe told him ſhe had not Napkins enough to entertain ſuch a number, and that it was along time ſince *Pallas* had made her any cloath. Now you are to note by the way, that this Linnen of the Gods is made of the thred of the lives of Mortals, which is ſtill wound up in heaven, when the *Deſtinies* have finiſh'd it. That which hath belong'd to vertuous and illuſtrious perſons, is employ'd in Shirts, Smocks, Handkerchiefs and Tablecloaths; but for what comes from Ruſticks and other people of groſſer Education, there is only made of it Kitchin-Linnen,

‘ Linnen and Diſhclouts: So that there is nothing in this world loſt; and commonly
‘ when it rains, ’tis *Juno* that is driving a buck. But notwithſtanding all ſhe could
‘ remonſtrate to her husband, as to the trouble ſhe ſhould have to get her Linnen
‘ waſh’d after this great Banquet, he calls *Mercury* with a loud voyce, and com-
‘ manded him to go and invite all the *Gods* and *Goddeſſes* of the Univerſe, to Sup with
‘ him in his Palace which *Vulcan* had built upon the top of Mount *Olympus*. *Mercury*
‘ the Childe of Obedience, preſently put on his *Flying-ſhoes*, and his *Wing’d-hat*, and
‘ got his *Caduceur*, and having perus’d the *Catalogue* of the *Gods*, whom he was to
‘ go and invite to the General Aſſemblie, he took his firſt flight to the *Seventh*
‘ Sphere, where finding *Fate*, *Nature*, *Fortune*, *Prometheus*, *Janus*, *Terminus*, and
‘ certain other Gods, with *Saturn* in his own Palace, he diſcharg’d himſelf of his Duty
‘ and Meſſage to them. Thence he paſs’d through the fourth Heaven, where finding
‘ the *Sun* newly entered his Carreer, he ſpoke to him at the ſide of his Chariot,
‘ without giving him any occaſion of ſtay. This God promis’d him he would drive
‘ his Steeds ſomewhat faſter then ordinary, and that he would make as much haſte as
‘ if he took freſh horſes at every *Sign*, for to be at the place appointed ſoon enough.
‘ *Mercury* having left him, comes down on earth, becauſe neither *Mars*, nor *Venus*,
‘ nor the *Moon*, were yet poſſeſs’d of their ſeveral Heavens. He went in the firſt
‘ place to the Iſle of *Lemnos* to *Vulcan*, whom he found very buſie making of
‘ *Thunderbolts*, for to munition *Jupiters* Arſenal, becauſe the iniquities of men were
‘ become ſo great, that there was need of an infinite number to puniſh them all. He
‘ deſired him to leave his work for a while, telling him that *Jupiter* was to make a
‘ *Banquet*, to which he was come to invite him, and that he had the ſame Meſſage to
‘ his wife and Son. *Vulcan*, who was nothing Complemental, anſwered him with
‘ a frowning countenance, That he underſtood not what civility oblig’d him, to let
‘ him go into his Wives Chamber, while ſhe was yet a-bed; but that as for his Son,
‘ he might freely go to him. Whereupon *Mercury* went out of the *Forge*, into a
‘ little Chamber, where he found *Cupid* playing with his little Trinkets, as Children
‘ uſe to do. Having ask’d him what he did; *Cupid* anſwered, he was going to waſh
‘ his headband, which had lain foul ever ſince he had worn it, and that if he had con-
‘ ſumed the hearts of ſo many Lovers, and made them ſhed ſo many tears, it was for
‘ no other end then to get water and aſhes enough to drive a Buck. The Ambaſſa-
‘ dour of the King of the Gods laughing in himſelf at his excellent invention, told
‘ him the occaſion of his viſit, and deſired him to acquaint his mother with it. This
‘ paſs’d, he took leave of him, as alſo of *Vulcan*, curſing ſuch a jealous Cockscomb,
‘ that having a wife ſo handſome, roſe ſo betimes from her, becauſe he would do as
‘ other Forge-men; that is, get up in the morning to work. *Vulcan* who knew
‘ he never went abroad without his hands, had an eye to all his tools when he went a-
‘ away, but ſeeing he had not medled with any thing, he diſmiſſed him peaceably.
‘ *Mercury* having occaſion to croſs the ſea, gave notice to *Neptune*, and all his Ma-
‘ ritime Court; ſo that he ſoon acquitted himſelf of his Ambaſſage to them. And from
‘ thence he went to *Æolus*, and did the like: That done, in one continued flight, he
‘ got into *Thrace*, and having found *Mars* furbiſhing his Armor under a Tent, he
‘ invited him to the Banquet with the ſame Ceremony as the reſt. Having by this
‘ time traverſed the whole earth, he forgot not ſtill in his way, *Ceres*, *Bacchus*,
‘ PRIAPUS, *Pan*, the *Muſes*, and an infinity of other *Gods* and *Nymphs*, both of the
‘ *Forreſts* and of the *Fountains*, and having learn’d the place whither the Suns *Siſter*
‘ was gone, he went and ſpoke to her. But beſides all this, there yet remained be-
‘ hinde that part of his Ambaſſage, which was to the Deities of Hell. He deſcends
‘ into thoſe Profundities, and in his way meeting certain Shades, who only ſtaid for
‘ his company, to paſs the *Acheron*, he drove them before him with his rod, as a
‘ Shepherd drives his ſheep. Though he might have eaſily flown over the River, yet
‘ he went into the Ferriboat for the entertainment ſake of the Ferriman, whom he
‘ had ever profeſs’d a Friendſhip to, there being ſome relation between their ſeveral
‘ charges. The fare for each Shade being paid, they placed themſelves in the Boat, and
‘ *Charon* took his Oars in hand, while *Mercury* ſpeaks to him to this effect, Have I

'not imploy'd my time well, ſince I have entred an aſſociation with thee? And is 'there not reaſon thou ſhouldſt be oblig'd to make me ſome annual Preſent, ſeeing 'I am ſo diligent in ſtirring up all thoſe that are born under my Planet to a profeſſed 'ſtudy of Cheats and Rogueries; whence there happens ſo many violent deaths, 'that it muſt needs ſwell thy bags much? Beſides which, when I obſerved that the 'ſhears wherewith one of the *Deſtinies* cuts off the threads of mens lives, were all 'ruſty, and not able to cut but by halves, whence it hapned there were many hurt, 'and few kill'd outright; I took them and cauſed them to be groun'd at my own 'charge; ſo that at this preſent they cut ſo well, that men die with the leaſt touch, 'without any languiſhing. And to the end we might the ſooner grow rich, I have 'found the means to corrupt thoſe three Spinſters, and have gain'd them to our ſide; 'and they have promiſed me they will make their thread ſo ſmall, that it ſhall break 'ever and anon; and that when it breaks, they will gain at leaſt an inch of the length 'that Fate hath allotted them.

'Alas, how unprofitable are our deſigns! replies *Charon*: For when we have 'reckoned all, what advantage is there of all this, but to haſten a gain which at one 'time or other muſt be ours. Yet were it a good enterpriſe, if when we have uſed 'this expedition to deliver men from earth, we could hinder their enrolling among 'the Gods: for there are ſo many *deified*, that my profit is much the leſs for it. If 'this cuſtom be continued, I muſt preſent a Petition to *Jupiter* and *Pluto*, to beg of 'the one that he would not deprive me of my dues, and of the other that he would 'abate of the rent of this Boat, for which I pay him an exceſſive rate. And if I re-'ceive not juſtice, I'll go into the world again, and keep a Boat ſomewhere on the 'River *Seine*, where I ſhall get more then I do here. But though I ſhould get more 'where I am, yet I think I muſt take the other reſolution: For, my friend *Mercury*! 'here is a world of news ſtirring. Among the *Patentees* and Projectors which thou 'broughtſt me a while ſince, there is one of them the moſt miſchievous Pate that ever 'was. He is become our Kings earwig, and feeds it with damnable projects: He hath 'propoſed to him the building of a Bridg over this River, and hath endeavoured to 'make it appear to him it were more commodious then my Boat, becauſe then the 'Shades might at any time paſs over in troops, without ſtaying at all on the ſhore, 'as now they do. Beſides all this, it is taken into conſideration, that the ſouls of 'Beaſts which come hither to ſtay a while, and return into other bodies, might paſs 'over the bridge thick and threefold. And which is more then all, there are many 'proud ſpirits of *Princes*, *Captains*, and rich *Patentees*, which would enter Hell, ſome 'in *Sedans*, ſome on *horſe-back*, and ſome in Coaches; all which might be eaſily 'provided for. *Pluto* would gain much by this deſign; for where now they give the 'corps but a ſheet, men would not then diſmiſs it without ſome rich robe, and they 'would bury it with its richeſt treaſures, ſeeing the dead party permitted to carry 'them into hell. Now I do not ſuffer in my Boat nor bag nor baggage, for fear of 'being overloaden; and if any one have ever ſo little, he leaves it behind on the 'ſhore, where I lay it up, and that hath been ever my greateſt profit. Our King ha'h 'been informed of it, and being deſirous to appropriate all that to himſelf, he will 'very ſhortly cauſe the water-ſledges of his Bridge to be planted: I know not whe-'ther I ſhall receive the Toll ſhall be taken of thoſe that paſs over; but if I ſhould, 'yet would my gains be much diminiſhed.

'*Charon* having thus ſpoken, *Mercury* promiſed him his endeavours to do ſome-'what for him with *Pluto*: And thereupon being come to the ſhore, he enter'd Hell, 'and went to look for the King of Shades. Having found him in his chamber, diſ-'courſing with *Proſerpina* of his antient Loves, he invited them both to *Jupiters* 'Banquet. Having recover'd the Earth again, he remembred him that he was yet to 'ſpeak to *Peace*, *Honour*, *Victory*, *Vertue* and *Fame*: which he was ſomwhat trou-'bled at, for he knew not where to find all theſe Deities. At laſt bethinking himſelf 'that they muſt needs reſide in good houſes, he went to a certain Kings palace; and 'having put on the form of a Page, he ask'd the firſt Courtier he met, whether he 'knew not where *Vertue* was? He ſhew'd him up a narrow pair of ſtairs, telling him

he

'he ſhould find her there. *Mercury* went up to the very top, and thence into divers 'chambers, where he finds a ſort of people diverſly imploy'd. Some were at Dice, 'and at every caſt, caſt out blaſphemies, as if their imprecations had been words of 'conjuration to make them win. There were others diſcourſed of certain publike af-'fairs, wherein yet they regarded nothing but their private intereſts. And there were 'a many others whoſe imployment was to ſing, dance, drink, and court: Yet there 'wanted not to be in the place *Poets* and *Orators*, who maintained all their actions 'vertuous. But *Mercury* was not deceiv'd in them; and he diſcovered well enough 'at the end of a Gallery, *Fraud*, *Flattery*, and *Ambition*, debating the fortune of a 'Favourite. Having asked them where Vertue was, theſe lewd Goddeſſes laugh'd, 'and told him they had no acquaintance with her, becauſe ſhe was ſo rough and un-'mannerly, that ſhe underſtood not ſo much as to obſerve civility and correſpondence 'with the world; and that he ſhould never find her but among ruſtick and ſimple 'people. He preſently vaniſht away; and having fled into a very ſavage place, he 'enters a little cottage, where a poor Country-fellow lay a dying. Having asked him 'ſome tidings of her whom he look'd for, the poor ſick man told him, that while he 'lived his endeavour had been ever to have her in his company; and that ſhe had 'juſt left him, having commended him to his good *Genius* to conduct him to the '*Elyſian fields*: but that he believed not his children had retain'd her, though it had 'been always his deſire ſhe ſhould have been entertained by them. *Mercury* being 'ſomwhat troubled at this, bethought him it was moſt likely *Vertue* was among thoſe 'who taught her precepts to others: And ſo he went into an Univerſity among the '*Philoſophers*; but there he found nothing but *Vociferation*, *Pride*, *Doubt*, and *Vanity*. 'He walkt all up and down, and at length entring into the *Library*, he perceives the 'Goddeſs he look'd for ſeated among the Books. Having ask'd her what ſhe did 'there, ſhe told him ſhe had no other abode; and that though many came thither 'to ſeek her, yet they never carried her away with them when they had found her. '*Mercury* told her that he came to invite her to ſupper in the Palace of *Olympus*, 'whereat ſhe was very joyfull, for ſhe had long ſince wiſh'd to quit the earth as well 'as *Juſtice*. He thereupon ask'd her where he might find the other Deities he 'look'd for, and whether *Fame* and *Honour* ever came into her company? No, ſayes 'ſhe, go ſeek thoſe that drink luſtily, and thoſe that are great Gameſters, or 'that are exceſſively expenſive, there you have them. As for *Peace*, ſhe is only 'among thoſe that have nothing, and *Victory* among thoſe that can beſt deceive. '*Mercury* having had this intelligence, went preſently to ſeek for thoſe Deities, who 'all promis'd him to come to the Banquet; except *Fame*, who excus'd her ſelf, ſay-'ing, That it was not for her that *Ambroſia* was made, and that ſhe fed on nothing 'but Wind. *Mercury* obſerving ſhe had a hundred Mouths, bethought him it was 'well done of her not to come to *Jupiter's* Palace, ſeeing ſhe muſt have brought '*Famine* along with her, and that *Juno* would not have bidden her very welcome, 'taking her rather for a Monſter then a Goddeſs. After that, the Ambaſſador 'found *Aurora* in a Wood, where ſhe fought a *Huntſman*, whom ſhe was in love 'with. Having done his Meſſage to her, he returned to the palace of Mount '*Olympus*, to ſee what they did there. As for the Gods which were *fellow-Commo-'ners* at his Fathers table, he invited them not, the Ceremony as to them was need-'leſs. He found them all employed in the preparations of the *Banquet*; and divers 'others who were oblig'd to ſome attendance to their great King, were already 'come. *Vulcan* who is accuſtomed to be near the Fire, had the charge of head-'Cook, and was aſſiſted by the *Cyclopes*, whom he had brought with him. He was a 'pleaſant ſpectacle in his Green Waſtcoat, his White Apron, and Black Night-cap 'coming down over his ears. The firſt Meſs they prepar'd was *Ambroſia*, which 'they diſguiſed infinite ways, becauſe that food which was very common among the 'Gods, was not of any delicacy, when dreſs'd after the uſual manner. *Vulcan* made 'ſome into Broth, ſtew'd ſome, fry'd ſome, and ſome he dreſs'd hotch-potch wiſe, 'and ſome he diſpoſed like Oat-Cakes. But all that being no great matter, he re-'preſented to *Jupiter*, that ſeeing he was reſolved to make a ſolemn BANQUET,

there

'there muſt be other meats. *Jupiter* having given him commiſſion to take what or-
'der he pleas'd, he caus'd *Plato* to be call'd, and ſome other *Philoſophers*, whom
'he had purpoſely ſent for out of the *Elizian Fields*. He commanded them to aſſiſt
'him, and to make appear they were not altogether unprofitable in the world, as
'they had been often reproach'd; *Plato* was charg'd to make ready his *Ideas*, which
'muſt needs be very delicate food for Divine Palates; and another Philoſopher,
'whoſe Tenent had ever been, that *ſouls* were *Corporeal*, received order to take the
'*ſouls* of ſuch beaſts as dyed, and eſpecially of thoſe which were ſacrificed, and roaſt
'them on broaches, or make Minc'd-Pies of them. This is the moſt ſolid nouriſh-
'ment of the Gods, and they are obliged to *Vulcan* whoſe invention was the cauſe
'they were not loſt. Yet *Pythagoras*, who was only task'd with making the Sauces,
'came all in a fume to *Vulcan*, and told him, in maintenance of his own Doctrine,
'that he was to blame, and that thoſe poor ſouls which he caus'd to be maſſacred,
'had ſometimes lodg'd in humane bodies, and that they ought to return thither a-
'gain, and that the Gods deſired not to make their food of the ſouls of men. But it
'was to much purpoſe that he cryed out, the other Philoſophers ruſh'd into the Kit-
'ching, telling him, that though they were the ſouls of men which they made ready,
'yet they ſhould think themſelves very happy to become the nouriſhment of the
'bodies of the Gods, and to be made a part thereof. Notwithſtanding all this, when he
'ſaw the neck of ſome Pullet ſtruck off, he cryed out as loud as if his own throat
'had been Cut. Beſides, he did nothing but diſturb the Cocks, being deſirous to beat
'his *Numbers* into their heads. He taught them, that there ought to be ten peeces in
'every fryed Meſs, that ſo it might not be without harmony, and that it might have
'all its conveniences and proportions; and if they dreſſed any *Ambroſia*, he inſtruct-
'ed them to diſpoſe it into three Meſſes, affirming that that number was the meaſure
'of all things, and that the Gods delighted in an uneaven number. *Vulcan*, who
'underſtood nothing of all this Philoſophy, took the Ladle out of one of the Kettles,
'and ſtriking him therewith with as much fury and good will as if it had been a dog
'that had eaten a ſhoulder of Mutton, bid him not interrupt him any further, and go
'and make uſe of his Arithmetick in the Hall, to ſee if there were that number of
'Trenchers and Chairs that ſhould be. That which had angred this Maſter-cook the
'more was, that in making towards him, he had with his crooked Leg overturn'd
'a Meſs of *Ambroſia*, which had been put on the hearth to be kept warm; ſo that he
'repented him he had not made Minc'd-meat of that Philoſopher, as he had done
'of the ſouls of Beaſts. When his anger was paſt, conſidering, that all that was
'prepared was not too much for ſo great an Aſſembly of Gods, he found the means
'to dreſs them another moſt excellent Service, but he muſt firſt propoſe it to *Jupiter*,
'without whoſe permiſſion nothing could be done. He went therefore and told him,
'that among the Celeſtial bodies there were many living creatures, which did not
'any good there; and that there would never fall out a better opportunity to eat
'them then now. *Jupiter* would not conſent, ſo that *Vulcan* was fain to ſpeak to
'him to this effect; May it pleaſe your Majeſty, It is a long time ſince you have
'made any Entertainments, and they ſay, no feaſt like that of a Miſers: It is to no
'credit to be at the expence of a ſmall matter. *Mortalls* will not bear you that
'reverence they do, if they come to know you keep not better chear then they:
'Do you not obſerve how they kill the Beaſts they have on *earth*, for their nouriſh-
'ment? why will not you do the like by thoſe you have in *Heaven*?

'*Jupiter* overcome by the reaſons of his Son, bid him ſend his *Cyclopes*, to take
'down all the Signs that were good Proviſion. The buſineſs was as ſoon done as
'ſpoken; ſo *Brontus*, *Pyragmon* and ſome others of the Scullions brought away the
'*Hare*, the *Swan*, the *Dolphin*, the *Whale*, the *Ram*, the *Bull*, the *Crab*, and the
'*Fiſhes*, all which they made ready in divers manners: Nay, they did not ſpare
'the *Dragon*, the *Bear*, the *Hydra*, nor the *Wolf*, and ſome other Beaſts, whoſe
'fleſh was thought ſomewhat hard and indigeſtible: For *Vulcan* affirm'd they were
'already half bak'd, becauſe they had been ſo long faſtned to ſtars.

'In the mean time the meat was thus in making ready, *Juno* and *Iris* made it their
work

work to accommodate all within the Palace. It was built of *Petrifi'd* Clou'ds, and the walls were enamell'd with ſuch a diverſity of colours, that they deſi'd all Tapiſtry. There wanted nothing but the ſweeping of the floor, wherein thoſe Goddeſſes were ſomewhat at a loſs for a broom. In this trouble comes in *Æolus*, with a great bunch of Keys at his Girdle. He had lock'd up all the *winds* within their Caves, except the *Zephir*, which as his Minion, went always with him, and carried up his train. He perceiving the trouble of the Queen of the Goddeſſes, ſwell'd up his Cheeks, and blew ſo about the Hall, that he eaſily drove out all the duſt before him. His Miſtreſs *Flora*, who could not forſake him, came preſently after, with divers other Nymphs, who ſtrew'd Flowers all about. *Hercules*, *Mercury*, *Caſtor*, *Pollux*, and other of the houſhold ſet the Tables right, laid the Cloathes, and plac'd the chairs. Theſe moveables were made of the *Trees*, into which men had been of old *Metamorphos'd*.

Jupiter and *Juno* having put on their beſt cloathes, came in to entertain the Company, and preſently after entered *Ceres*, who caus'd to be brought in as good bread as ever was bak'd; and after that *Bacchus*, with *Pan* and the *Satyres*, who were loaden with bottles, which they diſcharg'd themſelves of near the ſide Table. *Silenus* who follow'd them was the Butler, and was already ſo drunk, that it was not thought he could have drunk any more; he ſtumbled ſo oft, as if his legs had been made of Tough, ſo that they gave him a chair, which came in good time for him to repoſe his panch in, which was ſwollen like the Sail of a ſhip in a good wind. While *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and all the Gods of the Fields were in their Compliments, *Pluto* came in with his wife, who ſince her going to *Hell*, was become ſo fottiſh, that ſhe had forgotten all manner of Civility and Complement. She made a Courtezy to the Company, and with a ruſtick ſimplicity came and ſaid to *Jupiter*, We muſt confeſs indeed Father, you do us a great favour to invite us to Supper here, we were ſad enough at home; when we were gotten into our Chariot for to come out of hell, our *Dog* came and leapt upon me, and did ſo lick and kiſs my cheeks with all his three tongues, that I could hardly part with him. I thought once to have brought him with me, he had at leaſt done you ſome ſervice in turning the ſpit; and then you will not believe what a pretty Cur it is, he dances on his hind feet, and fetches any thing you caſt to him. You have done better to have left him behind you, Daughter, ſays *Jupiter*, for beſides that, it is not a Dog to be carried in ones ſleeve, we have others here whom he might have bitten with his ſix ranks of Jaws. Do you not know well, that we have here a *Dog* among the *Stars*? 'Tis he that picks the bones of the Celeſtial Fowl, which is ſometimes eaten at our Table, and as for yours, he ſhould only pick the bones of dead men? But how comes it you have not brought my ſon *Minos* along? If we ſhould have brought him, replyes *Pluto*, aſſuming the Diſcourſe, the two other *Judges*, and the *Deſtinies*, the *Furies* and *Charon* would have come too, and in the mean time you know they cannot quit their employments for one moment, without a deſign of deſtroying all mankinde.

As *Pluto* ended this Remonſtrance, the arrival of *Mars* dazal'd the Aſſembly with the glittering of his Armour. His Muſtachoes were turn'd like the Gard of a Poignard, that ſo it might ſeem his very face was armed, and his eyes were fiery, as thoſe of a Lyon in a fury. Yet was there nothing but what was honorable in his Salutations to *Jupiter* and the reſt; and *Venus* entring thereupon into the Hall, he who ſpoke nothing but of vanquiſhing others, confeſſed himſelf overcome. She was attended by her *Son* and the three *Graces*, who had ſpent the whole day in dreſſing her. After her came in *Pallas*, who in the midſt of her gravity had ſome features, that rendred her *Amiable*: And then came the *Moon*, and her *Brother* the *Sun*, who having retain'd ſome of his beams about his head, ſufficiently enlightned the place. He was ſo Complemental, that he would ſalute the Ladies one after another, but as his mouth was near that of *Juno's*, to kiſs her firſt: ſhe ſtarts back preſently, feeling the heat of his muſtacho's, which began to burn her cheek. *Jupiter* perceiving it, told him he was to blame, that he had not bath'd his chin in cold water, when he laid aſide his fires. You do not conſider, that I was in ſuch haſte to

come

come hither, replyes *Phœbus*, that I had not the leasure to cast my self into the sea, where my fair Hostess *Amphitrite* ever prepares me a bathe. She entertains me there at mine Host's Table, I am afraid she'll make me pay for to day, though I sup not with her.

While he said this, *Neptune*, *Amphitrite*, *Palemon*, and many other Sea-Divinities arriv'd, who told him that he was not so rigorously dealt with as he would make believe, and that he had his lodging very cheap. Their dispute was not heard, because *Saturn*, *Janus*, and the other ancient Gods came in at the same time, whom they were on all sides busie to receive. There was only *Juno*, who was not well pleas'd with their coming. When she saw *Janus* with his two faces, she cryed out to her husband, did I not tell you that you would ruine your self? You counted but one person in attendance to your Father, and behold there's two. This glutton *Janus* hath two great faces, and two huge mouthes, which can each of them devour as much meat as four. I am resolved he shall not be entertained here; he shall not be at our Table, for he will starve all the rest. Let him go to the gate, 'tis his ordinary charge to keep it. Alas, what do you trouble your self Sweet-heart! says *Jupiter*: What will my Father say, when he hears you will not have him bring along with him one he makes so much of. Consider, that though *Janus* hath two mouthes, yet he hath but one belly and two hands, so that he can eat no more then any of the rest, and his body can contain no more then what is reasonable. The mouth which he hath behinde, serves him to no purpose but to draw in the wind which comes that away: And I must tell you besides that, he may be of good use at the Table, seeing that out of respect to *Saturn* he must be admitted; for now I think on't, he must be placed towards the side Table, that with his hind-eyes he may look to the wine, which this doting *Silenus* will not husband so well, and so hinder that these drunken *Satyrs*, who are to wait, drink it not all: As for the Office of Porter, do not you trouble your self, for I have given it the *Sagittary* of the Zodiack.

While *Jupiter* gave his wife these consolations, the Gods made sport with *Janus*, who to make appear to them that there was nothing to be found fault with as to his person, went and kist *Venus* with the mouth behinde, and with his hands drawing to him one of the *Graces*, kiss'd her with the mouth before. There's a Wag, says *Phœbus*, he should have two wives, he hath this advantage over us, that he can kiss two at once. But you may say as well, says the subtil *Prometheus*, that he may at the same time receive four boxes in the ear.

In the midst of this jesting, *Aurora*, the *Muses*, and some others arrived; so that there was a great noise of Chariots, and neighing of Horses at the Palace gate. *Jupiter* seeing all the Guests were come, commanded the *Banquet* should be served up. The *Sun* and his *Sister* had light enough about them, to chase away the obscurity of the Hall; however, to observe order and decency, they fastned to the walls certain plates of gold, which instead of Torches had Armes of silver, and at the hands thereof, there were so many stars nailed.

Hereupon *Mercury*, who was the *Clark* of the *Kitchin* enters, with the *Fawns* and *Satyrs*, who brought up Messes, which he dispos'd upon the Table. *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, *Pluto*, *Neptune*, *Juno*, *Venus*, and the rest of the Company having wash'd their hands in the water of *Eridan*, sate them down without any dispute, every one according to their quality. The King of the Gods, according to the custom of all great Princes, had his *Physician* on the one side, and his *Jester* on the other. And that was *Æsculapius* and *Momus*, the one whereof was there to oversee what meats were to be eaten, and the other to carp at the actions and words of the presence. The first bout *Momus* had, was with his Master, telling him, that he knew not the reason why he had not invited *Discord* to his Banquet, no more then he had not done at the Marriage of *Thetis*, and therefore he must expect she should come to sow some dissention to trouble the Feast; and that there is not on Mount *Ida*, any Shepherd able to decide the differences of the Divinities.

If there be no more illustrious Shepherds on the Mountain of Ida (*says* Lysis, *interrupting*

rupting the Narration of Montenor, *be it known, there is at this preſent one at the foot of the Mount of St.* Geneuieuſue, *and let not the Gods be any thing troubled, I am as able a Iudge as* Paris. *All this is long ſince paſt, ſays* Montenor, *do not think it a thing preſent. There's no queſtion but that if you had been in the world when this* Banquet *was made,* Momus *had remembred you: I pray do not any further diſturb the Gods at their meat: A Maſons Boy will have his hour.* Montenor *having ſo ſaid, obtain'd ſilence, and having look'd into his Paper, went on in this manner:*

Iupiter anſwered *Momus,* that he had well conſidered what he ſaid, and that he had already taken order that their enjoyments ſhould not be interrupted. And if he had not invited *Diſcord,* nor the *Furies, Famine, Envy, Sadneſs* and *Poverty,* whoſe company is ever unpleaſant, he would ſend them each their Meſs, that ſo they might not grumble.

While this paſt, the moſt part of the Gods took bread: *Saturn* cut it with his *ſithe, Bacchus* with his *pruning-hook, Mars* with his *cymiter,* and divers of the reſt with *Ceres's ſickle* which ſhe lent them. And as for meat, *Neptune* took him ſome with his *trident*; *Pluto* with his *ſcepter,* which is made in the faſhion of a *fork*; *Venus* with the point of her Sons *dart*; and the daughter of *Latona* would needs be doing with the point of her *javelin,* and *Pallas* with the top of her *lance.* For the Gods are never without their Arms, no not when they are at table; becauſe if they had them not about them, they could not be diſtinguiſhed one from another. As for example, if you ſee a picture or ſtatue of *Mercury,* how will you know it is he, if he have not his *Caduceur?* It ſtood them upon at leaſt to have about them the marks of their Divinity, as *Iupiter* who had his *thunderbolt,* which his *Eagle* held in his beak cloſe by him. Yet he thought it not handſom to permit the Gods to cut bread with their Arms; for *Saturn* in uſing his great Sithe had already ſaluted his Goſſip *Janus* in the jaw-bones with the handle of it, and had drawn blood at his teeth. *Mercury* was much blamed, that he had not taken order for knives and forks at the table, ſo that he was fain to go immediately to ask for ſome of *Vulcan,* who had enough: So he came immediately back, and furniſh'd all the company.

Momus, whoſe chiefeſt deſire was to ſee the the Gods quarrel, reaſſum'd his diſcourſe, and ſaid to *Prometheus,* Thou art now very proud to eat at the table of the Gods, whereas time was when thy own Liver was the food of birds. Do not renew my antient miſeries, replies *Prometheus*; it ſuffices that *Iupiter* hath pardoned me, knowing my offence was not ſo great as he had thought: He thought, that having formed the body of a man, I impudently came even to heaven to ſteal fire to animate it: But I made appear to him my more modeſt carriage; I only had the invention of the Burning-glaſs, which when I expos'd to the Sun, I drew his fire to me without ſtirring from earth. I am glad of the occaſion to tell thee thus much, before ſo many other Gods who knew it not before.

It is a very commendable thing, ſayes *Saturn* interpoſing in the diſcourſe, to forget old quarrels: Should I ſuffer any thing to be ſaid of what hath happened to *Prometheus,* I ſee it would be my turn at length to be made Table-talk. In the mean time let there no ſtories be made of my fortune; I am no other then what I would be. It is true, time hath been I ſate on the ſame throne whereon *Iupiter* now ſits; but it was no longer then Innocencie dwelt among men; and now that they are become miſchievous, I would not be oblig'd to govern them. While I reign'd, they cared not for riches; and if that Age was call'd the Golden age, it was becauſe their ſouls were of gold, and not their Plate. Can it be imagin'd that I who cauſed others to live with ſo little ambition and avarice, am troubled at the loſs of my Kingdom? and may it not eaſily be diſcovered that it became me to ſhake hands with the affairs of the world, for to enjoy that tranquility which others had enjoyed by my means?

While *Saturne* ſaid thus, *Momus,* who knew he contemn'd not the royalty but becauſe he could not obtain it, went and made a thouſand wry faces behind him, and had a great itch to anſwer him: but he was hindred by a loud ſhout of laughter, which hapned at the lower end of the table. *Iupiter* deſirous to know the occaſion,

'it was told him, that the God *Terminus*, who had no arms at all, had bowed down 'his head into a Platter for to eat ſome *Ambroſia*, dreſs'd with Nectar-ſawce, and 'that the Meſs was ſo hot, that it had burnt off his noſe and lips. What pitty it is, 'alas poor *God*! (ſays *Momus* with a Scoggin-geſture) I know not who hath maim'd 'him in that manner; he hath neither legs nor thighs, yet had he but arms and 'hands, he might go on his Arſs like a Waſh-bowl, whereas now he muſt be al-'wayes carried in a Chair like a ſick body to an Hoſpital. Thou which mak'ſt a 'Laughing-ſtock of him, ſays *Iupiter*, my will is, thou ſhouldſt go and feed him. 'With all my heart, ſays *Momus*; and thereupon going behinde him, he took ſome 'meat on a Trencher, and having given him a little bit, he eat up the reſt himſelf. '*Iupiter* ſeeing his knavery, bid him come away from him, ſeeing he fed him after 'that rate; and bid *Deſtiny*, who ſate next him, have a care of him. After that, 'obſerving that there were divers others complained that the Meſſes were too hot, 'he commanded *Zephyrus* to take ſome courſe therein; ſo this God getting up on 'his Chair, did ſo much ſhake his wings, and blow with his mouth, that all was pre-'ſently cooled.

'But this was not all, for at the other end of the Table there was the God of *Si-'lence*, who was much troubled, becauſe he could not eat at all, and who thought 'it was to no purpoſe to have invited him to the Banquet, if he had not the power 'to do as others did. Time hath been, that he was contented only with putting his 'finger on his mouth, to hinder himſelf to ſpeak; but of late he had found out a 'more aſſured courſe, and that was by locking his two lips together with a Padlock; 'yet this invention brought its inconvenience along with it, eſpecially at this time, he 'being not able by reaſon thereof to put one bit into his mouth. He made ſigns 'to thoſe whom he conceiv'd his friends, to take compaſſion on him; but there 'every one was for himſelf; and *Fate*, who kept the Key of this Padlock, had for-'got himſelf to bring it with him. There was no other way, but to ſeek to *Vulcan* 'who had been the Smith, and had made it. He underſtanding well the pain that poor 'God was in, out of Charity ſent one of his Cyclopes, who with one ſtroke of his 'hammer broke it aſunder; but it put the God of Silence into the danger of loſing 'half his teeth, for the blow light upon his Chin, and was like to have batter'd to 'pieces his nether Jaw. He afterwards ate, but not without difficulty, and 'much pain; for it was a long time ſince his teeth had been in any employment. The 'action of his eating was ſo ill-favoured, that he made ſport to all at Table; yet 'was it ſoon over, and all were quiet and well pleas'd, except *Venus*, who complain-'ed that *Priapus*, who ſate next her, lay ſo heavy upon her, that he had well nigh 'over-heated her. She had on a Robe ſo thin and tranſparent, that one could not be 'well aſſured whether ſhe were clad or naked; ſo that that good Companion, blow-'ing like a horſe that ſmells his oats, clapp'd his hands ever and anon upon her thigh, 'and was much amaz'd he felt nothing but ſilk. *Iupiter* fearing ſome ſcandal might 'ariſe through his incontinence, caus'd him to be plac'd next to *Minerva*, who being 'all armed, admits not ſo eaſie embraces, and is ſomewhat a terrible Miſtreſs. Where-'upon *Venus* ſwore by *Styx*, that thence forward ſhe would never be clad ſo thin, 'nor ſhould the *Graces*, nor her *Son*: Whereat *Momus*, jeering, ſaid to her, Do 'you think to be *Venus*, and not go ſtark-naked? how ſhould the Gods know you? 'and your Son when he is once cloath'd, will he be taken for what he is? what hath 'he to do with cloathing, ſeeing he never feels any cold? But I pray how would 'you cloath him? ſhall he put on *Breeches*? or ſhall he ſtill were a *Bib*? I ſee what 'the matter is, you would tempt fortune; it will not coſt you much to cloath him; 'for he is ſo little, he may be put into ones pocket; and beſides, the ſuit you ſhall 'make him, will laſt him a long time, for he grows not at all. But tell me, I pray, 'hath he given over crying in the night? Doth the little Knave keep his bed clean? 'doth he not Caca in his Quiver for want of a Chamber-pot? Can he feed himſelf? 'how many teeth hath he? If you are troubled with him, your beſt courſe were to 'beſtow him on ſome Princeſs on earth; ſhe might haply be very tender of him, and 'would play with him, as if he were ſome little Dwarf.

This

This divine Jeſter directed all theſe encounters to *Cupid*, who to be reveng'd of him began to make ready his bow: but *Venus* perſwaded him, that the green and yellow *Capuche* that *Momus* wore was proof againſt his darts. In the mean time *Momus* by the order of *Jupiter* commanded the *Tritons*, who ſtood by all this time, to play on their Cornets, and appointed ſome *Fawns* to play on their Flutes, that by the ſound of their Inſtruments they might not ſuffer the jaw-bones of the Gods to be idle. He himſelf plaid his part with them on the bells he had at his knees, wherewith he made a ſpecial noiſe in dancing. He had alſo a ſtick with two Swine-bladders full of peaſe faſtened to the ends, wherewith he kept time with the reſt upon the ſwollen cheeks of the Loud-muſick, which muſt needs yield an excellent harmony.

The ſecond Courſe was hardly on the Table, but the Gods were extreamly amaz'd at the new ſort of meats that was ſerved in to them. The *Ideas* they found moſt excellent: yet *Æſculapius* ſaid to *Jupiter*, Let your Majeſty commend this to others; this kind of meat is not cordial for you, it is too windy. *Saturn* and *Fate* hearing this, took all to themſelves, and it found them no more work then a Strawberry to a Swine: though the Doctor told them alſo, that he knew well their conſtitution, and that thoſe *Ideas* would prove purgative to them, and that he foreſaw it would give them the ſquirt. As for the ſouls which were fryed, he permitted *Jupiter* to feed of them, aſſuring him they were extreamly nutritive. Hence grew an occaſion of drinking abundance of wine and nectar, for *Vulcan* had ſpic'd the ſauces a little too much. *Ganimede* gave *Jupiter* to drink, *Hebe* to *Juno*, and the *Satyres* to to all the other Gods. Now the good *Janus*, who had been charg'd to ſee that theſe brave Cupbearers did not drink, had in the beginning well diſcharg'd himſelf of his duty, and had rail'd at two Satyres who had confuted a bottle; but at length his faithfulneſs was corrupted: They promiſed him, that if he would ſay nothing, they would give him as much as any ſix others. So that having accepted this propoſition, while one preſented him a glaſs before, another gave him one behind. In the mean time the *Satyres* drank by turns at the ſide-table, without any fear of *Silenus*, who by this time was fallen aſleep in his chair, and ſnored ſo loud that he made almoſt as much noiſe as the muſick. Howbeit *Janus* had two faces, yet had he but one head; ſo that the wine and nectar which he had liberally taken fumed into his brain, and ſomwhat troubled it: And being now arrived to a loſs of all modeſty and temperance, he drank a health to *Bacchus*, deſiring he would pledge him. *Bacchus* ask'd for wine; but the Waiters being buſie about ſomwhat elſe, heard him not. He perceiving himſelf ſo careleſly attended, took his knife and knock'd ſeven or eight times on the table as hard as he could for to make them hear: which action was very ill taken, for it ſeem'd by that he thought he was in ſome Tavern. Yet *Jupiter* paſs'd it by, knowing the good humour of the Companion, and being deſirous to give *Janus* and him their loads, Hola there! ſays he, Fill them their wine. Sing my boys: begin *Janus*, thou art the challenger in this combat. What will your Majeſty have me ſing? replies *Janus*: ſhall I ſay ſomwhat of this liquor that elevates the heart? Sing what thou wilt, ſays *Jupiter*. Whereupon *Janus* ſung what he knew, and that ſo admirably, that never came there any thing neer it: For the mouth before was the Baſe, and that behind the Treble; ſo that he alone made an excellent muſick of two parts, except that ever and anon it was interrupted by a certain hiccock which diſcovered the generoſity of his heart, that ſtill thruſt back any thing that was diſtaſtefull to it. *Bacchus* having taken his full bowl, ſung,

Great Alexander *ſo lov'd Wine.*

making withall an harmonious clattering with two Trenchers one againſt another; He burthen'd his ſong with turning of his eyes, and ſuch waggiſh poſtures, that it made all the company very merry. This egg'd every one to further debauchment, and it came ſo home, that the very Goddeſſes were at their *Rubies on their nails.*

Upon this *Mercury* uſher'd in the third Courſe, which conſiſted altogether of *celeſtial* living creatures: There was both *fleſh* and *fiſh*; ſo that there was no ſmall amazement at this diverſity of meats. *Jupiter* ſaid, he would have the pleaſure to let the company gheſs where ſuch different ſervices could be found; and that after ſupper he would tell them the truth. The moſt part fed, without deſiring to be informed what it was; and there remained not the fourth part.

As for the laſt Courſe, it was very ſumptuous: For *Pomona* had brought of all ſorts of fruits, and the Cooks had made bak'd devices. *Proſerpina* took a great deal of Tart and Biskets, and put into her pocket, ſaying it was for her darling *Alecto*. This was not thought well-beſeeming; and it was eaſily ſeen that the good Lady thought herſelf at ſome Country-wedding. But they had not time to ſpeak of it, becauſe there were heard ſuch loud cryings at the entrance of the Hall, that every one asked what the matter was. *Mercury* came and told them, that it was only the *Pedees* of *Mars* were at cuffs with the *Pages* of the *Sun*, for the leg of the ſoul of a Turky-hen, which they had ſnatch'd from thoſe that took away. *Jupiter* commanded *Pythagoras* to be ſent to them to teach them ſilence. For as for *Harpocrates*, who was the God of *ſilence*, he could not now hold his peace himſelf, ſince his mouth was opened; and therefore was ſo much the further from being able to make others hold theirs: Beſides, it was now but fitting he ſhould enjoy the preſent ſatisfaction which he took in ſpeaking, while he had the means and liberty. It muſt be ſuppoſed the pleaſure he took in it was ſo much the greater, by how much it was more then ordinary with him. Not to mention, that the good chear he had made had ſo poſſeſs'd his brain, that he had forgotten his Quality.

This tumult being appeaſed, they look'd towards *Ianus*, who being quite drunk was grown very inſolent. When ſupper began, he had put on his *Serpent* that bites its own tail, like a Scarf; but now he had taken it off to beſtow it about the ears of thoſe were near him; and he would needs go play the Tumbler, and make hey-paſſes as if it had been through a hoop, had they not hindred him. For want of this diverſion, he beſet himſelf to prattle with both his tongues together. His two mouths abus'd one the other, contradicted and belyed one another; and preſently becoming friends again, defied one another to drink. If the one laugh'd, the other cry'd; and if he had promiſed any thing with the mouth before, he perform'd never the more for that, for that behind recall'd it, ſaying it had not conſented thereto. Beſides, the face he had backward was the more ancient; and to ſeem knowing, it would never be of the ſame opinion with the other, which was its younger brother. *Jupiter* ſeeing *Juno* did nothing but lowre at all this, caus'd the good *Ianus* to retire, and be diſpos'd on ſome bed. Then the Table was taken away, and the nine *Muſes* tuned their Inſtruments. While they were ſinging three or four new airs, *Mercury*, *Vulcan*, *Momus*, the *Cyclops*, the *Tritons*, the *Satyres*, and the reſt that had waited had the leiſure to ſup. As ſoon as they had done, the *Tritons* were ſent for to make the company dance by the noiſe of their Cornets. Having begun a Brawl, *Jupiter* took *Juno*; *Mars*, *Venus*; the *Sun*, his *Siſter*; and ſo every one his Mate: among the reſt *Fate* took *Fortune*; and 'twas a pleaſant ſight to ſee him dance in his night-gown with that light Goddeſs, who being ever accuſtom'd to go on a bowl or a wheel, frigg'd it ſtrangely on a firm floor: ſhe ſhak'd him ſo vigorouſly, that one of his ſlippers ſlipt off his foot, and his night-cap fell off his head, and his ſpectacles fell down, which he had put on to ſee if he obſerv'd his paces aright. *Vulcan*, *Momus*, *Mercury*, and ſome others were not in the dance; they had an itch to play ſome knaviſh prank to make merry the company, and that was to act a Comedy. *Vulcan*, who was not much acquainted with matters of that nature, ſaid there needed no more then to take a certain Piece of a Greek Poet's, wherein the Author had made all ſpeak ſo, as they could eaſily find what they had to ſay. That would be too ruſtick, ſays *Mercury*; we muſt doe ſomewhat that's new. We have here in the houſe the *Muſes*, which are more knowing then the *Poets*, ſeeing they inſpire them: Yet to tell you the truth, they will not ſhew us any thing proper for us, ſuch is their pretence to chaſtity and reſervation; and I do not ſee how thoſe that make Love-

verſes

verſes can imagine they aſſiſt them therein, when they never make any themſelves. However I muſt tell you that we will not want for Poetry, if we pleaſe, though we have neither *Homer* nor *Heſiod*; for we have *Pythagoras* and *Plato*, that talk as ſtrange things as the Poets. *Vulcan* liking well of this, called theſe Philoſophers; and *Pythagoras* being acquainted with the deſign of theſe Gods, ſaid to them, As to the ſubject and diſcourſes of your Comedy, ſeek out another Author: but if you will diſguiſe your ſelves and entertain the company with a Mummery, I promiſe you my beſt aſſiſtance: I underſtand the buſineſs of *Lots* as well as any, and particularly that of the Dye; I can make you caſt *paſſage* at every caſt. I can tell a little how to cheat too, ſays *Mercury*; Come, let's do that, there needs not ſo much preparation. That ſaid, they reſolved to repreſent the divers qualities of Mortals, which was a cuſtom they had ever obſerved, meerly to be in ſome degree reveng'd of men who ever in their Comedies repreſent the Gods.

While they were looking for cloaths and vizards to diſguiſe themſelves, the other Gods broke off their revelling; and having ſeated themſelves up and down, began to talk merrily of their antient Loves. There was only *Saturn* would bear no part in theſe enjoyments; but went to hold *Janus* his head, who was diſgorging into his twice double-lin'd Cap. Being return'd, he made the whole preſence laugh; for he began diſcourſes ſo ſimple and fond, as ſoon diſcover'd he was ſo old that he had renewed his infancie. In the mean while *Venus*, deſirous of ſome other diverſion, jeer'd *Jupiter* for having forc'd him ſo often to change ſhape: The beſt thing ſhe ſaid to him was, that he had not practiſed his Transformations ſeaſonably, and that it was not for *Europa* that he ſhould have chang'd himſelf into a *Bull*, but for *Io* whom himſelf had chang'd into a *Cow*; becauſe if they had both had the bodies of the ſame Animal, they had done better together, and they might have generated a number of little Calves which might have been deified, and might have graz'd very decently in heaven. *Jupiter* deſirous to prove in the firſt place, that the moſt chaſte Deities have been ſometimes overcome by Love, as well as himſelf had, brought into play the *Suns* Siſter who was neer him, and ſhewed how ſhe had been in love with *Endymion* and *Hyppolitus*. But ſhe alleadged for her defence, that ſith ſhe never ſaw the one but when he was aſleep, ſhe could not receive any Love-enjoyment from him: And that as for the other, ſhe loved him not for any reaſon but becauſe he had ſpu'd himſelf chaſte; and that if he had yielded at her firſt aſſault, ſhe would have deſpiſed him. *Venus* in the mean time told *Neptune* in his ear, She hath ſome reaſon indeed to ſlight my Son's *torch*; for 'twere to much purpoſe for her *to* be burnt by it, when it ſhould burn no body for her: I never fear'd her being the fourth among thoſe that ſhould ſtrive for the *golden* Apple, ſhe's the moſt ugly here, and her face is as round as a Tabor. If her face be withall big, replies *Neptune*, ſhe is by ſo much the more proper to be beloved, for many may kiſs her at once. But you conſider not, replies *Venus*, that when her Lovers expected a whole face, they ſhould find but half a one: do you not know ſhe changes every quarter of a month, and that ſometimes ſhe increaſes, and ſometimes decreaſes?

Venus having ſpoken thus of the *Moon*, ſumm'd up what detractions ſhe could of all the other Goddeſſes, thinking by that means to advance her own beauty. She had her belly-full of jeering at the ugly viſage of *Proſerpina*, and her cloaths which were not in faſhion, and of her dreſſing, which was ſo unhandſom, that it was eaſily ſeen that the infernal *Furies* were her ordinary Tire-women. She muſt needs alſo take occaſion to laugh at the extravagant dreſſing of old *Cybele*, who had Cities and Caſtles on her head. But *Aurora* who was ſomwhat neer her, came and ſaid to her, Do not jeer at her fair Cypris; it would ſomwhat puzzle you to find out a more commodious faſhion for an antient and modeſt Goddeſs as ſhe is: I ſpeak what I know; for ever ſince the beginning of the world I am her Tire-woman, and every morning I give her a Gown according to the ſeaſons, ſometimes embroidered with pearls and flowers, and laced with green, and ſometimes ſet out with golden harveſts or ſilver ſnows.

While

'While *Aurora* and *Venus* were thus engag'd in a tattle, *Jupiter* ſpeaking of the 'Loves of the reſt as well as of his own, ſaid, that ſeeing they had all taken the plea-'ſure not to have abated one laſcivious prank they could have plaid, he was not a-'maz'd at any thing but one, which was, that the fair *Cytherea* Queen of *Unchaſtity*, 'after ſo many adulteries and inceſts, had not committed that of lying with her own 'ſon; and that never any ſuch imagination entred the brain of any *Poet*. This propo-'ſition was cenſured abominable: So that *Jupiter* being oblig'd to change diſcourſe, 'ſpake thus to the whole Aſſembly. I would not erewhiles diſcover unto you what 'meat you fed on in the laſt courſe; you ſhall not any longer be in any doubt of it: 'They were the celeſtial living creatures that you were preſented with. *Venus* told 'me but now, that I was to blame for not having transform'd my ſelf into a *Bull*, for 'to enjoy *Io* when ſhe was a *Cow*, whence might ariſe a generation of little Calves to 'people the heavens: But I ſhould have been ſorry to have had ſuch childreu; for 'when I ſhould no more endure Beaſts in ſo brave a country, I muſt have been forc'd 'to kill them with the reſt.

'*Jupiter* had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but all the Preſence murmur'd againſt him, and 'eſpecially thoſe who were any thing concerned in the buſineſs. *Bacchus* was angry 'for having loſt his *Ram*, *Herculos* his *Hydra*; and every one complain'd, that the 'Creatures which were dedicated to them were taken out of a place where they did 'them ſo much honour. The *Sun* cry'd out above all the reſt, ſaying he cared not 'whether ever he walk'd any more through the heaven, now that his ordinary *Land-'lords* were not in the twelve Innes where he uſed to lodge. To be ſhort, 'twas ge-'nerally concluded that *Jupiter* was to blame for putting to death a ſort of beaſts 'which did him no hurt, and which beſides belong'd not to him; and that he ſhould 'rather have kill'd his own *Eagle*, or his Wife's *Peacock*, and not entertain his gueſts 'at their own charges. You are angry at a ſmall matter, ſays *Jupiter*: Is there any 'reaſon there ſhould remain any Beaſts in Heaven, when we ſend ſo many generous 'Captains and learned Philoſophers to Hell? What ſervice had we from ſo many 'creatures, unleſs it were to find paſtime for the petty Gods, as *Ganimed* and *Cupid*, 'who made it their employment to lead them up and down in a ſtring? Moreover, if 'we had had he and ſhe of every one, you might ſtand upon't that ſome profit might 'be made of them, and that they might bring forth young: But they were all diſpro-'portionable; and if they had once but been any thing hot, I leave you to conſider 'what kind of monſters they had produced; as if the *Bull* and the *Hydra* had gone 'together, or the *Ram* and the *Bear*. What's more then all; there would not have 'been any ſhould have had any milk fit to make cheeſe of, and I ſuppoſe there's none 'will avow it had been any great revenue to go and milk them every day for nothing. 'But if haply it be ſaid they had ſome feathers or furs which would have ſerved us to 'ſome purpoſe, I have done well to kill them, that we might have them. And to the 'end there ſhould be no partiality uſed as to all the other Signs of heaven, both ani-'mate and inanimate, I have caus'd them all to be taken away, leaving nothing but 'the Stars to give their ordinary light. As for the *Demy-Gods* & *Demy-Godeſſes*, as the 'Centaure and *Andromedes*, I have alſo caus'd them to be removed, to wait on me in 'my palace: And as for whatever was inſenſible, I have diſpos'd all to thoſe uſes 'whereto they are moſt fit, as the *Crown* to put on *Iuno's* head, and the *Bowl* for my 'ſelf to drink in. As for the River *Eridan*, I have not conceiv'd we have any need 'of it; for it runs ſo ſlowly, that it is but as dead water, which is not good either to 'drink or waſh any thing withall; and we had much ado to get ſo much clean water 'as to waſh our hands before meat, which we have been fain to ſtrain through a cloth 'to make it look a little clearer: Therefore I have cauſed certain holes to be made 'in that part of heaven where that River is, ſo that it ſtill glides down upon the earth; 'and I believe men are ſomwhat amaz'd to ſee it rain ſo plentifully. Now it is partly 'for their ſakes that I have taken all theſe Signs out of heaven; 'tis for to puniſh 'them for the contempt which a while ſince they were guilty of towards me: They 'ſhall not henceforward have the pleaſure to ſee the heavens diverſified with ſo many 'figures, whence they eaſily foreſaw things to come.

And

'And this is the Remonſtrance which *Jupiter* made to the reſt of the Gods; and 'to ſay truth, he had entertained ſuch a jealouſie againſt *Bacchus*, *Love*, *Sleep*, and 'ſome others, who many times were ador'd in his ſtead, that he was big with a de-'ſign to bring ſome miſchief on Gods and men together. Yet was there not one in 'the Company durſt diſcover his reſentment, bethinking themſelves, that if he was 'truly angry, he was powerful enough to ruine them. The fair *Phœbus* well remem-'bred the day when he had baniſh'd him out of heaven, and reduc'd him to a poſture 'of begging in the earth, till at laſt he was commended to ſome petty King to be his 'Cowherd. There was not one who could not call to minde ſome ſuch token of 'his indignation; but as they were ruminating on this ſad ſubject, *Comus* enters the 'Hall, with a Torch in his hand. *Momus* follow'd him cloath'd like a King, and '*Vulcan* dreſs'd like a Queen; but he would have been ſo much the more diſguis'd, 'if he could have forborn limping. The other Maskers were clad, ſome like Soul-'diers, others like Philoſophers, and many like Tradeſmen. *Pythagoras* dreſt like a 'a Fool, was going to expreſs the moral of the Mask, while there enters of a ſudden 'into the place a ſort of people which no body knew. *Jupiter* thought they had had 'relation to the former Maskers, but *Vulcan* and his fellow Actors had not brought 'them in. The firſt of the troop, who had a Flaxen curl'd head of hair, and a 'Crown of *Lawrel* on his head, advanc'd as far as the midſt of the Hall, and play-'ing on a Harp he had in his hand, ſung theſe words, O great *Jupiter*, who art ob-'lig'd to render juſtice to all the world, how long wilt thou ſuffer there ſhould be 'Gods Gods and Goddeſſes that intermeddle with the charges of others, and are not 'content with their own? Behold, here we are a company of Divinities, depriv'd of 'all wealth and honors, who come and demand thy aſſiſtance. I will tell thee one 'thing that never came into the conſideration of the Gods. There are in this place 'a ſort of Affronters, who beſides the charge which hath been given them, have en-'croached upon ours, and have made believe we were not in the world, whence it 'hath hapned that we were not invited to thy Banquet. That yong Gallant that 'ſtands by thee, who pretends to ſo much beauty with his golden Muſtachoes, ſhould 'he not be content with the conduct of that Chariot which brings the day with it; 'but that he muſt withal be the Conductor of the *Muſes*? 'Tis I that am he, I am 'the true *Apollo*, the ſon of *Jupiter* and *Latona*, and the God of *Propheſie*, *Poetry* 'and *Muſick*; and he is but the Son of *Tytan*, and ſome obſcure Divinity. Here 'is alſo my ſiſter *Diana* comes after me, who alſo complains of the *Moon* there, who 'entrenches on her quality.

'This *Apollo* would have ſung more; but his ſiſter coming forwards as ſoon as he 'had ſpoken of her, came and ſaid to *Luna*, What Impoſture is this! Thou mak'ſt the 'world believe that thou and I are but one: There are many ſuch teſtimonies of thy 'lewdneſs, for thou wouldſt ſometimes fain perſwade men, that thou governeſt in '*Heaven*, in the *Forreſts*, and *Hell*. How canſt thou ſatisfie ſo many Profeſſions? 'Tis well known, that when thou ſhineſt in heaven, I am ſeen hunting in the woods. 'I believe thou art ſo impudent as to ſay thou mayeſt be in ſeveral places, and that 'when there appears but one half of thee in heaven, thy other half is on earth. But 'all this granted, canſt thou be *Proſerpina* too, who is the daughter of *Ceres*? where-'as 'tis known thou art the daughter of *Latona*: Thou ſayſt thou art chaſte, yet '*Proſerpina* is married to *Pluto*. But wouldſt thou not be called *Lucina* too, inter-'poſing thy ſelf in *Juno's* affairs? doſt thou not betray thy want of diſcretion, in de-'ſiring that women in childe-bed ſhould invoke thee for Midwife! Canſt thou who 'art a Maid, know any thing in that buſineſs?

'This *Diana* had no ſooner began this Harangue, but ſhe was interrupted by ſome 'other *Divinities*, who had the like complaint to make. There was a God of *Time* 'that oppos'd *Saturn*; and a *Minerva*, *Pallas*; inſomuch, that there was not one in '*Jupiters* Aſſembly that was not challeng'd for ſomewhat; and he himſelf not being 'exempted, knew not well what to ſay. The confuſion was ſo great, that they would 'not hear one the other ſpeak; ſo that the Maskers ſeeing their deſign diſappointed, 'put off their Viſards, for to ſpeak face to face to thoſe that gave them offence.

Every

'Every one ſtrove to give the moſt antient records he could of the power then in 'debate; and he that gave the beſt account of his genealogie, carried it. The moſt 'part referr'd the difference wholly to the judgment of *Plato* and *Pythagoras*: but 'they excuſed themſelves, profeſſing their incapacity in that point. *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, 'and *Fate* were of opinion the buſineſs ſhould be referr'd to *Homer*, *Heſiod*, and *The-*'*ognis*, and ſuch other *Poets* as had treared at large of their original and power. But 'there was not any one had the patience to ſtay till they were ſent for to the *Elyzian* 'fields: beſides it was conſidered they could not give much ſatisfaction, becauſe it had 'been their ignorance and careleſneſs that had caus'd all the diſorder, in ſtead of pre-'ſerving the glory of the Gods, and had every foot ranked among them infamous 'Princes; being ſo little thrifty of *Divinity*, that they attributed it to a Tripe-'woman *ſconc'd* at the corner of a ſtreet, if it happened ſhe was their Mi-'ſtreſs.

'The *Gods* being now quite ignorant whom to addreſs themſelves to for the de-'ciding of this difference, diſputed the matter with that earneſtneſs, that there began 'a furious quarrel among them. *Bacchus* cut the noſes and ears of all came in his way 'with his *pruning-hook*, and *Ceres* did the like with her *ſickle*: *Apollo*, *Diana*, and '*Cupid* ſhot a world of *arrows*: The *Muſes* broke their *Harps* and their *Timbrels* 'on the heads of thoſe ſaid any thing to them: *Venus* paid *Proſerpina* about the ears 'with one of her *patins*, and thruſt pins into her breech: *Saturn* cut the hams of 'thoſe he met with his *ſithe*: But above all, *Mars* and *Minerva* were moſt terrible, 'the one for his *ſword*, the other for her *lance*. Thoſe that had no arms caſt ſtools at 'one anothers heads: And there was not any but was in the charge, except the God '*Terminus*: He had all the while kept his arſe warm on a cuſhion, where he ſate 'moſt majeſtically, believing all ought to give him place, and that he was thought ſo 'redouted that they durſt not aſſault him. But he was much deceiv'd; they ſcorn'd 'to ſtrike ſuch a ſimple wretch, whom they thought not able to hurt any body, nor 'had any other faculty then that of Reſiſting.

'*Jupiter* miſtruſted now that *Diſcord* had rais'd this ſedition, becauſe ſhe was not 'reſpected as ſhe ſhould have been: She had not had her meſs brought her ſoon e-'nough; and *Sleep* who had receiv'd charge to ſet her abed, leſt ſhe ſhould come and 'diſturb their enjoyments, was faln aſleep himſelf, having gotten drunk in the Kitchin 'among the Turn-ſpits, whereof he was one. She therefore being awake, and having 'a deſire of revenge, made it her buſines to ſtir up the *modern Gods* againſt the *antient*. 'And *Jupiter* ſeeing that blows were dealt in the diſorder by all, without conſidering 'whether they were friends or foes, knew that the final ruine of ſo many different 'Divinities was neer at hand: And not deigning any other but himſelf ſhould have 'the honour to end this difference, he hurl'd his Thunder-bolt among the Comba-'tants, not caring to deſtroy himſelf withall. This blow was ſo effectual, that his 'Palace was turn'd to aſhes with it, and ſince that time there hath not been any Poet 'could tell us what became of all thoſe were in it: But the more knowing ſort of 'men, who I expect ſhould give me ſome credit, will hence eaſily inſer that all thoſe 'falſe Gods are not now in the world; and if there cannot any more be ſeen in the 'heavens thoſe living creatures they had plac'd there, it's to be ſuppoſed they were all 'eaten up at this Banquet, as I have told you, and that there remained nothing but 'Stars. And if men cannot obſerve the *Sun* and *Moon* in *chariots* drawn by horſes, 'it is becauſe thoſe great Luminaries have their dependance on an Infinite Power 'who makes them go alone, without having occaſion to be drawn by thoſe excellent 'Waggoners which the folly of Poets had beſtowed on them. Whoever therefore 'that ſhall any more mention theſe powerleſs Divinities, after he hath heard what we 'have deliver'd of them, let him aſſure himſelf he ſhall be taken for one, who eſteem-'ing nothing but what the *Antients* have left us, imagines it a matter of great repu-'tation to be a Fool with *Antiquity*.

'For my part, if you think it ſtrange I have related all you have heard, know I 'receiv'd it from *Pythagoras*, who at the beginning of the fray of the Gods went out 'of the Palace, and finding at the gate the Bow of *Iris* which is the Ladder of heaven,

ſlid

'ſlid down along to the earth; where having a long time wandred up and down, 'a fancy took him to turn *Iackdaw*, as he had ſometimes been a *Cock*. I had 'bought him of a Bird-ſeller, and had made him ſo tame that he would come and 'feed out of my hand. One day he jump'd upon my table, where there was an Al-'phabet in a great character: After he had divers times pointed at certain Letters 'with his bill, I ſate me down and obſerved him, imagining there might be ſomwhat 'of deſign in it, as indeed there was; for not being able to ſpeak, he acquainted me 'with his fortune by that invention. I ſhould have ſpent many long dayes to put to-'gether the letters he touch'd, and exactly write the words; and beſides I miſtook 'ſometimes, and miſobſerved the characters: So that my Daw bethought it to take 'ink in his bill, and to write me down his intentions, to ſpare me that trouble. By that 'means I got from him one part; and for the other, he told it me with his tongue, 'which by little and little began to be unbound, and ſo gave me the full relation of 'the *Banquet of the Gods*. I think this learned Bird was unwilling I ſhould know any 'more from him: For as ſoon as the laſt Letter of the diſcourſe I received from him 'was finiſh'd, he flew away through a window which I had left open, not thinking 'he would ever have forſaken me.

HEre *Montenor* gave over reading, there being no more in his Papers; and *Anſelme* affirm'd, that all he had heard was infinitely pleaſant; but he wondred at one thing only, which was, that the Gods took no *Tobacco* in ſuch an illuſtrious Debauchery. *Tobacco* is the laſt courſe in hell, ſaid *Montenor*, 'tis no Celeſtial food; yet *Pluto*, who could not forget his ordinary diſh, carried ſome always about him, and 'tis to be conceiv'd, that after this famous Banquet he did take ſome. The Author aſſur'd it, and told me at the ſame time, that there was not any but *Prometheus*, who would taſte of this new diſh. And that he hath not mention'd it, was becauſe he conceiv'd that did nothing againſt the Poets: no more hath he ſaid, that *Mars* durſt drink neither wine nor nectar, and that he had by him ſome Diet-drink in a bottle, which *Æſculapius* had preſented him, whereof he drank now and then, becauſe *Venus* had given him the Running of the Reins. In like manner divers other undeſcent things have been paſt by, leſt it ſhould have prov'd of ill example to the Readers; and particularly there hath been nothing ſaid of *Priapus*, who beſides what hath been mentioned of him, play'd ſome other pranks of his profeſſion. The Author reſerves all that for the Commentaries he intends upon his *Banquet of the Gods*; and in the mean time theſe good things are only ſpoken under the Roſe, and to Good-fellows.

But we are yet to know the opinion of our noble *Shepherd* of this Piece. In good faith the Author is a crafty knave, ſays *Lyſis*; yet he hath a good wit, 'tis his own fault, if he make not good uſe of it, but I ſhould have wiſht, he had ſpoken of the Gods more reverently then he hath. You do not apprehend the buſineſs, replyes *Montenor*, do you not ſee it is his deſign to abuſe them? The Ancients have left us many monſtrous volumns, wherein there is neither reaſon nor conduct. Every one feigns and imagines a world of Divinities, as they pleaſe themſelves; and if one hath aſſign'd them ſuch a father and mother, he that writ after him, hath found them others. As for the places of their birth, and their ſeveral actions, they agree as ill as the Clocks of the Suburbs do with thoſe of the City. Beſides, they relate *Metamorphoſes* and other miracles, that have not any probability at all. Our Author would laugh at all this, and note, that all the Poets are much oblig'd to him, for in this diſcourſe he hath clear'd up abundance of obſcure things, which they themſelves underſtood not, and whereof they could not give any ſhadow of reaſon. Conſider all he hath ſaid of the the *Thread* of the *Deſtinies*, of the *Signs* of heaven, of *Aurora* and the *Sun*; they are things, which though they render the Fables ridiculous, yet give withal a greater diſcovery of their abſurdities. As for inſtance, The Poets aſſure us that the *Sun* is a God fill'd with heat and light, who walking through the heavens, enlightens us here; and yet they ſay withal, that having lent his Chariot to *Phaeton*, he gave the world the day inſtead of the other, but that approaching too near the earth, he was like to burn it up; what an abſurdity is this? for ſeeing the *Sun* himſelf was not there, what light and what heat could there be? In what manner have thoſe egregious Cockſcombs ever explain'd this? No, they never troubled themſelves to do it; for they ſpeak confuſedly of the power of their Divinities, without laying any foundation for things. They have never given us any certain information, whether that body which we ſee be the head of the God *Apollo*, (as it is likely, becauſe there is an appearance of a face) or whether it be a Torch he carries in his hand, or haply his Chariot all a fire. Some call him *Phœbus* with the golden hair, others the Torch of the day, and others the burning Chariot. How then ſhall we underſtand the Fable of *Phaeton*? without queſtion we muſt ſay that there is in the heaven a great Globe of fire, which *Apollo* faſtens behinde his Head, or behinde his Chariot, when he is to go his courſe, and that it was poſſible he might have given it to his Son. But wher's he among the Poets, that hath thus particulariz'd theſe things. It is my Author hath found out this ſleight, and hath taught it me; doth he not ſay that the Sun *faſtens his beams about his head*? I ſhould never have done, if I would ſpecifie all the places where he hath clear'd up the Fables

bles. Remember it, that you may obſerve them, and believe what I tell you, and that is, that the diſcourſe I have now read to you, excels all the Poets have ever writ. All will not grant you that, ſays *Anſelme*; conſider, that the *Fables* of the *Poets* are *Myſtical* things, wherein all the ancient wiſdom lies hid. They have done well to make you believe that, replyes *Montenor*: There is *Notalis*, *Comes*, and ſome other Gentlemen of Leaſure, who have employ'd themſelves to make *Mythologies*, and have found out thoſe expoſitions of the Fables, which never came into the imaginations of the Poets. But aſſure your ſelf, that if I had a minde to moralize on the *Romance* of *Melluſin*, and *Robin the Devil*, I could finde out as handſome things, as upon that of the *Syrens* and *Hercules*. What do you think my Author hath ſaid any thing without reaſon? If the Night-cap and Spectacles of *Fate* fall down in dancing, he ſhall tell you what it ſignifies, and he is able enough to make a Methologie on his *Banquet of the Gods*. Be not angry, we eaſily believe it, ſays *Lyſis*, and I aſſure you withal, that I have a great eſteem of the ingenuity of this Author; but I would not adviſe him to print this piece by it ſelf, becauſe it is too ſhort. My *Genius* tells me he is deſign'd to compoſe my Hiſtory? 'tis there he may diſpoſe of it. What know you whether it will be convenient, ſays *Anſelme*: Men laugh at thoſe who have foiſted into their *Romances* things which were not to the purpoſe. I'll furniſh you with another invention, he muſt in its proper place mention that the *Banquet of the Gods* hath been read to you, and then it ſhall be put in the end of the Book by it ſelf. If divers Anthors I could name, had known this cunning ſlight, their works would have been better by much, and they could not have been tax'd to have interlarded them with Hiſtories and Verſes repeated to ſo little purpoſe, that the Readers paſs them over when they meet them. Thus in the *Argemi*, there are ſuch long diſcourſes as might make a Book apart, beſides that fine Story of the *Excrement*, with the Verſes on that ſubject; which *Barclay* would needs thruſt into his *Romance*, for to give it a better ſent in the world. Thou art Satyrical, friend, ſays *Lyſis*, keep thy adviſe to thy ſelf, make thy own Hiſtory, after thy own faſhion, and let me alone to take order for mine. This *Banquet of the Gods* is not improper for me as thoſe pieces thou quoteſt. It treats of thoſe things which have moſt relation to what I have in deſign; and it is ſo much to my purpoſe, that I ſhall remember it as long as I live; and he that ſhould not put it in would commit an error, and ſhould not be a faithful Hiſtorian; for ſeeing it is true it hath been read to me, it is neceſſary it ſhould be put down word for word, to ſhew what conſequence the diſcourſe might have, and what judgement I ſhould make of it. But ſtay, ſeeing my renown is diſpers'd every where, and that the Painters have already taken my picture, may it not be that ſome *Romanciſt* of this age hath already undertaken to write of my *Loves*; for there are thoſe who hunt every where for ſubjects to exerciſe themſelves on. I am clearly againſt it, that's a thing ought not to be done without my approbation. He thereupon turn'd to the *Stationer*, and ſaid to him, Sir, have you not THE LOVES OF THE SHEPHERD LYSIS? No indeed Sir, replyes the Stationer, I do not know the Book; I do not believe there is any hath ſuch a Tile. I am very glad on't replyes the *Shepherd*, you ſhall ſee ſuch a thing one day, and you ſhall have the Copy of it. I acquaint you that I am going to *Forreſts*, to run through divers adventures for to amplifie the matter; and believe it, there will happen to me ſuch rare things, that when they are well writ, as I hope they ſhall be, and that you ſhall make them be well printed, there will ſell more of the Book, then any other in the world: For know, that I obſerve the *Art* of *Loving* better then any lover that ever appear'd on the Theatre of Hiſtory. I am ſorry I came not hither in my Shepherds habit, you ſhould have ſeen that it became me better then that *Celadon*, who is in the Frontiſpiece of your *Aſtrea*.

The Stationer ſeeing that *Anſelme* and *Montenor* could not forbear laughing at theſe pleaſant extravagancies, could not chuſe but laugh too. There were ſome in the ſhop who came to buy Books, and they were ſomewhat amaz'd at it; and conſidering the actions and words of *Lyſis*, did almoſt take him for what he was. A

Sallad-wench that was in the ſtreet, quite raviſh'd with admiration to ſee him, pluck'd by the apron one that cry'd Hot bak'd Pears, for to ſtay her and make her partake of the pleaſure: Nay there was a Begger, who for being taken up there, loſt a meſs of Pottage which he ſhould have had three doors off.

At length *Anſelme* being in haſte to be gone, took five or ſix books, and paid the Stationer for them. But *Montenor* looking what they were, ſaid, Certainly you have not much to do with mony, ſeeing you beſtow it ſo ill: For my part, I am ſick at the heart if I but hear read three lines of thoſe fopperies: Theſe books are as profitable to thoſe that read them not, as to thoſe that read them. You underſtand not our affairs, ſays *Lyſis* to him: We buy theſe books for no other end but to ſee if we can do greater wonders then what are related in them; you ſhall have your ſhare of the pleaſure there will be to ſee them done: Aſſure your ſelf, that if the Lovers in theſe hiſtories paſs two days without eating, I will four; and if they ſhed tears as big as ones thumb, I will ſhed as big as ones head. You mean a pins head perhaps, replies *Montenor*; and if you faſt all day, you will burſt with eating at night. You are a ſcoffer, *Montenor*, ſays *Lyſis*: you ſhall find that my words and my actions can well keep houſe together.

That being paſt, he went into the Coach with *Anſelme*, and *Montenor* alſo, becauſe he then had no horſe. *Anſelme* took this Gentleman home to ſupper: And as he was ſtill ſhewing *The Banquet of the Gods*, which he had taken back from the Stationer, he ſaid, that ſeeing *Lyſis* thought the Piece too ſhort to be printed by it ſelf, he would return it to the Author. Nor made he any difficulty to tell them, that he who had made it was call'd *Clarimond*, a Young-man of moſt excellent parts, and one that liv'd hard by his houſe in *Forreſts*. *Lyſis* underſtanding ſo much, was infinitely ſatisfied, promiſing he ſhould one day diſpoſe of him as he pleaſed.

He ſpent the night, and the beſt part of the next day in reading the books which were bought: And the day of their departure being come, *Montenor* came to *Anſelme's* houſe, ſo that they went all three together in the Coach. They ask'd *Lyſis* whether he knew how many leagues it were from *Paris* to *Forreſts*? He anſwered, that to his remembrance he had heard ſay there was a hundred. Who told you ſo are deceiv'd, ſays *Anſelme*; and if they have counted a hundred leagues hence into that Country, they have not known the neareſt way. But without any further information as to that point, I'll bring you thither in two dayes. I make no queſtion of that, replies *Lyſis*; it may be *Love* hath lent your horſes wings to make them go faſter.

They entertained themſelves in this manner with many excellent Poetical imaginations by the way, as alſo in the Innes where they baited. In the evening they reach'd a Village, whereof *Montenor's* Brother was Lord; the Gentlemans name was *Fleurial*, and his Wife's was called *Cecilia*. *Anſelme* was willing to go ſee them before he went to *Brie*, that *Lyſis* conceiving they went a great way, might believe he was carried into *Forreſts*. *Montenor's* Siſter-in-law, who was a merry Grig, preſently diſcover'd that the Young-man had not the ſoundeſt brain: And to be more certain of it, ſhe ſet upon him and ask'd him why he was ſo ſad as he ſeem'd to be? Such a courteous Lady muſt not be denied, replies *Lyſis*: Know therefore that if I am melancholick, the reaſon is, that I too much think on the beauties of one, whoſe feir eye enchants me. What, ſhe is one-ey'd then whom you love! replies *Cecilia*; for you ſpeak but of one eye. Pardon me, ſays *Lyſis*; 'tis only that the beſt Poets always uſe this phraſe, though their Miſtreſſes have two eyes: And if you will have a reaſon of it, it is becauſe the beams of both eyes meet together as if there were but one; or elſe becauſe there is but one eye that hurts, and the other heals. Beſides, there are Lovers which ſay, that their Miſtreſſes have the Sun in one eye, and the Moon in the other; and *Ronſard* believes that *Caſſandra* had *Venus* in the left eye, and *Mars* in the right. But to return to my Miſtreſs: You are to believe ſhe is adorn'd with the pillage of the *Graces*; and though ſhe have a hue of *ſnow*, yet doth ſhe not ceaſe to ſet me on fire perpetually. Good God! if ſhe be ſnow,

and

and live in *Forreſts*, there muſt be care taken ſhe be not melted by the ſun, for it is a great deal hotter there then 'tis here; and if we had now a little piece of her body, we might make good uſe of it to put into the glaſſes to cool the wine. How could that be, ſeeing I tell you it heats? ſays *Lyſis*: Beſides, as for the ſun, ſhe fears it not, for ſhe is a Sun herſelf. How happy are you then, when you are neer her! if you have but a Sun-dyal, you may know what it is of the clock. That cannot be, replies *Lyſis*: for her rayes are ſo ſtrong, that they pierce through the opake bodies, and make no ſhadow. Let us return to our firſt diſcourſe, that is to ſay concerning the whiteneſs of my Shepherdeſs: You are to know ſhe hath a countenance of *milk*. She hath an ugly one then, ſays *Cecilia*; why do you affect her? I ſay, of *curded-milk*, replies *Lyſis*, Do you apprehend me? I do, anſwers *Cecilia*, that ſhe hath a countenance of Cows milk: but do not the Flies as they paſs by pitch on it for to drink, and are there not ſome drown'd? All that are there eſcape ſhipwrack, replies *Lyſis*; for there are blown Roſes on her cheeks, whereon theſe filthy vermine light and ride on them with as great pomp as if they were in a ſhip. If this milk be good to make cheeſe of, ſays *Cecilia*, you will get much by ſuch a Miſtreſs, ſhe will be a great revenue to you. That it is good to make cheeſe, I can aſſure you, ſays *Montenor*, who over-heard them; for there are already yellow ſpots on the cheeks of this Beauty, as there are on a cheeſe that hath been ſix moneths a ripening in a cellar. Hold you your peace, ſays *Lyſis* to him; you ſpeak with little reſpect of the Wonder of this age; 'tis well ſeen that you know her not. I return therefore to what I ſaid before, that there are a many *Roſes* blown on the face of my Shepherdeſs, and not *Marigolds*, as *Montenor* ſays.

This perfect Lover was in the road to have ſpoken many other things to maintain the glory of *Charite*: But the Maſter of the houſe broke off all theſe diſcourſes, that they might ſit down to ſupper, where he would not permit any talk but of drinking. After ſupper there paſs'd ſo many divers diſcourſes between *Cecilia* and *Lyſis*, that ſhe was infinitely pleas'd with him, and the next morning her greateſt regret was the departure of her gueſts. The ſecond day at evening, they being neer the place where they were to go, *Anſelme* gave *Lyſis* notice of it, whereat he took ſo great ſatisfaction, that he began to propoſe to himſelf what they ſhould do when they were come to the banks of *Lignon*. As for you, *Montenor*! you are well known there, ſeeing you have a ſeat there: But as for me and *Anſelme*, we are not known there at all. Methinks I imagine we are already ſurrounded with a world of Shepherds, who ask what we are: We muſt give them an account of our ſelves, and declare the niceſt particularities of our life to all we meet, though we know them not; for that hath been from the beginning the cuſtom in amorous adventures. For my part, I know well enough what I have to ſay; but *Anſelme*! haſt thou bethought thy ſelf? wilt thou ſpeak of *Geneura* or *Angelica*? I'll do neither, replies *Anſelme*: I'll ſpeak nothing but fained things. I'll make them believe I am ſome Prince of *Tranſilvania*, and that I have already ſet out my *Romance*. It will not be amiſs to lye a little, replies *Lyſis*: but I'll give thee an incomparable ſhift, which I ſhould make uſe of my ſelf, were it not that I deſire nothing but to poſſeſs *Charite*, and that there is no ambition can oblige me to leave the Country. And it is this; Thou muſt not give any certain hints of thy race, take heed of that: Make as if rather that thou knoweſt not who were thy father and mother; and that ſome Shepherd finding thee as a ſheep was ſuckling thee, took thee up and maintain'd thee ever ſince. By this means it may happen, that if ſome great Prince hath loſt a child, he'll believe thou art he; and ſo redeeming thee out of obſcurity, thou wilt be advanced to royalties. Who can tell, ſays *Anſelme*, whether there be any Prince at preſent that hath loſt a ſon? and if there were any, do you ſuppoſe he would acknowledge me for his? Woe is me! what a ſmall experience art thou maſter of! replies *Lyſis*: I will give thee an infallible argument for what I ſay. Haſt thou ever obſerved in Hiſtory, that any of thoſe that have been ſo expoſed to the world in their cradles, hath not met with ſome great Lord who hath been glad to be called his Father? Why may not thy fortune be as good as any of theirs?

While

While *Lyſis* was in theſe propoſals, *Anſelme* gave him a very ſober audience, as if he had made it his deſign to make his advantage of what he ſaid; but bethinking himſelf, that they were now in the midſt of *Brie*, and that he already ſaw the little River of *Morin*, he cryes out with great chearfulneſs, O Shepherd! now we are come to the place where we deſire to be; Behold, there is the pleaſant River of *Lignon*. *Lyſis* putting his head out of the Coach, There it is indeed, ſays he, it is juſt ſuch as the books repreſent it to us. I ſee already the Bridge of *Bouteresſe*, over which we are to paſs. But where is the Palace of *Iſoura*? where is *Mont-Briſon*, *Feurs*, and *Verdun*? *Montenor* then ſhew'd him certain Steeples thereabout, and made him believe they were the places he ask'd for. While they were thus engag'd, another extravagancy coming into the minde of *Lyſis*, he cry'd out, O what an inconſiderate man am I! ſhall I enter into this Country with my City cloathes on? What did I think on this morning, that I did not put on my Shepherds habit? I muſt put off my cloathes preſently. Stay a little, ſays *Montenor*, we have but a league to my houſe, we ſhall not meet any body till we come thither. *Lyſis* not regarding this Remonſtrance, made the Coachman ſtay, and ſent a Lacquay after a Mule of *Anſelme's*, which always went before with the luggage. There muſt needs be had the Port-mantle, wherein the Shepherds habit was, and being gotten under a Wall-nut tree, he put off the ſuit he had on, and put on the other.

When he had done, he returnrd to the Coach, which drove on as before, and was to paſs over the Bridge, which he called the Bridge of *Bouteresſe*. Ah! dear waves, ſays *Lyſis*, ſpeaking to the River, I believe you have no other ſource then the tears of *Lovers*; but if you can now bear but ſmall wherries, you ſhall hence forward be able to carry ſhips, ſo much ſhall I ſwell you up with my tears.

While he ſpoke this he wept, but it was for joy; and being raviſh'd to ſee himſelf in ſo brave a Country, ſays he to thoſe with him, we muſt not delay any longer to ſalute it; and having caus'd the Coach to be ſtaid again, and the boot taken down, he enjoyn'd every one to kiſs the earth, as he did. I ſalute thee dear Country, where *Love* hath his *Empire*, ſaid he, with his hat in his hand, receive me for one of thy inhabitants, and I promiſe to render thee more famous then thou haſt ever been.

Every one being gotten into the Coach again, after this Ceremony, ſays he to *Montenor* and *Anſelme*, Methinks your names are not fit for Shepherds; will you not change them? You are to know, that when a man turns Shepherd, he obſerves the ſame cuſtom, as when he turns Monk, he muſt ever change his name, ye muſt at leaſt diſguiſe yours. By no means replyes *Montenor*; for we have each of us an old Aunt, that hath no children, ſhe will not acknowledge us for her heirs, if we ſhould quit the name of our family. Well, we will excuſe that, replyes *Lyſis*; but you are both clad in gray Spaniſh cloath, will you ſubmit to no change as to cloaths? But to ſay truth, this habit is *Paſtoral* enough in my judgement; keep it, I am very well pleas'd with it; if mine were yet to make, I would have ſuch another. Gray is ever good for the Countrey; and I will tell you how ſome diſtinguiſh the three Eſtates of *France*: They ſay there are *Red*, *Black* and *Gray*; by the *Red*, is meant a *Gentleman*; by the *Black*, a *Citizen*; and by the *Grey*, a *Countreyman*. Now I have heard a very excellent diſcourſe on this occaſion; which is, That if the *Gentry* of *France* commonly go in Scarlet, they do it to the end, that if they were hurt, they might not ſee their own blood run down their cloathes, and be thence diſheartned; and that their adverſaries not obſerving it neither, might not think to take any advantage thereby. As for *Schollars* and Lawyers, that they are in *black* is, becauſe their principal employment is to write, and becauſe they will not wear a colour, which might receive any injury from ink. And if the *Peaſantry* wear gray, 'tis that being always in the duſt, it might not be ſo apparent.

Anſelme and *Montenor* did much admire theſe excellent obſervations; and *Lyſis* reaſuming the diſcourſe, diſcover'd much diſatisfaction that he was not cloath'd as they were, and among other things, ſpake theſe words, *I doubt not but my cloathes are enough after the Paſtoral mode: but the ſtuff likes me not, becauſe it ſmells ſomewhat of the Ayr of* Paris. *It was good enough at St.* Cloud, *which is but eight or nine*

miles

miles diſtant from Pompe, *I do not ſay that of the New-bridge, I mean that of cloathes. How I hate the ſumptuouſneſs of that proud Citie! The Porters go there in their ſilks, and I fear me the exceſs will ſhortly come to that height, that your Coblers will have their Aprons of perfum'd Leather, the Carmen carts of Ebony, and the Waterbearers will have their yokes embroider'd, and have chains of gold inſtead of leather ſtraps.* *Lyſis* having ſaid this, was perſwaded he ſhould not hate his own cloathes, ſeeing they were made, and that all his actions were guided by a good Genius, who had not counſell'd him to wear it, if he had not thought it convenient; ſo that he was not now troubled at any thing, but that it came into his minde, that he had forgotten to bring his Gitarhe from *Paris*. Having acquainted *Montenor* with it, he bid him not trouble himſelf; and told him, he would furniſh him with a very good one at his houſe. That's very well, ſays *Lyſis*, now I ſhall not be uſeleſs here, no more then others: All Shepherds ſhould play on ſome inſtrument, for to recreate themſelves in their ſolitude. But ſtay, what an important thing have I forgotten beſides! Ah! my dear *Sheephook*, where are you? I have left you at *Anſelme's* houſe. That's no great matter, ſays *Montenor*, I promiſe to furniſh you with one worthy the hand of fair *Paris*. *Lyſis* aſſured of that, made no further complaint, but fell to obſerve the fields on both ſides with much content. A Little after, they came to a plain Countrey-houſe, which was *Montenors*, where they alighted; and not long after, Supper was brought in. *Lyſis*, who dreamt not while he was eating, that the night came on, would needs walk out after Supper, but *Montenor* calling for a candle, told him, it was bed-time, and that ſome reſt were neceſſary after the wearineſs of the journey, and that the next day there would be leaſure enough to ſee the Countrey. The Shepherd would not believe him, and notwithſtanding all the perſwaſions they us'd, to detain him, he went out of the houſe, having not the patience to expect day, that he might the better obſerve the *Mountains*, the *Rocks*, the *Springs*, and the *Woods*. He croſs'd the fields up and down, without any heed at all, out of an imagination that he was in *Forreſts*; and though he could not ſee his hands before him, yet he conceiv'd he took notice of the places. Here, ſays he, hath *Celadon* many times entertain'd *Aſtrea*, and *Lycidas*, *Phillis*; there's the wood where was the falſe *Druid*, and I think I am not far from the houſe of *Adamas*: While he ſaid ſo, he came near an old decay'd houſe, whence there iſſues a great Dog, that came and bark'd very earneſtly after him. He bethought himſelf, that if he could catch him, he would be very fit to keep his ſheep, when he ſhould have any; ſo he made towards the Dog, thinking by this fine Complement, to make him quiet. Melampus, *poor Cur! come to me, I will be ſo good a Maſter to thee, that thou wilt not deſire to change thy form into humane, ſuch an eaſie ſervice wilt thou have under me.* Notwithſtanding all this cajolling, the Dog bark'd ſtill; and *Lyſis*, who was ſomewhat a Coward, runs away, and having got two or three ſtones, caſt them at him. The Dog ran after him, and bit him in the legs, ſo that he made him make yet more haſte to be gone. When he ſaw himſelf out of danger, he reſted himſelf a while to take his breath; which when he had done, fearing ſome worſe miſchance, he reſolved to return to *Montenors*; but he was above an hour ere he found his way, and 'twas by chance he found it at all. He forgot not to relate the misfortune had happned to him, and he complain'd much of the great diſcourteſie of the Dogs of *Forreſts*. *Anſelme* having ſomewhat comforted him, he went to bed where they had appointed him.

The next morning, all the houſe being up, he admir'd the weather was ſo fair, and ſaid, that he thought it was not the ſame Sun in that Countrey, as in the *Iſle of France*; ſo much did he think it more reſplendent, but he attributed that to the preſence of his Shepherdeſs. After dinner, there hapned an opportunity to ſee her; for *Anſelme* had deſign'd to wait on *Angelica*. *Montenor* gave order for the ſadling of three horſes, and ſo went into the Court with *Anſelme* and the *Shepherd*. What do you intend to do? ſays *Lyſis*; for my part, I will not ride, it is not the cuſtom of Shepherds: Go you thither if you will, and I will take my own time to follow you; for I will not do a thing that none of my Predeceſſors ever did;

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I'll rather not ſee *Charite* at all: I know ſhe would laugh at me, if I ſhould. Before I become a Cavalier, I'll ſtay here for good and all, I tell you plainly. *Montenor*, give me your Gytar to employ my ſelf: And now I think on't, where's the Sheephook you promis'd me? methinks I have not any preſence at all, if I have not one.

Montenor deſirous to ſatisfie him, carried him into a Cabinet; where he ſhew'd him his Gytar, and afterward gave him a very handſom Sheephook, that had ſometimes been a Shepherds of his own. That done, he perſwaded *Lyſis* to get a horſeback: but he would by no means do it, ſaying it was not handſom to be on horſeback with a Sheephook in ones hand. So that *Anſelme*, to determine all theſe conteſts, was fain to cauſe the horſes to be put into the coach; whereupon they got in all three, and were brought to *Oronte's* caſtle. *Leonora* and *Angelica* were very glad to ſee him in that Country, where they had not much company; and were very inquiſitive to know what had happened to the Shepherd, ſince they had ſeen him.

While *Anſelme* and *Montenor* were treating the Ladies, *Lyſis* asked one of the Lacquays where *Charite* was? He anſwered him, that he knew her not: So that the *Shepherd* began to be angry. In the mean while the Kitchin-maid came in; and knowing well enough what he meant, told him that his Miſtreſs was in the Wardrobe. He went and courted her with that reverence he thought became him: And the Fair one, who was not any thing proud, return'd his civility, and pray'd him to ſit down. He was ſomwhat loth to do it, ſaying he ſhould ever be on his knees before her: But at length, becauſe he would not contradict her, he took a chair and ſate down. As it is the firſt talk of thoſe who have no other thing to ſay, to ſpeak of the weather; *Charite* ſays to him, that ſhe found it very hot. I am very glad, ſays *Lyſis* to her, that you begin to feel the heat which you make others ſuffer: I would the Gods were pleas'd that you alſo knew how much you have hurt me! Who? I! ſayes *Charite*: It muſt then be when we play'd at St. *Clou* with the Kitchin-maid. But what hurt have I done you? Have I ſcratch'd you, or prick'd you with ſome looſe pin, or have I trod on your foot? You are in the right on't, wretch that I am! replies *Lyſis*: The *nails* of your *allurements* have *ſcratch'd* my mind; the *points* of your *features* have *prick'd* me; and the *foot* of your *diſdain* hath *trod* on that of my *perſeverance*: but above all, you have ſtruck me to the heart. You ſhould be dead if it were ſo, replies *Charite*. But with what have I ſtruck you? With the *miracles* of your *Beauty*, ſays *Lyſis*. Do not tell me ſo, replies *Charite*; how ſhould I be beautifull? I am blacker then the Crook in the chimney. If you are a Crook, replies *Lyſis*, (who thought himſelf oblig'd to be pleaſant upon every thing a Miſtreſs ſaid) it is ſuch a one as ought only to be uſed in the *chimneys* of the *Gods*, where there is no *fire* made but that of *Love*. Thrice happy, nay four times ſhould I be, if I could be metamorphos'd into ſome celeſtial *Kettle*, that I might be hang'd upon it; for I would not upon any account be ſeparated from you. You are pleas'd to ſay ſo, replies *Charite*. If I am pleas'd to ſay ſo, replies *Lyſis*, it is becauſe I am pleas'd to ſpeak the truth; and it is well known that a miſerable Shepherd as I am cannot be well without you. Your diſdains are your commendation, ſays *Charite*. I do not ſubmit my ſelf without reaſon, ſays *Lyſis*: yet do but meaſure me according to the greatneſs of my affection, and not by the ſmalneſs of my deſert, and though I am a Shepherd, ſcorn me not, ſeeing the fair *Cytherea* hath affected *Adonis* and *Anchiſes*, who were come ſo far ſhort of my quality, that they were but underling.

Charite, who underſtood nothing of all this, thought the entertainment ſomwhat importunate; and *Angelica* oblig'd her very much, by calling her away about ſome buſineſs. Thereupon *Lyſis* came back to *Leonora*, who told him that ſhe was not well pleaſed that he had forſaken her company. Having made his excuſes, he came to ſpeak to her of the reſolution ſhe had taken, to retire into the Country; and thence took occaſion, by a word of excellent diſcourſe, to commend and magnifie unto her the delight of a *Paſtoral* life: And at laſt ſays to *Montenor* and *Anſelme*,

You

You ſee that my Lady here approves of what I ſay; and that it will be to your eternal renown, that you after my example have forſaken the reſidence of Cities: You have begun well; but he does nothing, that finiſhes not. Are you not reſolved that we buy each of us his Flock, and go keep them in the fields? There is no need of that, ſays *Anſelme*: I know there have been Courtiers have clad themſelves as Shepherds, yet never were maſters of any ſheep: If they had been ask'd where their Flocks were, they ſaid they had left it ſomwhere afar off in the cuſtody of the dogs. I do not believe that, ſays *Lyſis*; ſhew it me written. *Anſelme* by good fortune light, on a ſide-table, on *Diana of Montemajor*: where after he had turn'd over a good many leaves, he ſhewed him that *Delicio* and *Parthenio* had put on Shepherds weeds, without ever having any ſheep: And beſides all that, he cauſed him to call to mind, that in *Aſtrea* there were many Knights had done the like. Yet was he not convinc'd; and his reaſon was, that ſuch people were but half-Shepherds, and that a man ſhould aſpire to perfection; and that to avoid idleneſs, 'twere good to have the care and conduct of a Flock.

Montenor told them, that the difference was not ſo eaſily decided; and that his advice was, to have it referr'd to the arbitration of a Gentleman, a friend of his, who was very expert in thoſe caſes. *Lyſis* asking him what his name was, *Montenor* anſwered, it was *Clarimond*, the Author of *The Banquet of the Gods*; and that it were fit they went to him about it. Whereupon they took leave of *Leonora* and her daughter, and of *Orontes* and *Florida*, who came in ſomwhat late, and were much amaz'd at the diſcourſes of *Lyſis*. Being gotten into the Coach, they drew towards *Clarimond's* houſe, which was but a league off: And the Shepherd could not to his mind expreſs the content it was to him to go viſit a perſon whom he imagin'd of ſo extraordinary merit.

Clarimond had a Caſtle, which being moted about was very handſom and gentile: But *Lyſis*, when he ſaw it, thought it better then it was; he call'd the Architraves Pillars, and the Corniſhes Milſtones unpoliſh'd, wherewith he ſaid it was built. When they were come into the Court, an antient Gentlewoman, who was *Clarimond's* Mother, came out to receive them, and led them into the Hall, where they were to ſtay for her ſon; who was gone abroad with his Peece, and was preſently to return. She had a glaſs of good freſh wine in the houſe; and conceiving thoſe who were come to ſee him might be thirſty, ſhe call'd for ſome, and cauſ'd to be brought in certain Sweet-meats. *Anſelme* and *Montenor* drank; but when it came to the Shepherd, he refuſed. *Clementia* (that was the Gentlewomans name) deſiring *Lyſis* might drink, went and took the glaſs out of the Maids hand, and preſented him with it her ſelf. I will not by any means, ſayes he: You are deceiv'd in me, *ſage Felicia!* I would rather ſwallow poiſon, then take your draught of oblivion. And with thoſe words he runs out into the Court, to the great aſtoniſhment of all that were preſent. They follow'd him thither to ſee what he would ſay; and thereupon comes in *Clarimond*, who imbrac'd his friend *Montenor*, and bid much welcome to the other two.

Clementia was extreamly troubled that *Lyſis* would not drink out of her hand; and ſhe thought it was out of ſome fear he had that ſhe might poiſon him. But her Son having brought them all back again into the Hall, and ſeated them, *Anſelme* waved the diſcourſe, and fell to complement with *Clarimond*, telling him he ſhould be very glad of his acquaintance, his Works having made ſuch a good impreſſion in him of his worth. Whereupon *Montenor* came, and ſpoke of *THE BANQUET OF THE GODS*, which he had divers times read with great attention. And *Clarimond* fearing that Piece might not give ſo generall ſatisfaction, whatever might be ſaid of it, ſpoke to this purpoſe.

I Have obſerved in the ancient *Poetry* ſo many *abſurdities*, which ſtrike at all *judgement*, that I could not poſſibly ſuffer them. Beſides, were they not contradictory, ſomewhat might be built on them. But there is a perpetual wandring in their obſcurities, and I know not how it came to paſs, that the *Greeks* did not baniſh thoſe who preſented them with ſuch *Fables* for *Divinity*. All I make the *Gods* do in their *Banquet*, is irriſory and ridiculous; and yet you will finde, if you look narrowly, that I make them not guilty of any action, which may not be deduc'd out of what others have ſaid of them. But if the ancient Poets were blameleſs, how much more are the modern, who are not blinded with Paganiſme, and yet cannot abſtain mentioning the fained Deities, that were ador'd of old? I ſhall one day more particularly charge the latter, and ſhew them their folly. Theſe are they that furniſh us with *Love-ſtories*; nothing can reconcile me to *ſilence*, as to this kinde of writing. All thoſe that put themſelves in this employment, advance ſuch things as are clearly incompatible with probability.

Lyſis would give no long attention to this Diſcourſe, without replying, O how art thou guilty of the blindeneſs which thou reproacheſt others with! ſays he to *Clarimond*. What! when thou findeſt ſome incomparable things in a Book, thou believeſt them not! If thou art not able thy ſelf to honor a Miſtreſs with miraculous teſtimonies of fidelity, doth it thence follow there is no Lover that is? Take notice, that when my Hiſtory is written, it will be taken for a Fable, as are the adventures which are found in the Poets, in whom thou haſt no faith at all.

Clarimond was much ſurpris'd at this ſally; and *Anſelme* deſirous to diſcover unto him the humor of the Shepherd, ſpoke to *Lyſis* in theſe words, Be not offended with *Clarimond*, you know wherein you may have need of him. Imagine that all he hath ſpoken, hath been by way of *Paradox*; he would ſhew his wit by ſpeaking againſt the truth: But let us enter into ſome other diſcourſe. Tell me why you would not take the wine out of the Gentlewomans hand? 'Twas becauſe I thought my ſelf in the Palace of the *ſage Felicia*, replyes *Lyſis*: ſhe gave a drink to *Sirenus*, to make him forget *Diana*; but whatever rigour *Charite* may exerciſe over me, I will ever adore her. Ah! unfaithful *Sirenus*! was it poſſible thou couldſt ſay thoſe words, which are written, and ſo finely couch'd in *Montenor*? *It may come to paſs, ingrateful Shepherdeſs, that thou ſhalt ſeek me, when I ſhall hide my ſelf from thee.* O *Jupiter!* where are thy *Thunderbolts*? why are they not hurl'd at the guilty head of this Shepherd? *Anſelme* taking him aſide, bid him take heed what he ſaid; and that he was now in *Forreſts*, and not in the Country of *Sirenus*; and that beſides, he much wrong'd *Clementia*, to take her for a Sorcereſs.

In the mean time *Clarimond* much aſtoniſh'd at the Extravagancies of *Lyſis*, was acquainted by *Montenor* of what madneſs he was poſſeſs'd. I have now found what I have a long time ſought after, ſayes *Clarimond*: I vow to you, I have us'd all the endeavours I could to infuſe *Romantick* Imaginations into a Perſon I know, but he is now fallen into a ſilent Madneſſe: I believe your Shepherd is of a more Frolick humour. Beſides, it is not amiſſe to encourage ſuch people in their Imaginations; for by that means you raiſe their mindes to the higheſt pleaſures. And thence comes that ordinary Saying, That to be happy in the world, a man ſhould be either *KING* or *FOOL*; becauſe if the one have the greateſt real Pleaſures; the other hath the greateſt Imaginarie. He therefore that cannot be *KING*, let him endeavour to become a *FOOL*.

This Diſcourſe ended, *Clarimond* entreated the Company to ſtay Supper with him; But *Montenor* told him, their comming to him was with the deſigne to carry him to Supper elſewhere; and his entreaties were ſo powerful, that they made him leave his Mother. *Lyſis* having ſpoken by the way, how his Compa-

nions

nions refus'd to keep a flock: *Clarimond* said, That they must be suffered to live after what mode they pleas'd: but that as for his part, he would not be so disdainfull, but was content to become a perfect *Shepherd*. *Lysis* commended him for his good intention; and told him, that if he would *Embarque* himself with him upon the *Amorous* Main, he should never suffer *Shipwrack*, and that he was a good *Pilot* in that Navigation: but that he must resolve to imitate him in all things, if he desired to live *happy*.

The End of the Third Book.

THE Anti-Romance; OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The Fourth Book.

LYSIS being at Table at *Montenor's* with the reſt, there was preſented to him ſome *Toad-ſtools*, excellently well dreſs'd. They importun'd him to eat of them: but he having taken two ſpoon-fulls on his trencher, eat ſeven, and returned the reſt into the diſh. This is not without ceremony, ſayes the Shepherd: I will be as myſterious as the Prieſts in the Temples, who do all things in a certain order, and obſerve a method in thoſe things which moſt delight their Divinities. The number of *four* is dedicated to the *Sun*; that of *two*, to the *Moon*; and that of *three*, to *Venus*. So will I order it, that *Seven* be dedicated to the Goddeſs *Charite*: becauſe there are ſeven letters in her Name, I have eaten ſeven Toadſtools, ſeven peeces of fry'd meat, ſeven peeces of bread, and I will drink ſeven glaſſes of wine, though I ſhould burſt. In good faith, a very excellent Philoſophy! ſays *Clarimond*: I will be of your ſect, Shepherd! but the Miſtreſs I ſhall chooſe muſt have at leaſt *nineteen* letters in her name, that when I ſhall be at ſome great feaſt, I may freely importune all to preſent me with good bits to ſuch a number, leſt I ſhould commit a ſin againſt the Divinity I am to adore. This muſt not be an argument for Gluttony or Profaneneſs, replies *Lyſis*: And beſides thou conſidereſt not that he that would imitate me, as thou doſt undertake to do, muſt as well expect pains as pleaſures, according to the Number dedicated to his Goddeſs. I ſometimes walk

ſeven

ſeven times about the Garden in honour of *Charite*, out of a deſire I have that even my *walking* may be to her *glory*: I read one Book ſeven times; I behold my ſelf ſeven times in the glaſs; if I find it hot, I unbutton ſeven buttons of my coat; and before I go to bed, I make ſeven reverences before my Miſtreſſes *picture*. But if I am conſtrain'd to do ſomwhat wherein I have neglected to keep account, as to pitch the bar four times, I return to it again myſelf and make up the number of ſeven. And if ſomebody gave you four cuffs on the ear, replies *Clarimond*, would you not be willing to receive three more to make up your fortunate number? If it be ſo, you ſhall have the blows and all the other misfortunes; and for my part, when it comes to matter of eating, I ſhall be he will eat by number. But in the firſt place, free my mind of a difficulty: If of all things that are before me there be but five in every diſh, and that there be ſix letters in my Shepherdeſſes name, muſt I eat nothing at all, out of a fear to violate your fine myſterious Arithmetick? This queſtion is full of ſubtilty, anſwers *Lyſis*; learn then, that not to be wanting to thy duty, thou muſt take but three peeces, and cut each of them in two, or elſe take but one and divide it into ſix. But take notice that this is no handſom number, and there is none like that of *ſeven*, which is attributed to *Charite*: There are *ſeven* Planets, the *ſeven* Stars, *ſeven* Ages of man, *ſeven* Days in the week; and I could make other obſervations beſides, to make it appear that by a happy fatality it comes to paſs, that the faireſt of all the Shepherdeſſes hath *ſeven* letters in her name. But for the preſent I ſhall ſay no more of it, ſeeing *Clarimond* makes matter of abuſe of ſuch ſerious things. He hath reaſon for what he doth, as I have too, replies *Anſelme*, were it for nothing elſe but that you are extreamly miſtaken in the number of the letters of your Miſtreſſes name, for there muſt be more then ſeven; for ſhe was never call'd *Charite*. There you are deceiv'd your ſelf, ſays *Lyſis*, *Love* himſelf hath nam'd her ſo; and if ſhe have any other name, it is only given her by the vulgar that know not how they ought to ſpeak.

Clarimond hearing this, began openly to abuſe *Lyſis's* Arithmetick: But perceiving he might give him occaſion to be angry, he abated to a fair compliance with him. The Shepherd avow'd he was of a very pleaſant humour; and that he preferr'd a frolick and free diſpoſition, ſuch as his was, before another man's who ſaid nothing, yet did not think the leſs for it. Thereupon *Anſelme* ask'd *Lyſis* in what poſture his Loves were, and whether he thought himſelf in the favour of his *Charite*. He anſwer'd, he was not far from it, and that it was the matter and reaſon of his cheerfullneſs. But *Anſelme* returns to him in this manner: You conſider not what you ſay, Shepherd! For if your Miſtreſs love you already, and is ready to grant you what you ſhall demand, you will not have any brave occaſions to make appear your fidelity. This ſhould be your affliction; and it ſhould be your deſire that ſhe were *cruel* to you, that ſo there might happen to you ſome remarkable adventures. Your reaſon is very ſpecious, ſays *Lyſis*; but I fear me there may be ſome want of truth in it: Welcome is better then diſdain, whatever may be ſaid to the contrary. But you ſee that *Aſtraa* hath diſdain'd *Celadon*, after ſhe had once loved him, ſays *Anſelme*; Do you hope to be better dealt with? What will you adviſe me to do then? ſays *Lyſis*. There is no doubt, repſies *Anſelme*, but that you ſhould caſt your ſelf, as he did, into the River of *Lignon*, at the leaſt harſh word you ſhall receive from *Charite*. Let there be then three Nymphs on the ſhore ready to take me out of the water, reply'd *Lyſis*; for what can I tell whether they'l be there, if notice be not given them before-hand? I might be drown'd in the mean time, for I cannot ſwim. It was out of a full intention to be drown'd, that *Celadon* caſt himſelf into the water, ſays *Anſelme*: Do you the like, and you ſhall be look'd after: Faithfull Lovers never miſs relief; you ſee *Damon* was ſav'd, and taken out of a River. I will not truſt to that, ſays *Lyſis*: Let me have two Hogs-bladders under my arms, and I will confidently caſt my ſelf into *Lignon*. That's very wiſely ſpoken, ſays *Clarimond*: but for my part, who am yet but an Apprentice in Love, I will not preſume to caſt my ſelf into the water; I muſt leave that honour to my Maſter who is more knowing then *I*; *I* will not plunge my ſelf but in wine: And

now

now I think on't according to the *Poets*, it is only proper to the *Sun* to caſt himſelf into the water: yet in the time of Vintage, they ſay, he doth not lye down in the Sea, but gets into one of the Fats of *Bacchus*'s Wine-preſs, where he treads the Grapes, and that's the reaſon he looks ſo red ſometimes when he riſes. That's an excellent imagination; well ſaid Shepherd, ſays *Lyſis*, thou art worthy to be my Comrade.

Upon this Supper was ended, but ſo, that *Lyſis* fail'd not to perfect the number of ſeven, both in the fruits, and in drinking. That he was not drunk was, becauſe he drunk but ſmall Glaſſes. The cloath being taken away, he went to the place where the Gitarhe was, which *Montenor* had given him, and never conſidering whether it were in tune or no, he returns playing a *Saraband*. O God, cryes out *Clarimond*, what do we hear? Hath *Apollo* committed ſome new fault, that hath caus'd *Jupiter* to baniſh him out of heaven? Comes he once more hither among the *Shepherds*? Is it not the ſweet ſound of his harp that tickles our ears? *Lyſis* ſtaid a good while, playing in the next Chamber to *Montenors*; being very proud they took him for the *God* of *Muſick*, and thinking no leſs then that he might eaſily deceive others. *Clarimond* continued ſtill to ſpeak, and ſaid, Oh! I am raviſh'd, I am enchanted! O what Melody is this? I ſwoun! ſome vinegar here quickly to comfort my heart. *Montenor* and *Anſelme* made the like exclamations; but at length *Lyſis* appears to them laughing, and they gave him a thouſand praiſes for knowing ſo well how to charm mens mindes by his harmony. Why have I not now ſome excellent Ayr? ſays he: There is no other way but to compoſe one, that ſhall draw after me the moſt inſenſible things. Tis fit I ſhould preſently make ſome verſes. I ſhall be much more fortunate, having this inſtrument in my hand; for with the ſound of a Lute or Gittarhe the wandring *Muſes* are recollected, as the Bees are at the noiſe of a Kettle. *Clarimond*, I muſt have thy aſſiſtance to compoſe a Song, that I may the ſooner have done. I ſuppoſe thou haſt a good faculty in making of Verſes, thou art ſuch an ingenuity, that art of all Profeſſions. I do not meddle with *Poetry*, replyes *Clarimond*; and if you deſire to know how much I have ſometime belabour'd my ſelf about it, and for what reaſon I have quitted that exercise, hear the laſt Verſes I made: I'll repeat them to you.

Adieu to Poetry.

Curs'd Poetry! a vain and uſeleſſe Trade,
Idol *of th' Court*, Buſineſſe *of Idleneſſe!*
Some other to thy Drudgery perſwade,
Since th'art but Frenſie *in thy graveſt Dreſſe.*

All thou canſt promiſe is, but Dream *and* Wind,
To cheat poor vaporous and unquiet Brains,
Which being to the Goal of Love *confin'd,*
A double fury their pure Reaſon ſtains.

Yet though thou Rack'ſt *us with inventive* Cares,
To finde new *thoughts, and lim them out in* Verſe:
Who'll not confeſſe that thou our minds inſnares,
But Oh! 'tis hard t'avoid thy Charming *force:*
Since I wh'attaque thee as mine Enemie.
Fight but with weapons given me by thee, Clari-

Clarimond having repeated this Sonnet, which was much commended by the Company; said, he had made it the best he could, that it might not be said, if it were seen, that he had done well to quit Poetry, because he understood not much of it. But seeing thou confessest thy self, that the charms of Poetry are powerful, sayes the *Shepherd* to him, Why canst not thou dispence with them in the business of *Love*, seeing *Poetry* and *Musick* are the two Chamber-maids of *Venus*? Be not too sure of that, answers *Clarimond*; for if in the very dispraise of Verses, I have made other Verses, 'tis because that being to speak to *Poetry*, I would pay her in her own coyn, and speak in her own Language. I'll tell thee one thing, replyes *Lysis*, seeing thou art resolved not to make any more Verses thy self, thou shalt only teach me the Rhimes; for I do not know them all; and withal, I must tye thee not to have any thing further to do with my work, lest thou become so insolent, as to pretend to the credit of it.

This being agreed on, *Clarimond* bid *Lysis* beware he made not such impertinent Verses as no man would regard; and not do as a certain *Court-Poet* did, who made Verses for a Mask, which were so poor, that they were never read after that night, but were forgotten the next day; so it was said by way of abuse, that he had not given his works to the *light*, but to the *dark*. Fear not that misfortune, sayes *Lysis* to him, though I should make Verses for a *Serenade*, they should not want day if they were but presented to *Charite*: But what do I say, that they shall not want day, will they not bestow day on this age, they shall be so excellent? If thou whom I have design'd to write my History, wilt dedicate thy book to *Charite*, as thou must needs do, assure thy self it will be truly put to light, seeing the light of her eyes shall enlighten it. Thou knewst not before, that the heavens had reserved thee for this dignity; know it now, and discharge thy self faithfully. Forsake me not, and take notice of all I shall say: I was once minded, that my History should have been printed at *Paris*, but it shall not; I will not have Mercenary Mechanicks employ'd about it, there are Nymphs will take the charge on them here in some Cave, they shall have Characters of silver, and shall not use so much ink as gold and azure. Happy will the paper be, whereon shall be imprinted my famous adventures! Happy the hands shall be employ'd about it! happy they who shall read such noble things! but much more happy the Shepherd *Lysis* that shall have perform'd them, and thou *Clarimond* that shall have described them!

After this gallant discourse, *Clarimond* seeing he was content his History should be in Prose, promis'd him to do it, though he had no great forwardness to put himself to the pains. There was a bed made ready for him in the same Chamber where *Lysis* was already a-bed. The Shepherd would not suffer him to take any rest at all; one while he ask'd him for an *Epithete*, another while for a *Rhime*: *Clarimond*, who was as merry a Lad as any in *France*, told him always the oddest words he could think on, purposely to put him out. At break of day, as he began to fall asleep, *Lysis* rises, and awakens him by his running up and down the Chamber, and crying out, I have found it, I have it, it is the best humor of a Song that ever was. I know what measure the Stanza's shall be of, and it shall be worth better all then ever *Guedron* was author of. Is there then no possibility of sleeping with you? says *Clarimond*, you have interrupted me in as fine a dream, as ever I dream'd. And what didst thou dream of? tell me, sayes *Lysis*. I dream'd that you were an *Asse*, replyes *Clarimond*, and that *Charite* was another, and that you were put into a Cart for to draw it. This is *Emblematical*, replyes *Lysis*: if the God *Morpheus* hath represented to thee that I was an *Asse*, 'tis to signifie the *Travels* I undergo with *patience*. That might very well be, says *Clarimond*: but you are not a *Goddess*, like that of *Apuleius*: and if *Apuleius* under the likeness of an Asse meant a man, you who have a contrary destiny, carry an Asse in the likeness of a man. Whether it be so or no, says *Lysis*, it matters not: but if thou hast seen *Charite* like a she Asse, it is to denote, she hath good ears, and that she very well hears my sighs. And if we were drawing a cart: O happy presage! 'tis to shew we shall be both subject to the same yoke. But it is to be known, what will be the consequence of it: I pray thee

Friend

friend make an end of thy dream. I may ſleep again, ſays *Clarimond*; but do you think I can faſten on the ſame dream as I pleaſe my ſelf? See whether you can do it your ſelf, and ſo accompliſh what I have begun. Alas! I cannot, replies *Lyſis*: I muſt wake for to ſpeak to the Muſes, who are not ſo liberal of their entertainments when 'tis once hig-day, becauſe they are aſham'd to be ſeen ſpeaking with men. Certainly their chaſtity is remarkable, not to come to men but in the night! replies *Clarimond*. Do not jeer, ſays *Lyſis*, what I ſay is true: But there is another thing hinders one from ſleeping; *Love* doth ever ſtand Sentinel on my bolſter with his bow in hand, leſt *Sleep* might enter into mine eyes: Before I can be overcome, that Sentinel muſt be knock'd down. *Clarimond* return'd nothing to this, becauſe he would have a little reſt: And *Lyſis* believing he would dream again, made no noiſe at all leſt he ſhould awake him; by which means he had the opportunity to ſleep a good while after.

When he awoke, he found *Lyſis* quite dreſs'd, very buſie about his Verſes. He had already dedaſh'd away above ten ſheets of paper, writing down a Stanza, and then blotting it out to put another in ſtead, and then daſhing out that to put down the former. He had ſpoil'd at leaſt ſix Pens, by biting them at the ends; and I believe all the Stationers ſhops in the Country could not have furniſh'd him, had he been to compoſe ſome heroick Poem. His nails were already gnawn to the very ſtumps; and he put himſelf into ſuch a diverſity of poſtures in his imaginations, that he was quite wearied out. *Clarimond* pittied him, obſerving that when he could not light on the end of a Verſe to his mind, 'twas ſuch a vexation to him, that he made more wry faces then a Cat that had ſwallow'd muſtard. Whereupon he riſe preſently; and having ſeen in what forwardneſs his work was, he reform'd what was amiſs, and gave him directions for to accompliſh the whole peece. *Lyſis* however promiſed himſelf all the credit, though he had been willing to be aſſiſted; for he was reſolv'd to lye with confidence. *Clarimond* did not much regard it: And *Montenor* and *Anſelme* being come to viſit him, he told them himſelf that the Shepherd had made an admirable Copy of Verſes. Whereupon *Lyſis* being intreated to ſhew them, began to read them in a magnificent tone. They were theſe:

The Complaint of *LYSIS*.

NOw am I neither fleſh *nor* bone,
But wholly rarifi'd to fire;
The Body *cannot now be known,*
Where my loſt Spirit *doth retire.*
All that is left me's Voyce, *and that to cry,*
O Charite, Charite,
Charite! *if* Lyſis *for your Beauty dye,*
By that Beauty quicken me.

If by a Peaſant I am croſs'd
I'th' way, he ſtartles and's afear'd
That I am ſome unhappy ghoſt
Not yet by perfect penance clear'd,

And

And would with ſpells force me from hence to fly.
O Charite, Charite,
Charite! *if* Lyſis *for your beauty dy,*
By that beauty quicken me.

All th' evils under which I groan
For my adored object, Thee,
Leave but this word to make my moan,
Charite, Charite, Charite!
All that is left me's Voyce; and that to cry,
O Charite, Charite,
Charite! *if* Lyſis *for thy beauty dy,*
By that beauty quicken me.

While thus a Lover *ſung and told*
His cruel martyrdom and pain,
The ſympathizing Eccho *roll'd*
All theſe loud accents back again.
So that no noiſe to th' neighbouring rocks could fly,
But Charite, Charite,
Charite! *if* Lyſis *for your beauty dy,*
By that beauty quicken me.

Montenor ſaid he was ſomwhat in doubt whether the ſo often repeating the word *Charite* was not a fault. But he was anſwer'd, that it was very elegant; and that he that did not acknowledge it, was no good Judge. To which *Lyſis* added, that that a name was the faireſt ornament of his Verſes; and that he thought one time to make Stanza wherein there ſhould be nothing elſe. As for *Anſelme*, he admir'd the concluſion, which indeed was not to be found fault with, for there ſeem'd to be a many Eccho's repeating the complaints of a Lover. But the *Shepherd* was wiſe enough not to diſcover that the deſign came from *Clarimond*. That which was conceiv'd moſt cenſurable, was, that the Shepherd had no cauſe to make any ſuch complaint. To which he anſwer'd, that never any Lover, ſuch as he, could be without affliction; and if he feign'd himſelf dead, 'twas only to move *Charite* to ſuccour him. Do you not ſee that all things have compaſſion on me? ſays he: Nature herſelf believes not I am alive; the Heaven is to day all dark, it is becauſe it mourns for my departure. Not to diſſemble, there is no ſuch matter, ſays *Clarimond*: But you Gentlemen of the Tribe of Poets never denominate your Miſtreſſes *kind* and *favourable*, or *cruel* and *rigorous*, but according as one of theſe words is neceſſary to make up the cadence or rhime of your Verſes: And when your thoughts are taken up about ſome *favour* done, that they might hit right, it's a ſmall matter with you to call the Ladies *ungratefull*. So that it may be ſaid, they are whatever you are pleas'd they ſhould be.

The amorous *Shepherd* return'd nothing to this railing, for he heeded it not, his mind being taking up to conſider of an aire for his Song. He at laſt made up one

with the beginning and end of two other ayrs which he knew before, and yet he conceiv'd there was nothing of all this which came not from himſelf. When he had ſung it, all confeſs'd it was admirable; and becauſe it was pretty late, they went to dinner. *Clarimond* a while after, went his ways, ſaying, that ſome domeſtick affairs call'd him away, and that his good mother would conclude him loſt, if he did not return in ſome time. *Lyſis* remembring himſelf, that he had not yet ſeen the Shepherds of *Forreſts*, becauſe his Loves had ſtill diverted him, entreated *Montenor* to bring him acquainted with them. They are no leſs then two leagues off this place, replyes *Montenor*, I am not now at leaſure to go ſo far: If you will not go along with me, replies *Lyſis*, I'll leave you preſently and go my wayes: how will you have me ſpend my time here? ſtudy your Song, ſays *Montenor*, that ſo you may not be ſurpris'd in any thing you do. There indeed you are in the right, replyes *Lyſis*, that's a thing of no ſmall conſequence.

Having ſo ſaid, he went and lock'd himſelf into his chamber, being all alone with his Gitarrhe, and would do nothing the remainder of that day, but learn the air of his Song. In the mean time *Montenor* and *Anſelme* went a hunting; when they were return'd, he came to Supper with them; which being done, he entreated *Anſelme* to lend him one of his Lacquays to go with him as far as *Charité's* houſe. *Anſelme* having given him permiſſion to take which he would of them, he would not take *Gringalet*, becauſe he began to diſcover he was too much a Wag: He choſe *Champagne* his fellow Lacquay, who was a great Lad, and one whom he thought tractable enough: ſo having taken leave of the company, he took him along, not forgetting his Gitarhe; for his deſign was in good earneſt to give his Miſtreſs a *Serenade*. *Anſelme* and *Montenor* would not take the pains to follow him, nor indeed was it his deſire they ſhould, as having no need of ſo many witneſſes. The way ſeem'd not to him either long or tedious: ſo ſoon did he recover *Oronte's* houſe, where having put his Gitarhe in tune, he began to play, and withal ſung his air. His muſick was ſo good, that *Champagne*, who might well be ranked among the duller ſort of people, was not much taken with it. There was ſuch a conſort between his voyce and his inſtrument, as made a muſick as delightful as the braying of an Aſs would do, with the noiſe of the wheel of a mill. But the beſt ſport was, that for to feign a *Syncope*, he deſcended by degrees, that at laſt he ſung ſo low, that he could not be heard. The air being finiſh'd, he plaid certain Sarabands, with which his ſighes bear a part, and at every ſhake he fetch'd one from the bottom of his breaſt. Notwithſtanding all this, he was ſo far unfortunate, that his Miſtreſs heard no more of this *Serenade*, then ſhe had done of that at St. *Cloud*; and there were only certain dogs, who by their noiſe diſcover'd their attention to this muſick. As for his own part, he was not ſo taken up in what he did himſelf, but that he heard the touch of a Lute the other ſide of *Orontes's* houſe. Follow me *Champagne*, ſaies he to the Lacquay, here is ſome ſignal adventure preſents it ſelf. When he had ſo ſaid, he drew nigh the place where they had heard the Lute; but then they heard it, as if it been farther off: and the more they came forward, the more did it ſeem to draw back. At length having paſs'd through a many trees, they came into a field, where they ſaw ſome body going before them, but could not diſcern who it was. They follow'd it leaſurely, till it entred a little wood, towards which *Lyſis* ran as faſt as he could: Ha! *Champagne*, ſaies he, 'Tis an *Hamadryad* that we ſaw but now; it was come out of this Wood, to give my Miſtreſs a Serenade as well as I. Now it is returned to its reſidence again: we muſt needs follow it, to give it thanks for this courteſie. *Champagne* ſaid it was time to return home, that they ſhould not ſpend their time ſo vainly; and that he might go into the Wood as far as he pleas'd, but that for his part, he was content to ſtay for him at the entrance. *Lyſis* hearing that, flung himſelf immediately into a hedge, which though it were ſomewhat thick ſet, yet with much ado he made his way through. He heard the Lute ſtill, ſo that running from one ſide to the other through the trees, he thought at length to finde the *Hamadryad*; but when he could hear nothing at all, he began to cry out, Whither do your run away from me? fair Nymph, 'tis not for to do you any violence, that I am

come

come hither: alas! my affections are engag'd elſewhere. Wherefore do you hide your ſelf from me? come and bear a part in muſick with me: Are you already lock'd up within your bark? While he made thoſe complaints, he had ſo travell'd up and down the Wood, that *Champagne* could not hear him. He call'd him divers times, but ſeeing he anſwered not, and that it were a folly to look after him in the dark, he return'd to *Montenors*, to whom he gave an account of his loſs. He was much blam'd by his Maſter, who made no pleaſure of any misfortunes that hapned to *Lyſis*. Yet it was conceiv'd it would be no hard matter to finde him again, if there were but any ſearch made for him the next morning. In the mean time, *Lyſis* being as much troubled as poſſibly he could be, embrac'd all the trees he met with, and asked them tidings of the Nymph he had loſt. After he had thus employed himſelf an hour or two, he came among a ſort of thorns & briars, beyond which he perceiv'd the fields. He thought to finde *Champagne* there ſtill, for the time had ſeem'd ſo ſhort to him that he imagin'd he had not been in the Wood above half a quarter of an hour. When he ſaw it was to no purpoſe to call, and that the other anſwered not, he deſpair'd not to return alone; but he was ſo far from knowing the way, that he went far enough out of it, and for ſome two hours follow'd certain unknown pathes. At length wearineſs forc'd him to caſt himſelf into a Thicket, where he reſted till day. When the Sun had darted on his eyes, and oblig'd him to open them, he breaks forth, and ſayes, O how well have I paſs'd this night, methinks, better to my minde then on a Feather bed! O how fine a thing it is to riſe at a ſtart, without having any occaſion of a man to help me on with my cloathes! O what a pleaſant adventure have I gone through! and what a truly *Romantick* thing it is to lie on the hard *ground*.

With the end of this diſcourſe he went out of the thicket, and having his Gittarh ſtill in his hand, he beſet himſelf to play, to ſalute the new day, and conform himſelf to the birds, who were already warbling their notes. He went on ſtill, till he came to a little Hamlet, where keeping ſtill the ſame poſture, he ſtill ſcrub'd over certain tunes. There were five or ſix children at a door, who ran after him ſinging divers tunes, and pull'd ſo much at his coat, that he was fain to ſtay, and play before them to buy his quiet, and appeaſe them. There was one among them, went and told his mother, that he had heard muſick; ſo that ſhe thinking it had been ſome poor Lad, that went from houſe to houſe to play before children, carried him a piece of bread and cheeſe. He was ſo hungry, that he could not refuſe what was preſented, and having eaten it up, he drank at a little fountain in his way.

Thence he thought it was his beſt courſe to go ſeek out the Shepherds of *Forreſts* then to return to *Montenors*, ſeeing he would not bring him to them. Now there was very little paſture-grounds in that quarter; he met not ſo much as with any Shepherds of the Countrey; and for what other people came in his way, they were only Carters, whom he vouchſafed not to trouble himſelf with, though they lookt upon him with admiration. When he ſaw any little hill, he was impatient till he came to the top, to ſee what was beyond it; and if a thicket came in his way, he muſt alſo go through that, to ſee what were behinde. At laſt he meets a *Hermite*, who walk'd along a hedge ſide, ſaying his *Breviary*. He preſently imagin'd him to be a *Druid*, and making a low reverence to him, Father, ſaies he, do me the favour as to tell me whether I am yet very far from the paſtures where *Celadon* and *Aſtrea* feed their flocks. The *Hermite*, who never had read any *Romance*, anſwers him, That he knew not thoſe people he named. But tell me, whence come you with your rebeck? Let us look out for a place to ſit down, ſayes *Lyſis*, and you ſhall have my hiſtory:

Father (continues he, being ſate on a hillock with the *Hermite*) the *Iſle of France* is my Country. In theſe parts, *Montenor* is my entertainer, *Anſelme* my friend, *Charite* my enemy. It is true, there is ſome ſweetneſs in her enmity, and I was in hope the laſt night to have charm'd her with the ſweet ſound of my Gitarhe. You know that the nights are ſo quiet, that there is nothing heard but the winds, and the noiſe of the ſprings, nor had I any thought to violate their their ordinary ſilence;

for I have been the cauſe of no noiſe, but that of my ſighs, and that of the fountain of my tears. I have lain on no other bed then that which nature afforded me: And *Aurora*, who is a very charitable Lady, ſeeing me this morning, had compaſſion on me; ſhe wept very much, and 'tis not to be thought it was for the death of her ſon. The *Hermite*, who was not guilty of much ſtudy, apprehended nothing of this diſcourſe; all he could pick out of it was, that he thought it well done to lie on the ground for to mortifie the fleſh. He was forc'd to ſay to *Lyſis*, that above all things he was deſirous to know what profeſſion he was of. All my employment is to *love*, replies *Lyſis*: if I *write*, if I make *verſes*, if I *walk*, if I *meditate*, all is for to learn how to *love* well. You are a happy man, ſays the Hermite, if ſo be you love nothing but the Divinity: If you will ſerve that, ſtay with me and take the habit of Monk, we ſhall ſpend the reſt of our days with much pleaſure together: Nor indeed can I think otherwiſe then that you are a Vagabond, and that it were better you had ſome retreat. *Lyſis* diſcovering by this that he had to do with an *Hermite*, ſaid to him, Know, Father, that I have found the true tranquility of life. 'Tis true, there are many which turn *Monks*, to withdraw from the vanities of the world: but I have choſen another condition wherein there is a like felicity: I am turn'd *Shepherd* not long ſince, do you not ſee I have taken the *habit*? To tell you no lye, when my friends ſaw me take it, they endeavoured as much to make me quit it again, as if they had ſeen me enter'd among the bare-leg'd *Carmelites*; but all their cryes have been to no purpoſe. Whereupon the Hermite told him, that his beſt courſe were to follow his firſt inclination, if ſo be it were not ill: however, to ſhew him where he ſpent his life, he led him to his Cell, which was very well accommodated. *Lyſis* having drank ſome wine out of his begging-jack, deſired him to ſhew him the right way to *Montenor's*; becauſe that meeting no body that could bring him to the Shepherds of *Forreſts*, he was reſolved to go back thither. The Hermite told him it was above nine miles to the houſe he ask'd for, and that he ſhould make haſte if he had a mind to recover it before night. Thereupon *Lyſis* took leave of the Hermite, aſſuring him that if he had not been a *Shepherd* he would have been a *Hermite*, and promiſing he would endeavour to ſee him again one time or other. He follow'd a great road that he had ſhew'd him; and as he went along he did nothing but meditate on this laſt adventure. He was ſomwhat ſorry he had not ſtaid with the Hermite, becauſe it came into his imagination that he underſtood Magick, and that he could have taught him many ſecrets.

He had not gone five miles, but he came to the Wood where he had look'd for the *Hamadryad*; but he knew not it was the ſame. It belong'd to one called *Hircan*, who at the end of it had a houſe. This Gentleman was a great friend of *Clarimond's*: who returning from *Montenor's* houſe, had met him and acquainted him with the excellent humour of *Lyſis*. He therefore having had notice that the Shepherd was to give *Charite* a Serenade, would needs give her one too, and was come to play on the Lute before *Oronte's* houſe at the ſame time.

It began to grow dark when *Lyſis* enter'd the Wood; ſo that not being able to ſee much, a certain fear ſeiz'd his ſoul. Is not this Wood conſecrated to ſome God! ſaid he in himſelf: Behold here is a place ſo deſert, that no body comes into it, if he be not out of his way: Never any Shepherd nor Graſier enter'd it, and there was never heard the noiſe of an axe in it: I dare not ſo much as lean againſt theſe buſhes, ſuch is my fear they may loſe ſome of their leafs, and that I commit ſo many murthers.

He advanc'd ſtill with much reſpect, till he perceiv'd *Hircan*, who was walking in an Alley with a wand in his hand. He preſently believ'd he was a Magician that dwelt there; and making him a low conge, he ſays to him, I crave your pardon that I am come to diſturb your ſolitude: Had you not deſired I ſhould have ſeen you, you might have employ'd your Art to hinder my entrance into this Wood: But I believe you are content I ſhould come before you, ſeeing you have permitted it, and I hope you'll give me leave to addreſs my vows to the Divinities which you adore.

Hircan

Hircan hearing this, knew preſently he was the man that *Clarimond* had given him a character of; and being very glad of this rencontre, told him he might freely come on any place that belong'd to him, even into his houſe, which was ever open to perſons of merit.

I am then to give my thanks to the *Deſtiny* that hath brought me hither, replies *Lyſis*: A poor Lover, as I am, may receive much aſſiſtance from ſuch a man as you; you know the properties of herbs and ſtones, and by your Magick you afford remedies to all that are afflicted. *Hircan* perceiving by this, that *Lyſis* took him for an Enchanter, would continue him in that opinion, and anſwered him thus: You are not deceiv'd, if you believe that nothing is impoſſible to my charms: When the Moon is ecclipſed, it is I that have drawn her from heaven for to lie with me; and of the chaſteſt of all the Goddeſſes I make my Concubine: I caus'd one morning ſuch an Earthquake, that all the pots and kettles were overturn'd, and all manner of houſhold-ſtuff was turn'd topſie-turvie. Sometimes I ſtay the Rivers, and hinder them to pay their tribute to the Sea: I root up the Trees of the Forreſt as eaſily as a Labourer plucks up the ſtalks of corn; and if I have ſome meſſage to ſend any where, I command the Spirits as I do my Lacquays. You ſhall not be deſired to do ſo great things for me, ſays *Lyſis*; nor do I deſire you ſhould cauſe the Trees of my neighbour to remove into my ground, nor that you give the ſcab to the ſheep of my Rival: All I deſire to know, is, whether my Miſtreſs loves me or no, and whether I ſhall one day receive the ſatisfaction of my wiſhes. Come, you ſhall ſup with me, Shepherd! replies *Hircan* to him: We'll conſider of thoſe things hereafter.

Having ſaid ſo, he led him into his Caſtle; which was ſo well built, that the Shepherd imagin'd it had been the workmanſhip of the Spirits, as the Palace of *Armida*. So that he was fully ſatisfied that this was no counterfeit Magician, ſuch as *Clemantes* was who deceiv'd *Galathea*. *Hircan* was a very looſe perſon, and had then with him a very handſom Gentlewoman that he entertain'd for his pleaſure. He made *Lyſis* believe ſhe was a Nymph of the waters, that he had conſtrain'd by his charms to come and live in his Caſtle. When ſhe had been told of the humour of the perſon, ſhe would needs make ſome ſport with him. Being at table only they three, ſhe ſtill caſt on him ſuch languiſhing and amorous looks, as if ſhe had been deeply in love with him. Whenever he perceiv'd it, he bow'd down his head as a baſhfull Girl, and durſt not look on her. After ſupper, *Hircan* left him with her, ſaying he would go into his Study to conſult with the Spirits about his buſineſs. She talk'd with him about divers things; but chiefly ſhe was inquiſitive to know certain particularities of his Loves, which he reckoned up to her with much modeſty. The Magician being return'd, told him, that all he could diſcover was, that by perſeverance he ſhould overcome *Charite*: but that thence-forward he ſhould find it a hard matter to come to her, becauſe *Leonora* kept her very cloſe. There is a remedy for that, ſays *Lyſis*; I will diſguiſe my ſelf to go and ſee her: Cannot you by your art give me ſome other form then what I have, and ſo render me ſuch as I may not be known? I will conſider to night what face you ſhall take, replies *Hircan*: Set your heart at reſt, and go to bed where I have appointed you.

Lyſis went his way cheerfully to bed full of great hopes; and the next morning the Conjurer coming to him caus'd him to put his head into a pail of water, while he mumbled certain barbarous words over him; which when he had done, he ſaid to him, Aſſure your ſelf that you are now like a handſom Country-wench: You have now no more to do, but to go immediately to *Leonora*; I know ſhe wants a Maid, doubt not but ſhe'll take you, and by that means you ſhall ſee *Charite* when you will, and enjoy all the pleaſure in the world. *Lyſis* having a confidence in this, went down into the Kitchin: All the Servants had the watchword given them, What would you, fair Maid! ſays one; whence come you? Another by way of abuſe, ſwore he would willingly give his old breeches for her maidenhead. *Lyſis* was out of himſelf for joy at this; and runs laughing to *Hircan*, for to give him

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the commendations of his art. He was ſo impatient, that he took leave of him and the *aquatick Nymph*; and taking a Lacquay for his guide, took his way to *Orontes's* houſe. He was not gone fifty paces from the houſe, but he meets a Countrey woman; being deſirous to try whether ſhe took him for a maid, he went and made her a low courteſie; and ſaid to her, with a counterfeit voyce, Good morrow Goſſip! pray ſhew me the way to *Orontes's* Caſtle, I am a poor maid out of my way. Truly (anſwers the Countrey woman grumbling) I would not ſuch a maid lay a night with my daughter, I ſhould fear ſhe might bring me more. What! you have no compaſſion on thoſe of your own ſex, ſays *Lyſis*; I pray ſhew me the way, this Lad knows it not; mark what may happen, if I come not ſoon to *Orontes's*: I may be met by Shepherds, or Swineherds, or it may be by *Satyrs*, and then farewell the flower of my virginity.

Thereupon the Lacquay laughing, told the woman, that it was a maid that he conducted: but ſhe grew a little angry, and purſuing her way, told them, they were affronters, and bid them make ſport with ſome other. The Shepherd ſeeing this, knew that the charm of *Hircan* was not ſo ſtrong as he had conceiv'd, but he preſently bethought him, that it was his own fault, becauſe he had ſtill mans cloathes on, which had not been chang'd with his body: ſo that he would needs return to the Magician for ſome remedy. He told him what he thought of it; and *Hircan* aſſur'd him, that when he had maids cloathes on, he might a great deal better deceive the world then in a mans. The watery Nymph was thereupon call'd for to dreſs him. He put off all to his drawers, which done, ſhe put on him an under-petty-coat, and on that a green coat, and a gray waſtcoat, and coiff'd him after the faſhion of *Brie*. She ſighed ſo deeply in dreſſing him, that the Shepherd could not but ask her what ſhe ailed. Alas! I ail nothing, ſaies ſhe, but that though I deſire your ſweet company, yet you forſake me to go to a Bitch, a Tygreſs, and a ſhe-Wolf. Ah me! what ſay you, *Synopaz* (replies the Shepherd, who imagin'd ſhe was ſo called) take heed the heavens puniſh you not; for my part I excuſe you, it is not you that ſpeak, but Rage and Jealouſie.

By this time he was quite ready, and *Hircan* having brought a looking-glaſs, he beheld himſelf therein, and cry'd out through exceſs of joy, O God! it is impoſſible more to reſemble a Shepherdeſs then I do: Here's nothing left of the Shepherd *Lyſis*, but a ſoft down that ſhadows my chin. That's not much, ſaies *Hircan*, there are many women have more beard then that, and among others, my own Kitchin-maid. However, let it be taken off, if you will. It is not to be much wondred at, if I have a little, replies *Lyſis*, for 'tis three years ſince that a golden fleece hath adorn'd my face; though it might be very decent, yet I have ſhorn it once in eight days, and have rub'd me every morning with a pumice ſtone, to hinder it to grow, that I might ſeem the younger; but particularly, to be ready to diſguiſe my ſelf like a maid, when there ſhould be any occaſion, as I have ever had a deſire to do. *Lyſis* having ſo ſaid, *Hircan's* man took off what hair was on his chin. Then did he believe, that his change of cloathes, together with the charm, was enough to deceive all the world. Beſides that, *Hircan* told him, he would be at *Orontes's* while he ſhould be ſpeaking to *Leonora*, to perſwade her to take him into her ſervice. He preſently took horſe, to be there the ſooner, and *Lyſis* in the mean time took his time to go thither, with his former guide. *Hircan* being come to *Orontes*, told him the pleaſant adventure had hapned to him. *Florida*, *Leonora*, and *Angelica* were alſo acquainted with it, and were impatient to ſee the Shepherd *Lyſis* metamorphos'd into a maid: So all that were preſent being in a good humor, they reſolved to entertain him for to paſs away the time.

Lyſis being on his way, bethought him what name he ſhould take. There was none ſeem'd more gentle, and more paſtoral to him, then *Amarillis*, ſo that he took that; and when he view'd himſelf ſometimes in his Shepherdeſſes habit, he ſaid in himſelf, No, no, there is no ſhame to put on this garb, when *Love* commands it. The great *Alcides* chang'd his *club* into a *diſtaff*, and put on *Ioles* gown inſtead of his Lyons skin. Was not *Poliarchus* cloath'd like a maid, and was called *Theocrine*?

crine? and did not *Celadon* do the like, and was called *Alexis*? This is the principal subject of *Romances*, and an amorous history is never good, if there be not a young man puts on maids cloathes; or a maid a mans. I appeal to all those who pass away their days in that delightful reading. I would to God *Charite* would imitate me, and put on the habit of my sex, as I have put on that of hers. Then must she pretend to love me, and if we were married, the change of cloaths would not deceive any body; all would be very well.

In the midst of these noble thoughts, the disguis'd Shepherd came to *Orontes*'s house; and having ask'd to speak with *Leonora*, he was carried into the hall, where she was, together with the rest of the Company. *Hircan* stood up presently, and said to her, *Madam*, here is a maid wants a service, she is a kinswoman of my farmers wife; if you will take her, I will be accountable for her true service. *Leonora* bid her draw near, and striving as much as she could to refrain laughing, ask'd her what she could do. *Amarillis* promis'd to do any thing was commanded her with a little shewing. I see well, saies *Leonora*, how the case stands, this maid is not good for the Chamber, nor for the Kitchin, but may serve to do somewhat every where. What say you as to wages? you need not think of that, replies *Hircan*, you shall reward her according as she shall have served you: So *Leonora* resolved to take this fine servant, who presently told her name, whereat those that were present could not any longer forbear laughing. As for *Amaryllis*, she look'd like a scar-crow in a Hemp-yard. Her back was long and flat, as if she had carried a flat basket on it, and for her breast, it was no more plump then a Trencher; the rest was streight, as if it had been a distaff swadled about.

Hircan being gone away, they gave *Amarillis* divers things to do, which she did as well as any other should have done. She laid the cloath, rinsed the glasses, and made clean the chambers, and all with such modesty, that all wonder'd at it. The fair one durst not as much as lift up her eyes, and when she was at dinner with the men, she would have been very much out of countenance, had it not been that there were other maids as well as she, and especially *Charite*, whom she perpetually considered and view'd. The men and maids knew all that it was *Lysis*, but they were expressly forbidden to discover that they knew any thing, nor to call her by any other name then *Amarillis*; so that lest she might betray any thing, there was but little spoken to her.

In the afternoon came thither *Anselme* and *Montenor*, who had sent their people all about to look for *Lysis*, of whom not having receiv'd any tidings, they were come to *Leonora*, to have some news of him. She told them, that she had not seen him, and thereupon call'd *Amarillis*, to bid her do somewhat. As soon as they saw her, they were so surpris'd, that they said not a word, but when she was gone, *Anselme* cryes out, well Madam, if that be not *Lysis*, it is a Maid extreamly like him. *Leonora* told him, he was not mistaken, and acquainted him what adventures the Shepherd had run through at *Hircans* the Magician. *Anselme* was infinitely pleas'd at the narration, and went into a Chamber where *Amarillis* was. She made as if she knew him not, nor did she discover her self; so that he left her, and betet himself to talk with *Angelica*. About an hour after came *Hircan* and *Clarimond*, whom he had sent for; then was the time come, that they resolved to make good sport with the new maid. *Clarimond* made it his business to play tricks with her, and would have kist her. She thrust him back still as hard as she could; but that which most discover'd her was, that she could not sufficiently counterfeit her speech, and instead of speaking like a simple Country wench, she spoke a quaint Court phrase. Let me alone says she, at every word, I would be touch'd no more then if I were a vestal. Be quiet, you would ravish me; have you any attempt on the Candor of my Chastity, and would see the wack of the Vessel of my Continency.

Sometimes she spoke of her self in the masculine gender, instead of the feminine, yet no body seem'd to take any notice. *Clarimond* set on her still with fine compliments, in which he call'd her his *Goddess* and his *Nymph*: They could not refrain

frain laughing to ſee that he gave ſuch qualities to a Wench ſo ill dreſt; and *Angelica* ask'd whether the Nymphs wore coifs? You need not doubt but there are ſome that do, ſays *Anſelme*, for they are ever dreſt according to the faſhion of the Countrey where they reſide. That's the reaſon that thoſe of the river of *Marn* wear coifes, ſuch as are made at *Meaux*. and thoſe of the River *Seine* wear frenchhoods after the *Paris* faſhion.

There paſt divers other pleaſant diſcourſes on the like occaſions; but all this was not much; for they conceiv'd they might have made much more ſport with *Amarillis*: yet they made as nothing were, and thoſe who were not of the houſe returned every one to his own home, leaving *Leonora* and her new maid.

Amarillis paſs'd over four days with all the ſatisfaction in the world. They had aſſign'd her a little chamber, where ſhe lay alone, and never went out before ſhe was fully dreſs'd by a glaſs ſhe had. Though ſhe ſpoke not to *Charite*, but as to another ordinary ſervant, yet ſhe thought the heavens very favorable to her, that ſhe had the opportunity to ſee her when ſhe pleas'd. *Leonora* was not weary of keeping her, for ſhe took a pleaſure to ſee with what diligence ſhe ſerved her; and on the other ſide, ſhe fear'd not any ill report might come to her houſe by her means: She was of thoſe that are in love by way of contemplation, whoſe pleaſures are rather thoſe of the minde, then thoſe of the body; and ſhe always ſet before her eyes the chaſtity of *Alexis*, who when he had his Miſtreſs naked in his arms, had not the preſumption to do any thing to her: if ſhe thought it a happineſs to love *Charite*, ſhe thought it no leſs to be her ſelf loved by *Marcel*, *Orontes's* Gentleman: This young Lad made excellent ſport with her when he ſpoke to her of love, but ſhe thought his diſcourſes nothing but vanity. When ſhe look'd into the glaſs, ſhe thought her ſelf very handſome; and ſhe was not far from a misfortune dangerous, as that of *Narciſſus*; for the ſoul of *Lyſis* lov'd that countenance of *Amarillis* which ſhe ſaw, that made her often kiſs the glaſs, that ſhe might be mouth to mouth with that Shepherdeſs: though ſhe beheld her ſelf ſo often, yet is it not to be thence inferr'd, that ſhe was any of the beſt dreſs'd in the world. You will tell me, that her amorous imaginations made her ſo negligent; but there was ſomething elſe in the wind; 'twas becauſe ſhe knew not ſo well how to trick up her ſelf, and could not make her ſelf as fine as *Synopa* had made her the firſt day.

When ſhe had been five days with *Leonora*, *Anſelme*, *Montenor*, and *Clarimond* came thither without any noiſe. They had not been there all that time purpoſely to ſee what *Amarillis* would do in the mean while, and that time they had ſpent in ſeveral viſits, and hunting. The diſcourſes of *Lyſis* had engag'd *Orontes*, *Florida*, *Leonora* and *Angelica* to read Romances, for to know more of his principles, and to make the better ſport with him. *Clarimond* had no ſooner propos'd that *Amarillis* muſt be accus'd of unchaſtity, but every one was in doubt how the accuſation ſhould be carried on. After they had conſulted together, *Leonora* is ſeated in the Court on a high chair, and *Florida* and *Angelica* one on the one ſide, and the other on the other on ſtools. Preſently *Amarillis* is ſent for by two Sergeants, who binde her hands behinde her, and drag her in a rough manner to the place, without ſaying any thing to her, though ſhe conjur'd them to tell her, wherein ſhe had offended. When ſhe was come before *Leonora*, they made her ſit down on a low ſtool, like a Criminal; which done, *Orontes* approaches with ten or twelve perſons, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen about him, who had been ſent for out of the neighbourhood, but came not there for any reaſon but to make a number, and were not to ſpeak any thing, as Mutes in a Play. I have ſent for this maid to have her puniſh'd, ſays *Leonora* to *Orontes*; what do you accuſe her of. He thereupon puts on a ſerious countenance, and ſpoke to this purpoſe;

I

I Am very ſorry, Madam, that I am conſtrain'd to importune your chaſte ears with a plea full of impurities; but ſeeing it is better to ſpeak of vice, and to diſcover it, then to paſs it over unpuniſh'd, I ſhall with confidence acquaint you what enormous crimes Amarillis *hath committed. You charitably had receiv'd into your houſe this vagabond Wench, who diſguiſs'd a while the miſchief ſhe had within her; but to the diſhonor of this houſe where ſhe hath been ſo well entertained, it hath not been long ere ſhe diſcovered what ſhe was; and having with the eyes of concupiſence look'd on the beauty of my man* Marcel, *ſhe could not be at reſt till ſhe had brought him to condeſcend to her lewd deſires; you know he hath thoſe features in his face, that there is not a maid within twenty miles about, which is not in love with him: but this would engroſs to her ſelf what all the reſt deſired, and by ſubtil allurements hath prevailed ſo far, that he hath ſtained the purity of his continence. He is not the only man hath been ſo ſerved, and if he hath gone aſtray, he is to be pardoned, as far as his ſimplicity hath exceeded his evil intentions; but as for this ſhe-wolf, I demand ſhe may be puniſht according to the Laws which have ever been obſerved in this Country, againſt thoſe that ſin by fornication, as ſhe hath done. Madam, do me juſtice; conſider the enormity of the caſe, which is the pollution of this houſe; beſides corrupting the chaſtity of a yong man, that was chaſter then* Hippolitus. *He was alſo my hope, and I had deſigned to marry him to my Farmers daughter, of whom he might have gotten legitimate children, whereas now he is undone for ever. He hath loſt his honor; his faireſt flower is already gathered, he is not now fit for any body. Let us at leaſt have the ſatisfaction to ſee her dye, who hath been the cauſe of it, that ſo this misfortune may be repaired.*

Orontes having made this Speech, *Leonora* asked *Amarillis*, whether ſhe had any thing to ſay againſt it? She anſwered, That ſhe denied all was laid to her charge: So that they ſent for *Marcel*, to know the truth. He came like a Ninny weeping; and ſays to *Leonora*, It is true, Madam, that this maid hath forced me to what I had no minde to do. After ſhe had for a great while caſt her ſheeps eyes at me, ſhe told me laſt night, that ſhe had caught a great cold, and that ſhe did nothing but cough; but that which troubled her moſt was, that ſhe lay alone, and had no body near her to ſay, *God bleſs you*. Hereupon ſhe was ſo importunate with me, that I could not be at reſt till ſhe had prevail'd to do her that good office: and to be brief, I was fain to lie with her laſt night, and that hath been the occaſion of this misadventure. If it be expected I ſhould proceed any further in this ſtory, ſhame will ſtop up the paſſage of my voyce, and I dare ſpeak no more.

There *Marcel* gave over, and *Amarillis* aſſuming the diſcourſe, cryes out preſently, Ah miſchief! where wouldſt thou ſeek what thou ſhouldſt ſay more? have I deſired thee to do any thing to thy diſhonor and mine? and thou haſt lien with me? Let the earth open now and ſwallow me up, if there be any ſuch thing. Doſt thou not remember, that when ever thou wouldſt but kiſs me, I have thruſt thee back with as much diſdain as if thou hadſt been a monſter? wilt thou imitate *Paedra* who accus'd *Hippolitus*, that had ſleighted her; and becauſe thou haſt not been able to force me, wilt thou ſay that I have forc'd thee? Alas! Is there no Advocate here that will ſpeak for me? He ſhall plead for Innocency it ſelf.

In ſaying ſo *Amarillis* look'd about of all ſides, but there was no body offered any thing in her defence: nor had ſhe any witneſſes to prove that ſhe had always reſiſted the careſſes of *Marcel*; and on the contrary, that it was he had come in againſt her. All the ſervants came and bore witneſs, that they had ſeen her look very wantonly on that Lad; and there was none but had ſomewhat to ſay, even *Charite* her ſelf, who came and ſwore, ſhe had heard her ſigh before him. There was the ſurpluſage of his misfortune, ſhe durſt not contradict that fair *Charite*, but was content to ſay within herſelf, that ſhe wondred to ſee *Lyſis*'s Miſtreſſe ſpeak againſt *Amarillis*, who had ſome features like thoſe of that Shepherd.

While ſhe was in this conſideration, and durſt ſay no more, *Leonora* making as if ſhe conſulted with her ſiſter and daughter, ſpoke to this effect:

THe Complaint of Marcel *and his Maſter being heard, as to what they affirm, That* Amarillis *hath corrupted this young man, and hath betrayed her honor; and foraſmuch as the ſaid maid hath always denyed it, We ordain, That ſhe be put to the tryal of her chaſtity before there be any further proceeding, according to the cuſtom of this Country.*

Amarillis was very well content with this judgement; ſo that preſently the ſacred *Plate* was ſent for, which was kept among the treaſure of the Caſtle. Thoſe which were preſent, ſpoke of it as a thing that were really ſo; and affirmed, that none but chaſte perſons could tread on it, without burning the ſoles of their feet. There was one of the maids would needs go for it; but *Orontes* ſaid to her, Trouble not thou thy ſelf, I prethee, in this buſineſs, thou knowſt too much diſſimulation, I will not be accountable for thee. Know, that thoſe who are but guilty of the leaſt matter that can be, dare not touch this Plate. It muſt be only ſent for by little children, of whoſe chaſtity we are aſſur'd. Let the Gardeners two daughters bring it: whereupon the two little children were led where hung the braſs Plate, whereon the maids dry'd the bands when they ſtarched; they brought it away, and plac'd it in the middle of the Court. *Amarillis* thought all theſe things real; for ſhe had obſerved ſuch an other adventure in the *Æthiopian* hiſtory; and if they would try her by fire, ſhe call'd to minde a certain *Meliſe*, whereof there is mention made in the Loves of *Clitophon* and *Leucippus*, who was put to the tryal of water. While ſhe was ſtripping her ſelf for to go upon the Plate, a ſturdy Groom making as if he were curious, touch'd it with the top of his finger. But he drew back preſently, crying out, I burn, I burn, my hand is roaſted. Thou art well enough ſerved prophane Raſcal, ſayes *Orontes*, thou wouldſt not believe a thing that ſo many others have tryed. Couldſt thou forget that thou hadſt paſs'd all thy youth in Bawdy-houſes? And yet doſt thou pretend to Chaſtity after all?

Amarillis obſerving this adventure, fell into ſome amazement, and being ready to tread upon the Plate, ſhe was a little afraid of burning. As for *Amarillis*, ſayes ſhe in her ſelf, I am ſure ſhe is chaſt; but as for *Lyſis*, I am not ſo certain: however, my feet ſhall not be burn'd, for it is in body and externally that I am *Amarillis*, and am not *Lyſis* but in ſoul, ſeeing a Magician hath changed my Figure.

Having by this ſubtilty reaſſur'd her ſelf, ſhe recovers her courage, having before examined her whole life paſt, and conſidered, that if the Shepherd *Lyſis* had ſinn'd, it had been only by deſire, and that he had never committed folly with any of his members. It being at laſt reſolved, that *Lyſis* and *Amarillis* were as clear as when they were born, the accuſed party went bare foot upon the Plate, and remained on it a long while without feeling any heat; nor indeed was there any reaſon it ſhould be hot, for it was above two days ſince there had been any fire under it. Some that were preſent, cry'd out thereupon, Come thence *Amarillis*, you are chaſt, we are ſatisfied you have been too much perſecuted. O *Amarillis*! the Queen of fair and chaſt ones, what light you caſt from that place. There is no other fire on that Plate, but that of your eyes. She came down infinitely pleas'd at theſe Exclamations; but *Orontes* crying out louder then any of the reſt, came and ſaid, That this proof was not to be credited, and that it was not true as to her particular. *Amarillis* is a Sorcereſs, I know it well enough, ſhe hath ſome charms to ſave her from burning. Let her be ſtrip'd naked, that her characters may be taken from her, and then let her be condemned to the fire, or be caſt into the River with a milſtone at her neck.

Thereupon *Leonora* bid them ſee whether ſhe had any Witch-craft about her; which command given, all the Lacquays that were there fell upon her. One took away

away her coif, another her waſtcoat, but ſhe immediately cover'd her head with her apron, that her hair might not be ſeen, which was too ſhort to be a maids. *Clarimond* upon this, iſſuing out of a place where he lay hid, came and delivered her out of the hands of thoſe mercileſs miniſters of juſtice; and having carried her into a corner where ſhe might fit her cloathes about her, went and caſt himſelf on his knees before the Judges. Have pitty on an innocent creature, Madam, ſayes he to *Leonora*, if it be your deſign to put her to death, becauſe you thirſt after her blood, let me be in her ſtead, and let mine be ſpilt for her. I am ſo ſurpris'd with her beauties, that I am willing to dye for her. You ſay ſhe hath charms about her, it is true, ſhe hath thoſe of her eyes, that have no other operation but on me, and that to hurt me; and if ſhe have any other beſides, to ſave her from the burning of the ſacred *Plate*, I confeſs it is I that have given them her, unknown to her. It is I that am the Sorcerer: tis I that am guilty, let there be made ready a pile of faggots, that I may be caſt into the fire. I ſhall ſuffer no more then what I do every day; the fire I ſhall be caſt in, will not be more ardent then that of the fair eyes of *Amarillis*. If you alledge ſhe is not only guilty of Witchcraft, but alſo of Fornication, for which ſhe is nevertheleſs worthy to dye, I will alſo ſuffer the puniſhment for her in that caſe, ſo ſhe may live; nay, you ſhall give me a thouſand deaths if you deſire it. You underſtand not your ſelf, friend, replyes *Leonora*, know you not that all crimes are perſonal, and that they who have committed them are onely to be puniſh'd. If you are ſo deſirous to dye, you ſhall both dye together. Make haſte there, and bring ſome faggots, and ſet them afire. *Leonora* had no ſooner pronounc'd that cruel ſentence, but abundance of Crackers were fired at the gate, and *Hircan* iſſues out of a flame of Pitch and Roſin, like a Ghoſt in a Play. He held in his hand a lighted Torch, that made a great ſmoak; and the better to act the part of a Magician, he had a long Caſſock of black Canvas. The whole preſence ſeem'd to be much troubled at his coming, and every one ran his way: ſo that it was eaſie for him to ſeize on *Amarillis*, whom when he had diſpoſed into a Coach that waited at the gate: Fear not, fair Shepherd, ſays he to her, I am thy friend *Hircan*, who am come to ſuccour thee in thy neceſſity. Thoſe who had deſign'd thee to death, may now ſeek after thee to little purpoſe. My Chariot is drawn by horſes wing'd like Gryphons, who in a ſhort time will bring us to my houſe.

The adventures paſt had ſo ſurpris'd *Amarillis*, that ſhe knew not where ſhe was, but at length coming to her ſelf; and knowing *Hircan*, ſhe thank'd him for the favour he had done her. She told him that he ſhould have brought *Clarimond* alſo away with him; becauſe that he being detained as her ſurety, they would put him to death for her. Do not trouble your ſelf for that, ſays *Hircan*, one of my ſpirits hath carried him away, he is by this time at home. May we alſo be conducted along with the like dexterity, replyes *Amarillis*: for *Claudian* ſpeaking of the Chariot of *Triptolemus*, ſays, That the roads of the ayr are as dangerous as thoſe of the ſea.

The Coach went a good pace, while they were ſo diſcourſing; ſo that in a little while they came to the Magicians Caſtle: *Amarillis* had much ado to perſwade her ſelf that ſhe was ſtill *Lyſis*: ſhe had quite forgotten that perſon, and it ſeemed ſtrange to her to be called by that name: ſhe felt her ſelf in thoſe parts which ſpeak a man, and though ſhe found there what was wont to be, yet was ſhe not confident it was there. This doubt could ſhe not be delivered of, till the Magician, as if he had us'd a Countercharm, had caſt a little water on her head, ſpeaking ſome barbarous words. Which done, he reaſſumed his Shepherds habit, and went and related to the Nymph *Synopa* all the Adventures he had run through.

All this was the deſign of *Clarimond* and *Anſelme*, who had ſent for *Hircan*. They ſtaid at *Orontes*'s Caſtle with the reſt of the Company, and had good ſport and laughing at all the follies of the amorous Shepherd. Every one affirmed, there was nothing comparable to his converſation, and that they had now really ſeen a remarkable adventure, which before had never been ſeen but in writing. But if they were ſatisfied, *Lyſis* (how hard I finde it not to call him ſtill *Amarillis*) was no

leſs. He ſaid, that that had hapned to him which was not in any Hiſtory in the world: There was in the *Faithfull Shepherd* a Shepherdeſs of the ſame name, who had been falſely accuſed to have been diſhonour'd; and in a later *Paſtoral* that he had read, there was another Shepherdeſs accuſed upon the ſame account; but that it was never heard that a Shepherd having put on Maids cloaths, had been call'd to queſtion for any ſuch thing. In all manner of adventures he ſtill exemplified out of divers *Romances*, which I ſhall not name: And it is not much to be wondred at if he produced many examples to the ſame purpoſe; for it is obſerved that thoſe rare wits that compoſe them, are ſo furniſh'd with invention, that they can hardly advance any thing which they have not ſtoln from others.

Lyſis having his ordinary cloaths on, was already weary at the Magicians, and had a mind to go viſit *Montenor* and *Anſelme*: He took the ſame Coach wherein he came, and returned to them. They were come home from *Orontes*'s; and aſſoon as they ſaw him, they ſtood as amaz'd, and ask'd him where he had been all that while. Do you not ſee that I have ſtill my Gitarrhe in my hand? ſays he, ſmiling: I have been to give my Miſtreſs a Serenade; it is but one day ſince I went hence. You have then ſlept away ſix in ſome cave, replies *Montenor*: In the mean while you have loſt a fair deal of time; you have not ſeen a Maid that *Leonora* had, who ſeem'd to us well as handſom as *Charite*.

Clarimond who was in another chamber, came in thereupon, and avow'd the Laſs was ſo handſom, that he was deſperately fallen in love with her, and that he knew not how ſhe was taken away from him. *Lyſis* ſmiling, would not any longer conceal the truth; and ſo ſaid to them, You have been deceiv'd, my dear friends! it was I that acted the part of *Amaryllis*: Now I tell you, but ſay nothing of it at *Orontes*'s, leſt *Leonora* be angry with me. Every one ſeemed to be raviſh'd with admiration, and above all *Clarimond*, who could not give over ſaying, Shall I henceforth love nothing but an Idæa? where ſhall I find the fair Nymph that hath wounded me? Ah, *Lyſis*! ſeeing ſhe is in thee, I muſt change my love into an honorable friendſhip. There was nothing elſe talk'd of all ſupper-time; and the next day after dinner they went all to *Orontes*'s, who ask'd the Shepherd where he had been for the ſpace of ſeven or eight days, all which time they had not ſeen him. To which he anſwered, that he had been viſiting certain Shepherds of the Country. When they had given over queſtioning him, he took his time to go and entertain *Charite* aſide, where ſhe was at work at ſome linnen. *Incomparable Shepherdeſs*! ſays he to her; how long will you not regard my love? Know you not that *Lignon* ſhall return to its ſource, the Trees ſhall be leafleſs in the Spring, and *Love* without his *quiver* and *torch*, before the Shepherd *Lyſis* ſhall ceaſe to adore you? Will you ever be a *Crocodile*, to draw men to you and devour them? or a *Gorgon*, or a *Meduſa*, to change hearts into rocks of conſtancie, whereas your own is a rock of diſdain? Ha! well fare thou *Diamantin*! ah *Anaxeretes*! The Shepherd had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Charite* runs away from him, and goes & ſays to *Leonora*, Truly Madam, I cannot any longer ſuffer this *Lyſis*; he doth nothing but abuſe me. Whereupon he drew near and ſaid, that he call'd heaven to witneſs he had ever courted his Miſtreſs with as much reſpect as if ſhe had been ſome Divinity, and that he had not ſpoken to her but in quaint terms taken out of the Poets, and that all his diſcourſes were perpetual citations. Then he repeated what he had ſaid; and *Leonora* thinking it very ſignificant, bid *Charite* learn what Complements were, and to receive her ſervant more kindly thenceforward. However he entertain'd her not any further at that time; for they had engag'd him into a diſcourſe about other things.

Being returned to *Montenors*, and having a mind to walk into the fields a little before ſupper, he met a Country-man, whom he asked where he intended to lodge that night. He told him, at *Coulommiers*. That put him into a little ſtudy; for it ſeems he had heard ſay that that Town was but thirteen leagues off *Paris*, whereas he thought himſelf a hundred diſtant from it. At which *Coulommiers*? ſays he to the Country-man. At *Coulommiers* in *Brie*, ſays the other. You are miſtaken, friend, replies

replies *Lyſis*: You talk of lodging in *Brie* to night, whereas you are now in *Forreſts*, there is a great diſtance between them, I know well the Geography of them. I know my way as well as you can tell me, replies the Country-man: I have gone this way theſe thirty years, you ſhall not need teach me. And ſo kept on his way, leaving *Lyſis* in an unſpeakable aſtoniſhment. A while after he met another man, that came from that quarter where the other went: In what Country are we, ſays he to him? you'll do me a favour to tell me. You know better then I, Sir, ſays the other to him; what think you? are we not in *Brie*? In *Brie*! replies *Lyſis*, ſure we are in *Forreſts*; do you not ſee I am clad like a Shepherd? But whence come you now? whither go you? do you intend to lodge to night at *Montbriſſon*? 'Tis a great way thither, replies the Traveller, I know it well, it is my own Country; I would I were there! but I am but a league off *Coulommiers*, through which Town I came, and I ſhall lie to night at the firſt Town where I find good lodging. *Lyſis* was now more amaz'd then before; and he could not reſolve whether *Brie* were tranſported to the place where *Forreſts* ſhould be, or whether he himſelf had inſenſibly leap'd out of one Country into the other. He ſpake with much earneſtneſs to this Traveller, who anſwered him as ſeriouſly, and gave him ſuch reaſons as convinc'd him that he had been deceiv'd. The vexation it put him to was ſuch, that he would not return to *Montenor's*. The man he met ſeem'd to him to be a good humour'd fellow, ſo that he reſolved to indent a friendſhip with him, though his face was ſomwhat of the roughеſt. Having asked him what he was, he gave this account of himſelf: About five years ſince (ſays he) I was by profeſſion a Journyman-Joyner, and had the occaſion to faſten a board in the Study of a Learned man that liv'd at *Paris*: He entred into talk with me; and finding my diſcourſes to his mind, he told me, that if I would ſerve him, he would make me a knowing man. Now he had found out the *Philoſophers ſtone* of Knowledge; and in the papers he cauſed to be ſtuck up and down the City, he promiſed the Abridgment of thoſe *long Studies*. I quitted my former profeſſion, for to become learned under him: And I ſwear to you, that having ſerv'd him ever ſince till now, he hath taught me very excellent things. I know not what's become of him ſince: I left him about a ſmall difference that hapned between us; and now I travel up and down *France*, teaching what I know to children. You never heard of any thing more admirable then what I know; I ſpeak readily on any ſubject is given me; my name is *Carmelin*. Seeing you are ſo eloquent, ſays *Lyſis*, let me hear what you can ſay of *Vertue*. *Vertue* is ſo *fair*, replies *Carmelin*, that if men could ſee her *naked*, they could not but fall in *love* with her: They ſay, that at *Rome* it was neceſſary to paſs through her Temple to that of *Honour*. As Silver is of leſs eſteem then Gold, ſo is Gold then Vertue. She it is that takes deep root in the field of our ſouls, but all other things fade and fall like the flowers of the meadow. And what ſay you of *Pleaſure*? replies *Lyſis*. *Pleaſure* is the moſt importunate Miſtreſs in the world, ſays *Carmelin*; the wages ſhe gives us in the end are diſeaſes and deſpairs: It abounds with honey and gall; if it preſent us with Hyppocras, there's wormwood in the bottom of the bowl: She is a treacherous whore, that doth not embrace, but to kill you. As I am a *Shepherd*, cryes out *Lyſis*, here are as many *French Margaritas* as ever I heard in my life: It is clearly ſeen that you have moſt exquiſite obſervations, and excellent common-places. You are the man I want, I ſhall never meet with a better companion. I ſee you are an unſetled perſon, you ſhall ſtay in this Country with me. A ſmall matter maintains us, if you will but turn Shepherd as I am; for invitations are ſo forced upon me, that I am hardly able to ſatisfie thoſe that would have me to dinners and ſuppers. Know you what a *Paſtoral* life is? The *Paſtoral* life is the happieſt in the world, replies *Carmelin*; *Shepherds* are *content* with the little they have, and he that is *content* is *happy*. The Naturaliſts teach us, that the thunder falls on the talleſt trees, and not on the loweſt ſhrubs; ſo calamities aim at great perſons, and paſs over poor ruſticks. Say you ſo! there is the word indeed, ſays *Lyſis* out of exceſs of joy: what an able man are you! you ſpeak nothing but ſentences. What wonders ſhall we do, if you live with me! We will make Books, we will crack Arguments,

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and Harangue it before the Nymphs. I will give you a Miſtreſs, if you have not choſen one already. You ſhall court her, and receive ſignal favours from her; but you muſt reſolve to ſuffer ſomewhat before you obtain her, for ſhe is a moſt diſcreet Shepherdeſs. Will you not treat her with fine amorous Complements? They ſay, that in *Æthiopia* there was a ſtatue of *Memnon*, which when the Sun ſhone on it, made an harmonious ſound, ſayes *Carmelin*; in like manner, when you or any other perſon of equal merit ſhall dart your rayes on me, I ſhall ſpeak thoſe things that ſhall ſatisfie your ears. The cuſtom of *Perſia* being to make preſents to the King, a poor handy-craftsman that met *Artaxerxes*, and had nothing to give him, went and fetch'd a little freſh water, and preſented him with it. So I ſhall not indeed preſent you but with ſmall matters, but you will eſteem them much, if you meaſure them by my good will, knowing that I have not the treaſure of *Cræſus*. Do not quote ſo much, ſayes *Lyſis*, let us return to the ſtatue of *Memnon*, I think I am of the ſame humour. As ſoon as ever my head is ſmitten by the heat of the Sun, I begin to ſneeze. But to ſpeak of what concerns you, without any further digreſſions, I ſwear to you that you will finde thoſe pleaſures with me, that neither the moſt powerful words of your eloquence, nor mine can ever expreſs. *Carmelin*, who was not the wiſeſt in the world, was raviſh'd with the promiſes of *Lyſis*. Upon this there paſt by a Countrey-fellow, of whom the Shepherd ask'd the way to *Clarimonds* Caſtle; he told him he was going that way, and bid him follow. *Lyſis* did ſo, being reſolved to go thither, becauſe he had a good opinion of the diſpoſition of that Gentleman. He found him at home, for he had left *Montenor* and *Anſelme*. But *Clarimond* was amaz'd to ſee him, and as'd him why he had left his good friends. They are cheats, replyes *Lyſis*, they have brought me hither, making me believe it was the Country of *Foreſts*, and 'tis *Bry*; but if I be a Shepherd, I ſhall live as happily here as elſewhere. My mother hath diſcharg'd the Shepherd ſhe had, ſays *Clarimond*, will you take his place; the condition is not to be contemned, you ſhall have wages, and ſhall be well entertain'd: In the morning your Scrip ſhall be well furniſh'd, and at night you ſhall have as much pottage as you will. To propoſe this to me, is to treat me unworthily, replyes *Lyſis*; know, that I will not keep any ſheep but what ſhall be my own, I will not be a Hireling. 'Tis not out of any neceſſity I take this condition, but for the tranquility of this kinde of life. 'Tis upon the ſame grounds that ſo many Shepherds of *Arcadia* and *Forreſts*, who are come from noble houſes do the like. But you that have ſworn to turn Shepherd with me, tell me, where is the memory of all your oathes? I have forgot nothing of what I promiſs'd you, replies *Clarimond*, but I cannot yet perform it, becauſe of ſome buſineſs I have to do of my mothers, which I may not by any means neglect. A man muſt put away all *cares*, before he can be a *Shepherd* as you are. You are in the right, replyes *Lyſis*, and in the mean time this honeſt man here, will bear me company. He is a knowing perſon, hear him ſpeak, that you may ſee what he is.

When he had ſo ſaid, he ſhewed *Carmelin* to *Clarimond*; who preſently ſaid to him, It ſeems you are a Companion of this brave Shepherd. *Vertue* will ſoon have *Companions*, anſwers *Carmelin*. *Pliny* and *du Vair* ſay, that the ſtone *Panthaura* draws to it ſelf whatever is near it; ſo vertue draws all the world after it. How! he quotes Authors, ſaies *Clarimond*: you ſee it, ſaies *Lyſis*, he is the principal diſciple of the *Authour of the Abridgement of Long-ſtudies*. Nay, then I do not wonder that he is learned, replyes *Clarimond*, there are none but excellent perſons come out of the School of ſuch a Philoſopher.

That paſt, *Clarimond* gave order Supper ſhould be made ready, ſeeing he muſt needs entertain theſe new gueſts, notwithſtanding his mothers niggardlineſs. While they were at table, *Carmelin* diſplayed the excellency of his knowledge, and diſcours'd about temperance. There were none, *Lyſis* excepted, but could eaſily ſee, that he ſpoke like a Parrot, and that he had by heart things he underſtood not: for he pronounc'd the words falſe, never ſtopp'd at any period, nor ever elevated or let fall his voyce.

Lyſis

Lyſis propoſing to him what he ought to do to be a Shepherd, told him, that in the firſt place he muſt chooſe a fine name, and quit that of *Carmelin*, which was not ſo proper for a man of their quality; and that he would have him called *Corydon*, *Thyrſis* or *Melibeus*; but *Carmelin* ſaid, that his Father and all his Anceſtors had been call'd ſo, and that he would not do them the injury to change their name. You muſt at leaſt diſguiſe it whatever come on't, ſays *Lyſis*; and ſo making a diminutive of it, I will call you *Carmelines*, or *Carmelimbus*, or *Carmelindor*; theſe words have the full ſent of a *Romance*. When I have ſaid a thing, I am reſolute to obſerve it, ſays *Carmelin*. Well, ſeeing you are inconvincible, keep your former name, replyes *Lyſis*, I know what's to be done. To give an Etymology of this name of *Carmelin*, I will have it derived from *Charmes*, to ſhew that you make *Charms* or *Verſes*, or that you deſire to make ſome. While this paſt, *Lyſis* obſerving the countenance of *Carmelin*, and all the reſt of his body, found much that he had ſomewhat to object to. You muſt alſo change your Phyſiognomy to be a Shepherd with me, ſays he to him, you are as naſty as a Pedants boy: your hair's as greaſie, as if it had been waſh'd in ſallet oyl; your beard is in ſuch a poſture, as if it had never known what a raſor nor ciſers meant, and that you had never been trim'd but with a wiſp of lighted ſtraw, or with the ſhells of burnt nuts, as *Dionyſius* the Tyrant was. I obſerve alſo on your muſtachoes, certain little pearls which fall out of your noſe like dew. That hair muſt be taken away, where the immundicities of the common ſhore of you brain are ſtopp'd. Do you not ſee that I have the chin as clear as any *Roman* Emperor? why would you ſuffer your beard ſo long? or do you keep it for a bib to ſave your ruff, when you eat porredge? you muſt alſo have waſh-balls for your hands, which are as earthy, as if for want of a plow, they had turn'd up an acre of ground; nor muſt you forget to keep your nails ſhort, which towards the top are of a ſlate colour, and are ſo overgrown, that they may be uſed for lanthorns, or may ſerve for ſhooing-horns. This correction made *Carmelin* hold his peace a while; but at laſt he ſwallowed down his ſhame in a glaſs of wine, and promiſ'd to make himſelf as neat as the Bridegroom of a Country Village.

Clarimond ſent a man to *Anſelme*, to bid him not trouble himſelf about *Lyſis*; and ſo commanded a Chamber to be prepared for the two Shepherds. Having diſcours'd a little while after ſupper, they went to bed all three. The next day *Lyſis* being unwilling to defer his being a Shepherd in good earneſt any longer, propoſ'd it to *Carmelin*, and ſeeing that he was more willing to be his ſervant then his companion, becauſe he was very poor, he was reſolved to take him to his ſervice; yet not commanding him any thing but what was eaſie and honorable: So he gave him money, and bid him go buy ſheep in ſome market, and withal, charg'd him not to forget to take off his beard, and cleanſe his hair. When he was gone, *Clarimond* came and drew *Lyſis* into ſome diſcourſes about his Loves; and aſked him, if he had not yet receiv'd ſome ſignal favour of *Charite*. He anſwered, that his own over-reſpect towards her, had hindred him. Aſſure your ſelf Lover, ſayes *Clarimond*, that fortune favours confidence, nay temerity. Contemn the reſiſtances of your Miſtreſs; maids do not run from us, but to be follow'd and overtaken. They fight not, but to be overcome, and are pleas'd they are not the ſtrongeſt. If your lips may touch theirs, you muſt not be content with that: for he that hath obtain'd a kiſs, and proceeds no further, ſhews himſelf unworthy of what he hath receiv'd. You'll bring me the examples of many chaſte Shepherds, but they are all Cockſcombs; there are divers others more to be commended then they, who have made their Miſtreſſes leap again.

A certain ſtrange pleaſure came thereupon, and tickled *Lyſis*; and for to be ſomewhat ſatisfied in his love, he reſolv'd to follow *Clarimonds* advice, and to endeavor to arrive at ſome enjoyment. In this conſideration he went out to walk ſomewhere near the Caſtle. He had not been out half an hour, but he perceives two women on the highway, who came leaſurely towards him. At length he perceiv'd it was *Orontes*'s gardeners wife, and the fair *Charite*. He went behinde a hedge, that

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he might not be ſeen: And as they went along, ſays *Charite* to the other, I muſt reſt my ſelf before I go any further; let's ſit down here. They preſently ſate them down on the graſs: So that *Lyſis* putting on what confidence he could, came and accoſted them. They acquainted him that they were going in pilgrimage to St. *Fiacre*. But he immediately changing the diſcourſe, began to praiſe the beauty of *Charite*, which was increaſed by the heat ſhe had by going. The Gardeners wife, who underſtood nothing of all this, riſe up and ſaid to her companion, that ſhe would go leiſurely before, and that ſhe could not endure to be ſitting. The Shepherd ſeeing himſelf all alone with his Miſtreſs, would put in practice that art of Loving that *Clarimond* had taught him; and in the firſt place taking the fair hand which had ſtollen away his heart, he would needs kiſs it. *Charite* draws it back preſently, ſo that he was forc'd to ſay to her, If you will not give me leave to kiſs naked this thief of my heart, I'll draw your ſmock-ſleeve over it, and kiſs it ſo; will you not permit me? People are fain to kiſs Reliques through a glaſs.

Having ſaid ſo, he ſtrived ſo much, that he kiſs'd the bare hand: And believing he ought in conſequence endeavour ſome greater victory over his ſweet enemy, Ha *Charite!* ſays he to her with dying eyes and an amorous geſture, Now that we are alone, whoſe fault is it that we imitate not *Daphnis* and *Cloe*, and that we ſtrip not our ſelves naked as they did, to go and waſh together in ſome fountain hereabouts? There is one I know hath ſo much umbrage, that the Sun who ſees all things cannot diſcover us there: I muſt lie on thy breaſt, ſeeing thou art my Altar, and that I am the Victim that is to be laid on it. Wilt thou not ſuffer that my half be glued to thine? Is there no means that both of us together make an *Androgyne*?

He was no ſooner delivered of theſe words, but his Miſtreſs underſtood well enough what he meant; for it is a maxim, That a maid cannot be ſo ſimple but ſhe will apprehend this, in what terms ſoever it be ſpoken. So that *Charite* riſe up, and going her ways ſaid to him, Fear not, Impudence! but aſſure thy ſelf that I'll tell my Lady of this; thou comeſt to diſturb my devotions with thy follies: If ever thou comeſt to our houſe again, thou ſhalt find the door ſhut. *Lyſis* riſing up, cries out, O Virgin more tender then the vine-bud! thou runſt away from me faſter then the young Fawn doth from the mercileſs tooth of a Bear: I do not run after thee like a Wolf for to devour thee; I am no *Myrmidon*, nor ſavage *Dolopus*. Alas! ſtay till thou hear me, or hear me till I come to thee: Thou flieſt like an Aſp whoſe tail hath been trod on. Notwithſtanding this complaint, ſhe kept on her way ſtill: which ſo amaz'd him, that he durſt not run after her, but remained as immoveable as a ſtatue. Oh how often did he curſe the advice of *Clarimond*, which had procured him nothing but the diſfavour of *Charite*! Oh how did he now wiſh he had ſaid nothing at all to her, and that he had been as mute that day as the fiſh in the river *Moſin*, which muſt no more be called *Lignon*! Oh how he wiſh'd he had had no more uſe of his members then a Paralytick, before his Miſtreſs, that ſo he might have done her no violence! But what was paſt could not be recalled; all his recourſe now was to ſighs and tears.

Dinner-time was ſlipt away in theſe imaginations: So that *Clarimond* wondring he returned not, went out to look after him. Having found him weeping at the foot of a tree, Ah *Clarimond!* ſays the Shepherd to him, wonder not that I weep; it is for to water this Elm, and to make it grow in requital for the ſhadow it hath given *Charite* when ſhe ſate under it. But alas! if thou wouldſt know another cauſe of my weeping, it is that I have offended that fair one by thinking to put thy doctrine in practice. It may be you have not carried your ſelf diſcreetly in the buſineſs, replies *Clarimond*, and you have betray'd the myſterie. How is it poſſible I ſhould do amiſs? ſays *Lyſis*, ſeeing I ſaid not one word to her which I cannot ſhew in very good Authors. 'Tis therefore becauſe ſhe is not ſo well read, ſays *Clarimond*; and before you ſhould have entertained her in that manner, you ſhould have brought her to read. There's the ſecret! replies *Lyſis*: But ſeeing you are the cauſe of my misfortune, you are obliged to find out ſome remedy, and to make my peace with her.

her. I beſeech you remonſtrate to her, that if *I* have ſpoken of making the *Androgyne*, *I* meant no hurt thereby: Is it not well known that heretofore men were double; but that to puniſh their iniquities, they were divided in two? That's the reaſon that every one is ſo deſirous to find his other half, and by joyning it to himſelf to make up a perfect creature. Now there may be a juncture without ſin, as that of wills and deſires: And I may well ſay that was the manner I meant. And if *Charite* abhor theſe copulations, let her beware the judgment of *Jupiter*: He hath given men notice, that if they return to their offending him, he will further divide every half in two. Seeing ſhe will not hear of joyning herſelf, the Gods might juſtly divide her in that manner: And do you think it would be a fine ſight to ſee her in two parts, each of them having but half a noſe, half a mouth, one eye, one ear, one buttock, one thigh, and one foot, with which ſhe ſhould go leaping like a Flea, and ſtraighten herſelf up again like a Bob. 'Twere great pitty to ſee her in that poſture, ſays *Clarimond*; ſhe muſt know ſo much: If you were to ſatisfie your love in the enjoyment of her, you muſt bring thoſe two parts together, which would be an exceſſive trouble: And then if you ſhould be jealous, conſider what means there were to look to ſuch a woman; while you had one half with you in your own bed, the other would be in your neighbours.

After theſe learned conſiderations, *Clarimond* perſwaded the Shepherd ſo far of the poſſibility of qualifying *Charites* cruelty, that he got him home to eat ſomewhat. Thence they took their way to *Hircan's* Caſtle, for diverſion ſake, and went all by eaſe diſcourſing of the miracles the Magician did. When they were come thither, *Hircan* carried them into the Garden, where *Lyſis* had never been before. When he ſaw it was ſo fair, it ſeem'd to him to be the reſidence of the Spring, Summer and Autumn, becauſe there was all ſorts of Flowers, and all ſorts of Fruits: He thought that *Hircan* had for ever baniſh'd the Winter thence by the force of his charms. Being in a Walk which was broad and very cloſe at the top, he was ſo much taken with it, that ſtretching out his arms he cryes out, Ha fair Walk! thou ſhalt have of my Verſes, I ſwear it to thee; thou deſerveſt I ſhould make a Deſcription of thee ſome time or other. Out of that he goes into a Bowre, built for to elude the heat of the day: There he ſees a Spring ſo well painted, that he ſays to the reſt, Come not ſo neer, we ſhall be wet. And perceiving a Horſe excellently well drawn in a field, he brake forth into this fuſtian: See you how that horſe runs! you will loſe him, *Hircan*; why do you not tie him to ſome tree? He runs away from himſelf! he leaves himſelf behind! While he was thus buſie, *Hircan* turning a little Cock, made the water iſſue out in good earneſt out of a Plank below, by a many holes, O wonder! cries out *Lyſis*, running away: I knew this Magician had thwarted the courſe of nature: whereas in other places the water falls down from heaven to earth, here it iſſues out of the earth, as if it would threaten heaven: Or is it that this peece of earth will weep in its turn, for the pains which I ſuffer?

There was with *Hircan* a Couſin of his, called *Fontenay*, who was come to ſee him. He wondred much at what *Lyſis* ſaid, as never having heard any thing equally extravagant. He took aſide one of the ſervants, and ask'd whether he knew him. He anſwered, that he knew no more of him, then that he was one become a Fool through an exceſſive love he bore to *Catherine*, *Leonora's* Chamber-maid. He was yet more to ſeek; for he knew the Wench, and thought it impoſſible ſhe ſhould cauſe ſo much love; He knew ſhe was of a fair complexion, and that ſhe was ſomewhat flaxen-hair'd; but ſhe had in requital ſome features in the face, which were ſo far from handſom, as were ſufficient to raiſe her the eſteem of deformed. He therefore not being ſatisfied, ſpake to *Hircan* of it, who in few words acquainted him with the diſeaſe of *Lyſis*. When he underſtood it, he goes and confidently ſets upon the Shepherd, ſaying to him, I hope you'll pardon my curioſity, if I ask you who you are) For ſeeing you have an extraordinary manner of ſpeaking, I am very deſirous to learn it: All thoſe of whom *I* have enquired concerning it, can give me no ſatisfaction at all. *I* never refuſed any man living what thou aſkeſt me, ſays the

Shepherd, know then that I am *Lyſis*, and let that ſuffice thee. That's not enough, replies *Fontenay*; know then, replies the Shepherd, that I am a Lover of the fair *Charite*. All this is nothing, ſays the other to him: what Profeſſion are you of? What an importunate fellow art thou? ſays *Lyſis*: ſeeſt thou not I am a *Shepherd*? doth not my habit diſcover ſo much? But that you may not quarrel with words, nor take things literally, I tell thee, that I am not of the number of thoſe ruſticks whoſe reſidence are the fields: I am of thoſe, whoſe hiſtories are committed to *Romances*, which are every day made, and whoſe actions are repreſented by the Players on their ſtages. In good faith Maſter (ſaies *Fontenay*, who could conceal nothing he knew) I think you are the ſucceſſor of *Don-Quixote* of *Manca*, and that you have inherited his folly. After he had been *Knight-Errant*, he would be a *Shepherd*, but he dyed in the deſign; and I believe you would be Shepherd in his ſtead, and continue his extravagancies. You lye, ſays *Lyſis*, I do nothing but of my own invention, I never imitated him you ſpeak of; and if I have read his hiſtory, it hath been by the way. He was a fool, who imagin'd himſelf a Lover of *Dulcinea*, when he had never ſeen her: whereas I have the advantage to converſe with *Charite* every day. He underſtood nothing of the ſoveraign *felicity*. 'Tis not in Arms it will be found, there is nothing but trouble, and the minde thereby becomes brutiſh: 'Tis in keeping of Flocks, that there is profit and pleaſure. *Fontenay* ſeeing the Shepherd beginning to be hot; to vex him the more, ſaid to him: Thou giveſt me the lye, infamous wretch, aſſure thy ſelf thou ſhalt give me ſatisfaction. What doſt thou think thy ſelf to be? thou art the contempt of all the world. That *Charite* for whom thou ſigheſt ſo much, cares not for thee, and 'tis of me that ſhe is paſſionate: every day ſhe courts me. and yet I will not be catch'd by her entiſements, for I have a many other Miſtreſſes handſomer then ſhe.

Here it was that *Lyſis* was all afire, he was making towards *Fontenay* to ſtrike him; but *Hircan* held him by the arm, and carried him a walking another way, while *Clarimond* entertain'd his enemy. *Lyſis* ask'd *Hircan*, whether he had not ſome Magical glaſs, wherein he might ſee whether it were true that *Fontenay* was beloved by his Shepherdeſs. *Hircan* told him, that he had broken his, out of indignation that he had once ſeen a Miſtreſs of his in the arms of one of his Rivals, and that he had not yet had the leaſure to make another; but that he could tell him what he deſired to know, by ſome other wayes; and that if *Fontenay* had offended him any way, he would ſee him reveng'd of him. Thereupon he ſhew'd him a little grove of his, and told him, that all thoſe trees he ſaw had ſometimes been men that he had metamorphos'd, becauſe they had done ſome injury to him or his friends, and that to inrich himſelf in a moment, he found nothing ſo eaſie as to make a forreſt of his Enemies, which ſhould be full grown timber, and ready for the ax. *Lyſis*, who had a while before read *Ovids* Metamorphoſes, where there are things far more incredible, eaſily believ'd this. He reſolv'd to be ever a friend of *Hircans*, both that he might not hurt him, and might aſſiſt him to puniſh thoſe that ſhould injure him.

A while after, *Hircan* having carried the company into the houſe to a Collation, *Lyſis* ſaid not a word to *Fontenay*, contenting himſelf not to look on him. *Synopa* was there, who as ſhe was as impudent as need be wiſh'd, ſhe went and ſaid to the Shepherd before all that were preſent, Ah! inhumane heart! wilt thou never believe the torments I ſuffer for thee? Behold the thing obſerv'd in all *Paſtorals*, ſayes *Lyſis*, a Maid ever loves him that affects her not: In *Montemajor*, *Selvage* purſues *Alanio*, *Alanio* courts *Iſmenia*, *Iſmenia Montan*, and *Montan Selvage*: So *Synopa* follows me, I *Charite*, *Charite* deſires *Fontenay*, and *Fontenay* deſires another Shepherdeſs, who haply loves another Shepherd, that can affect none then *Synopa*. Is not that a fine wheel, and as good as that of *Pythagoras*? We'll run one after another in the fields, holding by one another behinde, as children do at a certain play whereof I have forgat the name. *Charite* ſhall ſay, Go not ſo faſt my *Fontenay*; and *Lyſis* ſhall ſay, Stay my *Charite*, at leaſt let me dye in your preſence: and then *Synopa* ſhall come after, and ſay, Forſake that ingrateful one

Lyſis,

Lyſis, and ſtay with with her that lives not but for thy ſake. I do not wonder at the diverſity of all our affections, for it muſt neceſſarily be ſo; and there were never any Paſtorals ſeen, wherein that hath not been obſerved: But it is withal to be noted, that one day all ſhall be reconciled, and by the power of ſome God, it ſhall come to paſs, that every one ſhall love what he ſhould love, as it happens in the end of every good hiſtory, which ever concludes with marriage.

Every one ſeem'd to admire theſe excellent reaſons; ſo that *Lſis* thinking he had ſpoken mightily to the purpoſe, was very well ſatisfied. Yet when he had left *Hircans* houſe, there came ſomewhat into his memory, that animated him againſt *Fontenay*. Had it not been for that, he would have return'd back to the Magicians, for he was not well ſatisfied with *Clarimonds* mother; but to remain where his enemy was, he could not by any means ſubmit to. *Clarimond* having ſpoken to him of the injury he had receiv'd, heightned his ſpirit to revenge: ſo that he was much to ſeek what he ſhould do. You muſt fight, ſayes *Clarimond*, there's no other way; ſend *Fontenaie* a Challenge, he is a man of his weapon, he'll meet you in the field. I have diligently peruſed all books of *Shepherdrie*, replyes *Lyſis*; but I never found any Shepherd that fought a duel: And if any one hath taken Arms, as *Celadons* father did, it was not well done, and it was a tranſgreſſion of our Ordinances. I am not ſuch an enemy to Laws, as to be a tranſgreſſor of them, as he was; and yet it is not out of Cowardize, for if it were to fight with Sheephooks, I ſhould be the firſt in the charge: or if it were to be at ſlings, to caſt peeble ſtones, I ſhould make one, it hath been my exerciſe ever ſince I was a little boy: There's nothing becomes us better; and tis certain, *David* had but a ſling to overcome *Goliah*. He was one of the moſt eminent Shepherds in the world, and therefore muſt be imitated in all things. You muſt then ſend *Fontenaie* word, that you will fight with him at the ſling, replyes *Clarimond*. Let's not be ſo haſty, ſayes *Lyſis*, it may be he'll come and ask me pardon for the injury he hath done me.

Upon theſe diſcourſes they retch'd *Clarimonds* Caſtle, where they found *Carmelin* return'd. 'Twas much beſides the expectation of *Clarimond*, who thought that ſtrange face having gotten ſo much money of *Lyſis*, would have gone his way, and not have brought him any ſheep, as many would have done in the like caſe. But he was as good as his word; for he conſider'd that he could hardly meet with a better fortune, then he expected from his new Maſter, with whom he was to live as his Peer and Companion. He bethought him, he was lodg'd in a Caſtle, whereas before he underſtood not any thing above a Cottage: and above all, he was much pleas'd to eat at a Gentlemans Table, whereas before, he had hardly ever eaten a meals meat, but in ſome wretched Victualing houſe. But what was yet more, he had ſometimes heard read ſome few leaves of the *Pleaſures of a Paſtoral life*, the charms whereof had fully captivated him. He had therefore been at a ſmall Market Town, where he had bought a dozen ſheep dearer then they were worth, for he was not much skil'd in the imployment. He had alſo been at the Brokers, and chang'd a black ſuit he had on, for a gray one, and had trim'd himſelf. *Lyſis* thought him very ſpruce and neat, though he was not fully ſhav'd, and had long muſtachoes; for he ſaid he might eaſily take off that when he had a minde to diſguiſe himſelf into a maid, to go and ſee his Sweetheart: As for the Flock, though it was in an ill caſe, yet was he ſatisfied with it, both in regard he was in ſuch impatience to have one, that he would take the firſt preſented it ſelf; and that he thought it a glory to feed it: ſo that whereas it was now very lean, he would within a while make it very fat.

After Supper he began to conſider, that *Clarimonds* mother did not bid him ſo welcome as he expected, as indeed it was true: the good Lady being much given to zeal and devotion, was not well pleas'd to ſee a fool at her Table. He conceiv'd himſelf oblig'd to take a Lodging elſewhere, and hire ſome little Cottage for himſelf and *Carmelin*. This conſideration was accompanied with a many other deſigns, which requir'd ſudden execution: ſo that he call'd his man, and ſaid to him, Put the Flock into the ſtable, if it be not already, bring me my Gittarrhe, give me pen, ink and paper, look out for a houſe for me, go and ſee how *Charite* doth, preſent

my ſervice to the *Magician* and his *Nayad*; Tell *Anſelme* and *Montenor*, I am no longer their friend. Thou art nothing vigilant, A man muſt tell thee all thou haſt to do. *Carmelin* took a little ſnuff at this, and began to complain of the haſtineſs of his maſter, whoſe commands were ſo far from a poſſibility of execution, that they could not well be underſtood. But *Lyſis* made his excuſes for it, that being in his *reſueries* he had ſpoken all came into his mind. So that he deſired nothing but his Gittarrhe, which they were fain to ſend to *Montenor's* for.

Clarimond having heard him a while playing on that Inſtrument, ſaid the harmony was moſt excellent and raviſhing; but that it was a far greater recreation for one to decipher his paſſions, whether it were in proſe or verſe. He was of the ſame opinion; and putting away his Gitarrhe, ask'd for pen and ink to write a Letter to *Charite*. 'Twas a thing ſeem'd ſo far neceſſary, as it concern'd him to know how much he was in her favour, and whether ſhe ſtill bore him any grudge. He ſate up all night about it, and did nothing but write down and blot out a thouſand conceits; but at laſt he brought it to that paſs, as it ſhould not ſuffer any further alteration. And though it was not yet day, he went and awoke *Clarimond* for to communicate it to him; for he was not ſo ſcrupulous now as when he writ his firſt Letter, which he would not ſhew *Anſelme*. And theſe were the Contents of it.

LYSIS's Pullet, *or* Love-Letter *to the* Fair *CHARITE.*

SInce that Love, *which is the lighteſt* Bird *in the world, hath* neſtled *in my boſom, it hath prov'd ſo full of* egg, *that I have been forc'd to ſuffer him to* lay *there. But ſince he hath laid it, he hath* ſate *upon it a long time, and at length hath* hatch'd *this little* PULLET, *which I now ſend you. The* breeding *of it will coſt you little; all the food it will require will be* careſſes *and* kiſſes. *And withall it is ſo well taught, that it ſpeaks better then a* Paraqueto, *and it will tell you as well as my ſelf my ſufferings for you. It hath in charge to enquire whether or no you be yet diſpleas'd with me, and to let me know your mind, not by a* PULLET *ſo big as this, but by the leaſt* Chicken *you pleaſe, if I may have the favour; with this promiſe, that if you have laid aſide your rigor, I ſhall ſend you no more* Pullets, *but preſent you with* Cocks *full of* valour *and* affection, *ſuch as will ever be*

Your faithfull Shepherd,

LYSIS.

The

The Shepherd was wholly raviſh'd at the repetition of it, and proteſted he had ſurpaſs'd himſelf in this Letter; and *Clarimond* avow'd as much, by reaſon it was full of a certain more then common ingenuity. And indeed he was in the right; for *Lyſis* had many good Intervals, in which ſo many *Ideas* thronging into his fancy, it was very hard that now and then he ſhould not hit on ſomwhat that were good. Certainly for this humour it was happy enough; and by this he lets us underſtand why a *Love-Letter* was call'd a *Pullet*, a thing which many that uſe the word wholly underſtand not. *Clarimond* therefore having admir'd his invention, he was content to believe it would find no leſs eſteem with his Miſtreſs, and that there was no hardneſs of heart whatever that this could not ſoften. Nay, the agitations of his paſſions were ſuch, that he was in a ſtrong belief that *Charite* would immediately command him to attend her; nay he did not ſtick to ſay, that if he were to paſs the Sea like *Leander* to ſee his *Hero*, he would do it cheerfully. But *Clarimond* envying him this enjoyment, and deſirous to affront the fable, ſaid, That the poor *Leander* muſt needs be too cold, after having paſs'd an arm of the Sea, (as he did every time) to enjoy his Miſtreſs; and that he muſt be a luſty man indeed, if after all that he were *rampant*; and that it had been better to have hired ſome Barge to paſs from one ſhore to another, or elſe to have ſteer'd it himſelf, and that for his part he knew no reaſon why he might not hide himſelf all day in ſome obſcure houſe ſomewhere neer the lodgings of his fair *Hero*, that he might ſave ſo much trouble, and be the fitter to viſit her at night. *Lyſis* replyed, that aſſuredly that Lover wanted not his hinderances to all this; and that though the ſtory was not the moſt probable in the world, yet was it not to be miſtruſted as to the truth of it, being reported by ſo many good Authors.

Lyſis was not willing to enlarge himſelf in this diſcourſe, becauſe he was at this time more imployd about bringing to paſs his own loves, then to conſider by what means others enjoy'd theirs. Nay, ſo impatient was he, that he left *Clarimond* to ſeal his Letter, and in all haſte call'd *Carmelin* to go carry it to *Charite*. But *Carmelin* was ſo ſound aſleep, that he had much ado to make him wake. Thou lazie fellow, quoth he, haſt thou a mind to bury both body and ſoul in theſe feathers? Seeſt thou not that the Sun begins to ſcatter his beams upon the vaults of heaven? He is now a gilding of the Mountain-tops, and it will not be long ere he kiſs the loweſt herbs: Yea, the Husband-men withdraw out of the boſoms of their wives, where they had ſlept as on a pillow; and the Birds warble out their acclamations, to welcome the Day.

Carmelin being forc'd to awake, ſaw that indeed it was break of day; ſo that *Lyſis* gave him his Letter, with commands to carry it to his Miſtreſs. He rubbing his eyes, which by this time were half open, beſeech'd him to tell him what kinde of woman ſhe was, and where he might finde her. If thou feelt her, ſays *Lyſis*, thou wilt know her well enough; ſhe is a Sun that enlightens all the world, and cannot ſuffer any eclypſe. Then, ſayes *Carmelin*, you write to the Sun for ought I know; as I am an honeſt man, you muſt finde another Meſſenger, for my part I cannot flie ſo high; would your would ſend it poſt by ſome bird. Thou underſtandſt not, anſwers *Lyſis*, or at leaſt wilt not underſtand I ſpeak of the Shepherdeſs *Charite*, that dwells in the Caſtle of *Orontes*, any body will tell thee the way.

Clarimond being in bed, heard all this diſcourſe, and call'd *Lyſis* to him, telling him that he did ill for to ſend *Carmelin* to carry a Love-Letter to his Miſtreſs, and that poſſibly he might be beaten by the way. I can help all this, anſwers *Lyſis*: I have ſometimes read a Book, called, *The Temple of Venus*, where there are many curious ſecrets for concealing of Letters; among others, that of ſending them by Doves, that will carry them. But it were too much for me to deſcend to the inſtitution of any; for upon better thoughts I finde, that I have another deſign much better. The Chicken that run about *Orontes*'s houſe, will now and then get out into the ſtreet; I will tie my Letter to one of their legs, and it ſhall carry it into the houſe, where *Charite* may receive it. It is an excellent invention, ſays *Clarimond*;

but

but methinks *Charite* ſhould have notice beforehand: And if you could make ſuch an addreſs to her, you might deliver her your Letter without making uſe of ſuch an artifice, which for the preſent is not at all neceſſary. But, ſays he, I know another invention better then this: Your Shepherdeſs, you are to note, is a little ſweet-lipp'd; when ſhe is at *Paris*, ſhe is ever eating of Penny-pyes; you had beſt entreat a Pye-woman to put it into one of her Pyes, and there ſhe'll be ſure to find it. We are not now in the City, replies *Lyſis*, and poſſibly ſhe hath chang'd her cuſtom; beſides that, ſuch *Pullets* as mine uſe not to be put in Paſte. You are very much in the right on't, Maſter, ſays *Carmelin*; for poſſibly ſhe may be ſo hungry, that ſhe may eat cruſt, fleſh, and paper all at a bit; for I think a *Love-Letter* may be very good meat, ſo that there be verjuice enough to it. *Love* take my ſoul! (ſays *Lyſis*, that had a mind to ſwear after the new faſhion) this is the beſt *Droll* in the world; I ſee, *Carmelin*, thou art a pleaſant fellow, and I well underſtand thou wilt make my time ſhorter and leſs tedious to me. But hear me! in all thy jeſts be as carefull to touch my Miſtreſs, as thou wouldſt a Deity. I am content, ſays *Carmelin*; and for your Letter, you need not trouble your brain to Philoſophize upon any of theſe rare ſecrets; aſſure your ſelf I'll find means enough to deliver it to Madam *Charite*: This very buſineſs ſhall diſcover my ingenuity unto you. But 'tis neceſſary, that I be firſt convinced ſhe is a perſon of honor I am directed to, and that all your addreſſes to her are for no other end then marriage, and that in the face of the Church, otherwiſe you muſt finde ſome other to carry it; for I am as tender of my reputation as the apple of my eye. I muſt anſwer, ſayes *Clarimond* in this for your Maſter, that he doth not ſend you to be his Pimp, but on a juſt and an honeſt errand. It coſts not ſo much to call any thing by an honorable name, but ſince you are ſo ſubtil do your duty.

Lyſis and *Carmelin* left *Clarimond*, for our Shepherd would needs ſet his man a little on his way. He caus'd the ſheep to be brought out of the fold, but wanting a Sheephook, he was not a little diſcontented, yet had he no mind to ſend to *Montenors* for his own. But becauſe he could not endure to be without one, he fell upon this pretty imagination: he found a long painted ſtaff, which he thought fit for his purpoſe; and having taken a card, he tyed it with a thread to the head of it. Now, as Good-luck would have it, it fell out to be the *Queen of Hearts*, which exceedingly pleas'd him; inſomuch, as he did not ſtick to ſay, that nothing could better become that place, in reſpect it put him in perpetual remembrance of his Shepherdeſs, who was really the *Queen* of his *Heart* and *Deſires*. Furniſh'd with this Sheep-hook, he left *Clarimonds*, and with a Country man named *Bertrand*, ſitting at his cottage door, he enquir'd of him, whether he could lodge him, his man, and his ſheep. The man reply'd, Yes; and ſhew'd him his lodgings, which *Lyſis* lik'd very well. He agreed with him for five groats a week, beſides his promiſe, that for what bread and fruit he had of him, he ſhould be paid for daily: This being concluded, he ſhew'd his man which was the way to *Orontes's* houſe; and having implor'd the favour and aſſiſtance of the *God* of *Love*, parted with him. He got up on a little hillock, and thence look'd after him, as long as he could perceive him; but having loſt the ſight of him, he began to be afraid he might not do his errand; for he conſidered, that *Charite's* name was *Catherine du Verger*, and he was exceedingly troubled, that he had not told his ſervant her true name, that he might the more eaſily make his addreſs to her. However, he could not repent of what he had done, when he remembred himſelf that he was oblig'd by a vow made to *Love*, not to name his fair dear otherwiſe then by the incomparable name of *Charite*: So that falling into the depth of Extravagancy, he perſwaded himſelf that her name was really *Charite*, and that ſhe was call'd ſo of all that knew her. As this quieted him not a little, ſo he fell into very chearful thoughts; and fain'd to himſelf, that there was no doubt but *Charite* would receive his Letter, and the contents thereof would be ſo happy, as to be the Object of her Eye, and the Subject of her Commendation.

Mean while his Flock fed where it found any thing to feed on; and as good luck would have it, a great Dog came into the way, as it were on purpoſe to keep them. *Lyſis* had ſo much wit, as that when he came from *Clarimond's*, he had furniſh'd his Scrip with a great piece of bread, which unknown to the ſervants had been left out of the Bing. He threw a piece of it to the Dog; and having clapp'd him o'th' back and ſpat in's mouth, preſently grew acquainted with him. So good friends they became, that *Lyſis* made account he was fully his ſervant; ſo that he had no other care to take for him, then to give him a name worthy of both the dog and his maſter. This imployed his whole underſtanding; and conſidering that he was to name him according to his qualities, he could not reſolve whether to call him *Truſty*, *Stout*, or *Watch*. But all theſe names being common, and therefore not ſuiting with his humour, after profound meditation he light on this excellent one. The dog was all *white*, only that he had the muzzle *red*. This fell very fit for his thoughts; ſo that he call'd him *Muzedor*, that is, a *muzzle* of *gold*, or a golden muzzle. *I* need not tell you how proud he was of this brave adventure; for he remembred that he had read in ſome *Romances* the name of *Muſedorus*, which (ſetting aſide the interpretation which he gave it) ſignifies in *Greek* the *gift* of the *Muſes*. This brought him to ſuch an opinion of himſelf, that he thought himſelf able to give names to as many perſons as could ſtand in the Plains of *Beauſſe*; and conceiting himſelf at this happineſs of invention, he thought fit to beſtow a name upon every piece of his equipage. He bethought him, ſeeing the *Knights-Errant*, whom he eſteemed no other then fools and mad-men, took a liberty to give names to their *horſes* and *ſwords*; that *Shepherds*, who were far their betters, ſhould not be depriv'd the honour of giving names to their *Dogs*, *Sheep-hooks*, and *Scrips*. 'Twas not certain whether his Sheep-hook had ſometime belong'd to a Country-Monaſtery, or that *Clarimond* had made uſe of it in a Maſque, wherein he repreſented *Thyrſis*: Certain it was, that it was painted *green*, and *gilt* in ſome places; ſo that *Lyſis* thought fit to call it *Green-gilt*, or *Gilt-green*: And both thoſe names ſeeming to him very proper, it rais'd a mighty controverſie in him which he ſhould take. Till he could abſolutely decide the buſineſs, he thought beſt to keep both; and while he was in theſe thoughts, he went on ſtill, driving his ſheep before him. There was one of them broke into a Vineyard, the reſt follow'd; and after all the Dog, who fell preſently to the grapes. The Shepherd himſelf could not refrain, but broke his faſt on them: But as he was picking up and down, not thinking what he was doing, ſo much was he taken up with his *names*, there comes a rude Churl with a halbard in his hand, and takes him by the collar, and ſays to him, Come your way to priſon immediately, you ſhall pay damage for this; is it no more with you to eat what belongs to poor people? *Lyſis* endeavoured what he could to get out of his hands; but there came up two other Country-fellows, who alſo laid hold on him, ſo that he thought it not ſafe to ſtand out any longer. What's this? ſayes one of them, (ſeeing the ſheep and dog) he hath brought his Cattel alſo into the vineyard; they ſhall be our ſatisfaction. He ſeeing that two were enough to conduct *Lyſis*, left him to his companions, and brought on the Flock after them: As for the Dog, he alſo follow'd barking at them that held his maſter. Do me the favour at leaſt to conduct me without noiſe, ſays the *Shepherd*: You need not hold me, I'll go quietly, provided you'll tell me what place you intend to lodge me in, ſeeing you make me run ſo faſt. Do you not ſee that I am a Vineyard-keeper? (ſays the Fellow with the halbard:) If we do not meet with our Judge to take order with you, we muſt put you in priſon till he come. Take heed what thou doſt, royal Vineyard-keeper, replies *Lyſis*: I know not before what Judge thou wilt bring me; but know that I acknowledg none but *Pan*, in whatever concerns Shepherds: I will not be judg'd by men, nor yet by women, out of whoſe hands I eſcaped when I was *Amaryllis*: There are none but the Gods above me; for even when I was at St. *Clou*, I was my ſelf Judge in a caſe between *Anſelme* and *Geneura*. And as for the priſon, alas! where canſt thou find one narrower to put me in then that I am in already for the fair *Charite*? Howbeit let us go forward, to ſee what will be ſaid to us.

After

After this he went along with the Country fellows without any reſiſtance. And as the Towns are very neer one to the other in *Brie*, they had not gone a quarter of a league, but they came to certain Country-houſes, out of one whereof there comes a *Pettyfogger* with a beard like a Goat, a noſe like a Turky-cock, with white Breeches, a Doublet of black ſerge, and a Hat that required no great labour to be ſcaled. He was the Judge of the place under *Hircan*, who was Lord of the ſoil, and had all manner of juriſdiction civil and criminal in thoſe parts.

The Keeper perceiving him, told him how he had found *Lyſis* in the vineyard, and what ſpoil he made there. But the Shepherd preſently aſſuming the diſcourſe, Are we not in the ſecond Golden age? ſays he to him; Ought not all the fruits of the earth to be common? Beſides, among *Shepherds* as we are, ſhould there be any regard to *Laws*, which are only made for ſtrangers?

The Judge apprehended not any thing of all this, and was ready to paſs a ſevere ſentence againſt him: But as good fortune was, *Hircan*, who had been a hunting, paſs'd by. *Lyſis* having perceived him, leap'd for joy, and thought that the dogs that were about him were a Kennel of Devils that aſſiſted him. Deliver me, ſays he to him, out of the hands of theſe Savages here! when I was a Maid, a Woman judg'd me; and now that I am a Man, *I* muſt be be judg'd by a Man. This is a great diſhonouring of *Love*, who is the King of my ſoul; and of *Pan*, who is the King of my body and goods. *Hircan* ſeeing *Lyſis* was in a deal of trouble, commanded he ſhould be ſet at liberty. They ſaid he had eaten their grapes: But *Hircan* making anſwer that that was no great matter, they were forc'd to obey their Lord. *Lyſis* having his ſheep at his own diſpoſal again, call'd his Dog to him, who came and fawn'd on him. So that ſeeing himſelf in a poſture to return into the fields, he took leave of the Magician, who had ſo ſeaſonably delivered him now this ſecond time, and was infinitely pleas'd to have met with the opportunity to do him that courteſie.

While he drove his Flock a feeding up and down, *Carmelin* had almoſt recover'd *Orontes*'s Caſtle, and asked for the Shepherdeſs *Charite* of all that he met. He could not learn any thing of her, only he was told that *Orontes* had had a *Shepherd*, but he had neither wife nor daughter. He was much troubled at this, ſo that he deſpair'd to get any tidings of her. Keeping ſtill on his way, he comes neer *Hircan's* Wood, where *Synopa* and another Gentlewoman were walking. When ſhe perceiv'd him, ſhe ask'd him whether he went, and whom he belong'd to. I belong to the Shepherd *Lyſis*, replies he, and I think my buſineſs is with you: I think you are the Shepherdeſs *Charite*; for you have there a fine Comb-caſe, and a fine white Apron. *Synopa* being very deſirous to know what meſſage *Lyſis* ſent his Miſtreſs, reſolv'd to abuſe the man; and having affirm'd to him that ſhe was called *Charite*, ſhe took him aſide to know what his errand was. He freely delivered her the Letter, which ſhe had no ſooner read, but to make *Lyſis* deſpair, ſhe ſays to *Carmelin*, Return to thy maſter, and tell him that which he will not be glad to know, that is, that my diſpleaſure will never end; that he hope not any favour from me, he deſerves nothing but diſdain: As for the *Pullet* he mentions, unleſs it be good to make a *Fricaſſee* of, I care not what become of it.

With that ſhe turns her back on *Carmelin*, who wiſh'd he had not met her, and thought it better not to carry his maſter any news at all, then to bring him ill. However he returns, and having found him, he ſimply related to him all the Shepherdeſs had ſaid. What eloquence were able to expreſs *Lyſis*'s ſadneſs and dejection, which was without meaſure? But what neceſſity is there to ſpeak of it, ſince we could not any way better deſcribe it then by ſilence; a diſcontent which was ſo violent as made himſelf be ſilent for a long time, lying along on the ground as a man half dead? At length he riſes up, and ſeeing *Carmelin* went here and there as if he look'd for ſomwhat, he ask'd him what he wanted? I look for a Spring, where I might get ſome water to caſt on your face, to recover you out of your ſwound, ſays *Carmelin*. Alas, ſays *Lyſis*, wherefore goeſt thou ſo far to look for any, ſeeſt thou not there is enough running down my cheeks? Behold theſe tears that bathe my face, they have

brought

brought me to my self again, but it hath been only to give me the means to complain. Ah! Regret, sadness, despairs, madness, punishments, racks, disquets, beset up your selves for ever in my mind, but on condition you lose the key, and that you never depart thence. As for you, my little, but delightfull *Flock*! alas, what a small while have you kept me company? how can I *keep* you, now that I am going to *lose* my self? Alas! now you may be your own keepers, if *Carmelin* and *Musedore* do not take you into their charge.

Hereupon *Carmelin* endeavoured to comfort him: but seeing he did but lose his labour, he would have brought him along to *Clarimond's*, to see if that Gentleman might better remove his disquiet. But *Lysis* told him, that though he saw the day was neer retiring, yet would he not stir from the place; and that he would patiently expect what it were the pleasure of the Gods to do with him. *Carmelin* seeing his obstinacie, went and stabled the Flock at the Country-mans where they were to lodge, and return'd to him with a good piece of bread, and a quarter of a pound of cheese, for to recover his spirits: but *Lysis* would not eat a bit, only entreated him in the name of what he lov'd best in the world to retire till the next morning, and to leave him there to be eaten by the wolves, if the Destinies had so ordained it. When *Carmelin* saw it was night, he had no mind to pass it over with him, but went to bed to *Bertrands*, being afraid to go to *Clarimond's*, left he should have chid him for having so ill managed his ambassage, though (to speak truth) it was no fault of his.

The *Shepherd* was in a Meadow, where though he lay all the while on the ground, yet he slept not at all: He did nothing but turn himself from one side to the other, and talk sometimes to the Trees, and sometimes to the Springs, as if they had heard and could have answered him.

The End of the Fourth Book.



Q THE

THE Anti-Romance; OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The Fifth Book.

WHen it began to dawn, the diſconſolate Shepherd perceiving but a weak light, imagin'd, that thence forward the world ſhould have no more light then that of *Aurora*, from morning to night, by reaſon of the ſadneſs which the heavens were in for his misfortune. But that imagination did but increaſe his torment; ſo that he was reſolv'd to make ſuch loud complaints, that *Charite* might hear them from the houſ where ſhe lived, which was a good league off. *Clarimond*, who was wont to walk a little as ſoon as he was up, heard his cryes, as being not far from the place; and accidentally meeting *Carmelin* at the ſame time, he learn'd of him the deſpair of his Maſter. They preſently went both to him, whither when they were come: What, ſays *Clarimond* to him, will you continue there ſtill? Shepherd, of what do you intend to *live*? Alas! replyes *Lyſis*, ask me rather what I ſhall *dye* of; and I will anſwer you, I will dye of *Love*. I do not hope any thing from *Charite*, ſhe abhors me, and will not endure to hear me ſpoken of.

Thereupon *Clarimond* ask'd *Carmelin*, whether *Charite* was ſo cruel in good earneſt. If you had ſeen her when ſhe ſpoke to me, replyes *Carmelin*, you would have taken her for a Tygreſs in a womans dreſs; but it muſt be withal confeſt, that ſhe was the faireſt Tygreſs that ever was ſeen. Her eyes did ſo ſparkle, that as I have heard

heard from my Maſter, and other amorous perſons, they ſeem'd to be a fire; and I did really imagine that they did caſt ſquibs and crackers at me, as the Boys uſe to do at mid-Summer. See there, Is not that it I ever believ'd? ſays *Lyſis*, ſhe was then poſſeſt by that ſpirit of choler which is ever about her. It is long ſince that ſhe hath threatned to conſume me. But O ye Gods! you have ordain'd otherwiſe of me, and your Revelations this night have taught me; that your pleaſure is I ſhould be ranked among the *Metamorphoſes*, that I might be added to thoſe of *Ovid*. This is no deluſion *Clarimond*; you might have obſerved, that when ever the heavens know not what to do with a man, and yet would ſhew compaſſion on his ſufferings, they change him into ſome new form. I believe it, ſays *Clarimond*; and ſince it muſt be ſo, let us conſider how to bring about things, and we ſhall finde all will be well. Take you ſuch a courſe, as that of a diſconſolate and a deſperate Lover, as you are now, you may be chang'd into a free and contented man, that you may with as much eaſe ſlight this your ingrateful Shepherdeſs, as ſhe doth you, and that will be a very excellent *Metamorphoſes*. You do not apprehend this Miſtery, replyes *Lyſis*; for inſtead of being chang'd into the contrary, the change is ever into ſome thing that ſuits with the former humor. As for example, a Thief ſhall be transform'd into ſome ravenous Bird; a cozening companion, into a Fox; and a tractable perſon into a ſheep. Now that I am upon the point of loſing my former ſhape, I muſt ſeriouſly put my ſelf into ſome good humor, that I may not be Metamoaphos'd into ſome unpleaſing creature. However, I have one ſecret ſhall bring me into a great eſteem; and it is this, I will not take a form that any other hath already had, and my deſire is, to have a Metamorphoſis, that was never yet talk'd of.

Carmelin had already diſcover'd, that his Maſter and his ſenſes were at a diſtance; but yet he did not think they were gone ſo far aſtray, as that he ſhould imagine ſuch groſs Extravagancies. Nevertheleſs, ſeeing *Clarimond* ſeriouſly liſtening to him, and calling to minde what he had heard ſpoken of the ancient *Metamorphoſes*, his piercing inginuity was at a loſs what to think of it.

Lyſis having by this time made an end of ſighing and ſobbing, lifted up himſelf a little, and bid *Clarimond* ſit by him. Well, come, ſayes he to him, let's put the caſe that the Gods will give me the liberty to chooſe the form I am to take, what will you adviſe me to? for my part, ſays *Clarimond*, if your caſe were mine, I ſhould wiſh to become a little *Spook*. *Charite* would *kiſs* you, would *trim* you, would *feed* you out of her own hand, and you ſhould *lie* with her. Do but conſider a little what pleaſure you ſhould have. That's handſomly propos'd, ſays *Lyſis*, but there is a dog already in the houſe, againſt whom the Cats, which are at leaſt ſeven or eight, are in perpetual hoſtility, and do often give him ſuch clawing embraces, as he takes very unkindely. I ſhould not be well pleas'd to be ſcratch'd in that manner by them. Be then Metamorpos'd into a *Flea*, replyes *Clarimond*, you ſhall leap up and down her body, you ſhall go into the boſom of your Shepherdeſs, and thence a little lower, the reſt I leave it to your ſelf to imagine. But if *Charite* catch me, replyes the Shepherd, ſhall I be proof againſt her nails; and then what will become of poor *Lyſis*? I am not for any of all theſe, I think there is nothing better then to be turn'd to ſomething without life; for then no body meddles with one, but I am ſuffered to laſt as long as I can. I do not ſpeak of Plants, for they live; I mean ſome ſort of moveables and neceſſary things; as for inſtance, a *Looking-glaſs*, and that form I think very fit for me, for I have already *Charite's* picture drawn in my heart. I ſhould repreſent her face as well preſent as abſent; but withal, I would not receive any other images, and it ſhould be in vain for others to come to look in me. Now when one is thus chang'd into a moveable, one is not for that inſenſible, but the ſoul retires into ſome corner. Maſter, without diſpleaſing you, ſays *Carmelin*, I have as excellent inventions on this occaſion as your ſelf. Change your ſelf into a *Smoak*, and ſo you ſhall touch the delicate skin of your *Charite*, or elſe into ſome *Gorget*, and you ſhall touch her breaſts, and ſhe will waſh you with her own hands I methinks it would come very ſeaſonably,

for you are grown very foul by lying on the ground to night. But a better then any is to be chang'd into a *Knife*: I'll be the *Pedlar* that will go and ſell you to her, and ſhe ſhall put you into her own ſheath, and wear you at the ſide of her Virginity: That were indeed a fair transformation! Thou haſt given over to ſpeak learnedly, *Carmelin!* replies *Lyſis*: I believe the vexation thou art in to ſee me thus afflicted, hath caus'd thee ſome loſs of wit. Thy two firſt Changes, methinks, are not glorious enough for me; and for the laſt, it is a moſt impertinent one, and very dangerous. Seeſt thou not that if I were a Knife, it might happen that I might cut the fingers of my *Charite*, which I ſhould be infinitely ſorry for. Do not thou interpoſe thy ſelf any more in this affair: Go immediately home, and bring away my Flock, or rather thy own, into the fields.

Carmelin was forc'd to obey his Maſters command. He was no ſooner gone, but *Hircan*, who was taking a walk all alone to ſee his friend *Clarimond*, came into the very place. Being perceived by *Clarimond*, he ſaid not a word, becauſe he would not interrupt *Lyſis*'s diſcourſe; and beſide, he ſaw the other made ſigns to him to that purpoſe. *Hircan* coming ſoftly behind the Shepherd, to frighten him a little, would needs turn his hat round; but he gave it ſuch a turn, that he toſs'd it into the branches of a *Willow* that was over againſt him, where it ſtuck faſt. *Lyſis* being turn'd about towards *Hircan*, gave him but a ſlight ſalute, becauſe he had no deſire to laugh: He would needs have his Hat again, though he imagin'd himſelf on the point not to have any further occaſion for it. As ill luck would have it, neither *Clarimond* nor *Hircan* had any ſtick to beat it down, and *Carmelin* had carried away the ſheep-hook with him to bring the Flock abroad. The Willow-tree was ſomwhat high; yet he made a ſhift to get up, by putting his foot into ſome holes that age and rottenneſs had made in it: But as hs ſtretch'd out his arm to reach his hat, he ſlides down ſuddenly and falls into the hollow of the tree, which time had ſo gnawn, that there was place enough for a man. There was nothing in ſight of him but his head and his arms, which he ſtretch'd on both ſides to take hold of two great branches; and being in this poſture, he began to cry out thus: There needs no more conſiderations, *Clarimond!* the buſineſs is effected; 'tis to no purpoſe now to deliberate in what manner I ſhall be metamorphos'd, it is the pleaſure of my Deſtiny I ſhould be chang'd into a *Tree*. O god! I feel my *legs* grow longer, and begin to change into *roots*, and ſpread themſelves into the earth; my *arms* are now *boughs*, and my *fingers branches*, I already ſee the leaves ſprouting out; my *fleſh* and *bones* are chang'd into *wood*, and my *skin* hardens, and is chang'd into *bark*. O ye ancient *Lovers*, that have been Metamorphos'd, I ſhall henceforward be of your quality, and I ſhall be eternally celebrated as well as you in the works of the *Poets*! O my dear friends who are preſent, receive my laſt farewell, I am not any more to be reckon'd among men!

Hircan and *Clarimond* were ſo amaz'd to hear him break out in that manner, that they knew not what to ſay of ſuch an Extravagancy. At laſt *Clarimond* approaches the tree, and ſaies to the Shepherd, Come out thence; ſhall I help you out? when you are once out, you'll finde you are what you were always. The heavens hinder me to come hence, replies *Lyſis*; and you may perceive the bark that aſcends by little and little, and will immediately cover my mouth, ſo that I ſhall not be able to ſpeak any more.

Clarimond ſeeing this folly, thought *Hircan* the cauſe of it, and that *Lyſis* believing him a Magican, believed withal, that he had bound him up in that tree. He therefore ſoftly entreated him to retire; and when he was at ſome diſtance off, he did his utmoſt endeavour to perſwade the Shepherd to come out of the place where he was, but he prevailed nothing with him; for he anſwered him only with *ſighs*; and buſied not his minde, but in certain imaginations, which muſt needs have been the moſt remarkable in the world. *Clarimond* having beſtow'd an hour in endeavoring to deliver him out of his Extravagancy, return'd home, where he found *Hircan*, who kept his mother company. Having broke faſt together, they took horſe, and went to viſit *Montenor* and *Anſelme*, and to acquaint them with the ſtrange adventure of the Shepherd.

Carmelin

Carmelin in the mean time, who had been gone to bring the flock abroad, began his Shepherd-apprentiſhip, and deſirous to ſee his Maſter, drew towards the place, where he had left him. He was not a little amaz'd to finde him in a Willow-tree; and having ask'd him what he did there, the Shepherd replies, that notwithſtanding all the propoſitions of Metamorphoſes that had been made before, the Gods had chang'd him into a tree. O Maſter! ſaies *Carmelin*, you miſtake your ſelf, your face is as fair as ever it was. Do but come out, and you will finde you are ſtill a man. Behold, there's your hat among the bows. I'll bring it down with my ſheephook: will you not have it on your head? you'll catch cold elſe. Alas! that which thou takeſt for a mans head, is the great end of my *Boal*. It is not the cuſtom to cover it, neither with hat nor night-cap, for it would hinder it to grow: I muſt henceforth be always in the ayr. Why do you believe you have no head, replies *Carmelin*; do I not ſee your hair, which is frizzled like the wool of one of our ſheep? Thou art deceiv'd friend, replies *Lyſis*, 'tis not *hair* but *moſs*. Notwithſtanding this *reſuerie*, which *Carmelin* could not comprehend, he beat down the hat, and made a ſhift to put it on his Maſters head. But *Lyſis* ſhrug'd himſelf ſo, that it fell down. You are very obſtinate, ſays *Carmelin*; why will you not put on your hat, though you are become a Tree? you have your doublet and breeches on, I ſuppoſe. Alas! friend, anſwers *Lyſis*, if I had had my hat on when I was Metamorphos'd, I ſhould have had it ſtill, nor would I deſire it ſhould be taken from me but I had it not; ſo that now it is not fit I ſhould wear any. My meaning is you ſhould put it on now, becauſe you are ſtill a man, as well proportioned as any between this place and *Paris*, replies *Carmelin*, and I give it you not as you are tree; for if you were really one, neither ſhould you have any need of cloathes; and to prove that you are ſtill the ſame *Lyſis*, I ſhall bring you no other reaſon, then that you are ſtill clad like a Shepherd, and that if you were a tree, you ought to to be ſtript of all your cloathes. Wo is me! how abſurd thy reaſons are, ſays *Lyſis*. I ſee well thou ſpeakſt for thy own advantage: Thou wouldſt fain take away my Shepherds habit, that thou mightſt go and ſel it in the Brokery at *Paris*, and advance thy ſelf by what thou ſpoileſt me of; but aſſure thy ſelf, thou ſhalt never have it. It's become part of my ſelf, and it is now nothing but a thick bark, which is upon my skin; which being a more tender one, is covered with this, as thou mayeſt ordinarily obſerve in trees. Upon ſuch skins the ancients wrote, before the invention of paper: Yet I do not tell thee this, to the end thou ſhouldſt come and disbark me for to write Letters to thy Miſtreſs. I am a ſacred *Tree*, which may not be touch'd, but by the *Gods* and *Charite*, and it is principally to the ſervice of that fair one, that I am devoted. She may come and grave her characters upon my trunk: I will ſuffer it without groaning. I underſtand not all this, replies *Carmelin*: though you your ſelf ſhould be changed, I ſhall never believe that your cloathes are ſo too; for what have they to do with your *Loves*? have they receiv'd ill entertainment from ſome Shepherdeſs? Thou underſtandeſt not the Divine ſecrets, ſaies *Lyſis*; if thou hadſt, read *Ovid*, who is the moſt famous *Divine* among the *Poets*, thou mightſt have learn'd, that the *cloathes* are ever Metamorphos'd, as well as the *body*: and when he ſpeaks of a man changed into a *Flower*, a *Spring*, or a *Bird*, he doth not ſay he was ſtrip'd beforehand. Nay, when *Atlas* was chang'd into a Mountain, his long gown, that had many folds, made many deſcents and ſtony eminences therein. Read good Authors, and thou wilt importune me leſs with thy fooliſh demands. I am almoſt perſwaded of all this; but that which troubles me moſt, and indeed makes me ſpeak ſo much, ſaies *Carmelin*, is, that I muſt now quit all the hopes I had of you. I ſhall not enjoy thoſe pleaſures with you, which you promiſed me I ſhould. That's it will make me grieve a good while.

Hereupon *Carmelin* made many complaints, which were very natural; for his wit lay in ſuch a way, that it might ſeem he came into the world to no other end, but to make others laugh; and abating ten or a dozen ſentences out of Common-places, which he had learned as a bird in cage, he knew nothing but a kinde of ruſtick ſcurrility, wherein he was ſharp enough. He ſpoke enough to have moved his Maſter;

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but Love had ſo diſturb'd his brains, that he could not approve any thing, but his own imaginations. Two or three hours ſlipt away in their entertainment; and at length there comes *Anſelme*, *Montenor* and *Clarimond*, who had made haſte to dine, for to come and ſee *Lyſis*. As for *Hircan*, he had been entreated to go home, leſt his preſence might be a torment to that poor Shepherd. They began to remonſtrate to him, that it was worſe then to be hypo condriack, for him to imagine as he did, himſelf changed into a tree, when he was as much a man as any of them. When they ſaw he perſiſted in his opinion, they bid the Lacquays fetch ſome ſtools, on which when they were gotten, they endeavoured by force to pull him out of the Willow, ſeeing he would not come out by fair means. That made him cleave faſter to the boughs then before, and cry out ſo loud, that *Muſedor*, that was ſtill with *Carmelin*, began to bark at thoſe that drew him. Ah! faithful Dog, ſays *Lyſis*, thou haſt that ſimpathy in thee, that though I am not a man thou knoweſt me. Take example by him, you that have ſometimes been my friends; have at leaſt as much compaſſion on me as he. Will you own leſs pitty then a beaſt? Perſecute me no more.

After this complaint, he cries out louder then at firſt, and kept himſelf ſtill ſo faſt to the tree, that they conſidered they ſhould rather pull off his arms, then get him out of the place, for he was poſſeſſed with ſuch a fury, as made him mighty ſtrong. His good friends were loath to hurt him, and ſo gave over, to bethink them of ſome better invention for to get him out of the tree. They ſent for a faggot, and ſet it a fire near the Willow, as if they intended to burn it. That did nothing, but make him double his complaints, and cry out as if he already felt the flame, and think it impoſſible ever to come out. When they perceiv'd that the ſmoak blinded him, they cauſed the fire to put out; and *Clarimond* having called for a Wood-feller, he bid him cut down the Willow, ſeeing *Lyſis* would not out. At the firſt blow of the Ax, the Shepherd gave a ſhreak, that I believe might have been heard three leagues about; and afterward ſpake thus, Ah! impious fellow, what doſt thou? I am a tree conſecrated to *Diana*. Iron never did me any violence; I was as pure a Virgin as my Goddeſs. Fearſt thou not a clap of thunder will conſume thee? Let live a poor Shepherd under this bark, he doth thee no hurt here.

Upon that, *Clarimond* bethought him to ask him, What Shepherd! have you forgotten what you ſaid to me erewhiles? you affirmed to me, that the bark was aſcending over your mouth, and that you ſhould ſpeak no more, and now we ſee the quite contrary. If you are a Tree, you ſhould not ſpeak; the other Trees hereabouts ſay nothing at all. Doſt not thou alſo perceive that I am an extraordinary Tree? replies *Lyſis*, I am not like my neighbours; I am a Prophet, like thoſe Trees in *Dodona's Grove*; and that is the reaſon the Gods have continued me the uſe of my voyce: Ask me any thing, I ſhall make thee a pertinent anſwer. This place ſhall henceforth be more frequented then the Temple of *Apollo*, and I ſhall be an Oracle to all the world. For my part, I ſhall ask you but one thing Maſter, ſaies *Carmelin*, for any thing elſe I ſhall never trouble your faculty of Divination. Since you know what's to come, tell me how long you will yet continue Mr. *Tree*. I believe all the company is as deſirous to know it as I: I ſhall be a Tree as long as it pleaſe the Gods, anſwers *Lyſis*; and if thou think I do not ſatisfie thee fully, take this particular ſecret, that all thoſe whoſe buſineſs it is to foretell things, know all things, but what ſhall happen to themſelves; and this ought not to ſeem ſtrange, for *Fate* hath ſo ordain'd it, that it might have a Prerogative over men for to abate the Preſumption, which otherwiſe were likely to poſſeſſe their mindes.

Anſelme ſeeing *Lyſis* perſiſted ſtill in his Errour, was much trouble; for he had rather have ſeen him in his frolick humours, that he might have brought him back to *Orontes*'s. *Leonora* was a woman ſo reſerv'd, that he could not ſpeak with her when ever he deſired, nor yet with her daughter. The Extravagancies of *Lyſis* which were ſome recreation to thoſe Ladies, had been very ſerviceable to him, and had procur'd him many entertainments: So that he did his utmoſt to perſwade him to

live as he had done before: What will you do within this tree, saysshe to him? who'll come so far to bring you any thing to eat? Do you think I'll take the pains? Alas! Trees eat not, replyes *Lysis*; on the contrary, they give much food to men: Prethee trouble not thy self any further about that. When thou thinkst to oblige me, thou dost the contrary. I have been angry enough with thee, for telling me this Country was *Forrests*; but now I pardon it, and I believe all hath been done by an expreſs fatality. All theſe words will not fill your belly, saies *Carmelin*; do you hope to live by ayr, and ſuck in the mind that paſſes by? I do not think you have eaten any thing theſe two days; for yeſterday you took only a piece of bread in your ſcrip, which was no more then would have ſufficed your Dog. Away, away, tell me not on't: An empty Belly, and a hollow Brain-pan go together.

All wondred at what *Carmelin* ſaid; and *Clarimond* pittying the Shepherd, who had faſted ſo long, ſent home for ſome meat for him. His Mother, who was exceedingly charitable, and had heard talk of *Lysis*'s madneſs, came thither her ſelf for to make him eat; but all her Remonſtrances were to no purpoſe. 'Twas pleaſant to hear the reaſons which the Shepherd brought her to prove he was a Tree. *Anſelme* and *Montenor* could not but laugh at it, which ſo troubled the good woman, that ſhe was forc'd to tell them that it was more Chriſtian-like to pitty a poor man, then to laugh at him. For to appeaſe her a little, they alſo endeavored to make *Lysis* eat; and coming at laſt to foul means, ſeeing they could do nothing by fair, they caus'd his teeth to be opened with a ſtick, and thruſt in a little meat into his mouth, but he preſently ſpat it in their faces. *Clarimond*, who was a piercing wit, ſays thereupon to him, Mr. *Willow*, if you cannot eat, will you not drink ſomewhat? I have brought along with me an excellent drink, it is as good as Nectar of the firſt preſſure. Trees neither eat nor drink I tell you, replyes *Lysis*: ſhall I never perſwade you to't? How are you now miſtaken, replyes? *Clarimond*; how could the Plants grow, if they were not water'd? I'll give you leave to water me, ſayes the *Willow*, but it muſt be at my root; and beſides, you muſt only make uſe of clear water. Wine will do better, replyes *Clarimond*, it's a ſecret that all Gardeners know not; nay, I will caſt it above, and it ſhall moiſten you ſo much the more: Know you not, that the rain falls ſtraight down on the tops of the trees.

Clarimond having ſaid ſo, would improve the occaſion, believing he had already prevail'd with *Lysis* to drink: He got upon a ſtool, and put into his mouth a tunnel he had ſent for; which done, *Champagne* pours into it at leaſt three pintes of wine. The *Willow* was very well content to ſwallow it; and ſaid to *Clarimond*, I muſt needs confeſs, dear friend, that thou knoweſt well how to order Plants. My pith is all moiſten'd by this liquor thou haſt given me; and my ſap, which is the radical moyſture of trees, is made much more vigorous thereby. I told you ſo, anſwers *Clarimond*, I will now give you a taſte of another brevidge, that is more nutritive. Having ſaid ſo, he ſoftly ſpoke to *Champagne* to go and ſee if there were not ſome good broth at his houſe ready. The Lacquay returns preſently with ſome Pompion-pottage, that had been made for the Plough-men. They gave him that alſo through the tunnel; and when ever the bread that had been crumb'd in it would not paſs through, they forc'd it down with a little ſtick, as if they had been charging a piece of Ordnance. The *Willow* receiv'd all very quietly; for though he believ'd that trees ſhould not eat, yet his belly told him the contrary; and as it was not much acceſſary to his follies, ſo was it well pleas'd it had gotten ſomewhat to feed on: When all was done, and that the tunnel was taken from his mouth, he breath'd three or four times, as not being able to have contained any longer, the paſſage of reſpiration having been ſo long ſtop'd. At length, ſayes he to *Clarimond*, this ſecond watering is not ſo liquid as the firſt, and yet I muſt confeſs it is not the worſe for it. Now you are furniſh'd till to morrow, ſays *Clarimond*; but I beg it of the Gods, that you may ſhortly live after another maner among men.

Having ſo ſaid, he conſidered, that to prevail any thing with *Lysis*, all muſt be done by fair means and artifice as he had done, and that he might not be diſquiet-

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ed any further, his advice was, that all should retire. They all supp'd at his house, and in the mean time *Carmelin*, who had been left alone with his Master, seeing the night come on, ask'd him whether he would come away and lodge in some house, since that the night before he had not rested much, had lien in the fields. And where hast thou ever seen beds made ready for trees? answers the *Shepherd-Willow*. It would be a fine sight to see me a-bed between two sheets with my earthly roots, my back cover'd over with moss, and my leafy branches. But if I should have a minde to lie down, thinkst thou I could do it? Must I not always stand upright? Seeing you would have me imagine that you are a tree, I am content it should be so, replyes *Carmelin*; but tell me, why did you not order your change so, as that you might have been some more delightful, and more useful tree then you now are? you are of those wretched Willow trees, which are good for nothing but to binde Hoops about with, and make Baskets of. It had been much better to have been some good Pear-tree: When you had been cut down, men would have made of your wood stately chairs, whereon Kings and Presidents would have sate; and you might have born good Pears, which I would have carried to your Mistress. Thou dost but thread impertinences together, *Carmelin*, replies *Lysis*; for besides that thou corrupteſt my name, thou dost most unworthily despite me, by saying I should be good for nothing; for that is my happiness; and though my wood were the fairest in the world, yet ought it not to be cut, because it were no other then the maiming of my limbs, and the committing of a signal murther: Whoever shall touch me, deserves a halter, as much as if he had massacred the true Shepherd *Lysis*. As for the fruit thou wouldst have me bear, whereof *Charite* should eat, it's an argument of thy little wit; for if that fair one hate me, she will not eat any thing comes from me, besides that I should have the misfortune to be tasted by others as well as she, which would be a great discontent to me. Seest thou, *Carmelin*, all the good I hope is, that my Shepherdess may come one day into this place with her companions, and that they will dance about me a poor and desolate willow, and sing every one a song. I shall answer them first by the shaking of my leaves, then I will bow down my boughs to the ground in reverence of *Charite*; and lastly, I will make such a sad complaint to her, that she shall be moved with compassion. Do you believe she'll take you for a tree? says *Carmelin*: for I assure you, the Gentlemen who are newly gone hence, and are your very good friends, laugh in good earneſt at it, and you have perceiv'd it your self. For my part, I have heard them say, that you imagin'd your self still in those *Pagan* times, wherein it was an article of faith to believe all your *Metaphorimoses*, (I know not how you call those Engines) and that thence proceeds all your hurt. Get thee gone, or hold thy peace, replies *Lysis*: For I will bend one of my biggest boughs, and discharge it over thy shoulders so effectually, that I shall send thee into the other world. Neither thou, nor those thou speakest of understand these sacred mysteries. Come hither, hear me, seeing thou seem'st to be tractable: Is the arm of the Gods shortned since the time of the ancient *Greeks*, who have written such rare things of them? If it hath been seen heretofore that men have been changed into Trees, why may it not happen now as well? Are there none but the Authors of old, that have seen and mention'd such things? Let men read the *Endymion*, a book of no great standing, and they shall find *Hermodes*, who had the honour to be a *Shepherd* as my self, metamorphosed into a *wild Olive-tree*, and his Shepherdess *Diaphonia* chang'd into a *Myrtle-tree*. I have read their history, and it is commended and approved by all the world: When any shall speak of me, confute them with that authority.

While the *Willow* was in this discourse, the heavens began to be dark of all sides, both because the Sun was pass'd into the other hemisphere, and by reason a many clouds gather'd together from all parts. *Carmelin* seeing that, bid his master good night, that he might lodge the Flock. *Mastidore* follow'd him wittingly; for he was such a friendly Cur, that he was for him that gave him most; and since *Lysis* had not given him any bread, he stuck to his servant who provided for him. The Shep-

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herd *Carmelin* was no sooner come to his lodging, but it rain'd very heavily, so that he was sore troubled for his master. Yet could he not pitty him, when he considered that no hurt happen'd to him, whereof he was not himself the cause.

The Tree wherein *Lysis* was, had the boughs so scattered, that it gave him not the least shelter. The water that quickly got through his thin cloaths, was soon felt, though he imagin'd himself within a Bark. No mad imagination could divert him now; but he must quit the boughs whereto he had been fastened all the time, and shrunk himself down as low as he could possibly. In the midst of his hypocondriack imaginations he said in himself, That indeed a watering like that in the afternoon was not to be refus'd; but that as for this he had receiv'd then, he was not pleas'd with it, excess being ever hurtfull. He was afraid his wood might rot away, if it rain'd long in that manner; and he thought it but reason that such fair Trees as he should not be left desolate in the fields; and that if they could not be transplanted into houses during foul weather, 'twere fit there were certain Cases made them. This brought him into a little indignation, that he was not a Tree in the Garden of some great Prince, who cover'd his Grove with slate, with glass-windows in it. That seem'd a very good way to him, for the convenience of such Trees as himself. But the ill luck was, he was bare-headed; and though his mind was much perplex'd, yet he could not but think of his Hat, which *Carmelin* had carried away with him, seeing he would not put it on. It had done him a courtesie then. At length the heavens having pitty on this poor Fool, left off pouring water on his head: The clouds were dispers'd, and he had leisure enough to dry his cloaths by his own natural heat.

In the mean time *Montenor*, *Anselme*, and *Clarimond* having sent for *Carmelin*, learn'd of him how he had left his Master, and where he was; and resolved not to trouble him, to see what would come of it, and whether he might have the patience to be there all night. They lay that night in the Castle where they were: but as for *Carmelin*, he would needs go home to his Host. The good man wondring to see him return without *Lysis*, as he had done the night before, ask'd him where he was. He told him he was chang'd into a Tree, or that he imagin'd he was so: whereat he was wonderfully astonished. He enquired of him further, out of what design they kept sheep. *Carmelin* answered, There was no hurt in that; but that if the question were asked his master, he would give a better account of it then he could. *Bertrand* receiving no better satisfaction, he and his family went quietly to bed, and the Shepherd apprentise did the like.

About three hours after, it being very fair weather, the Moon began to shine very bright; and *Lysis* looking on her, saluted her in these words: Thou art welcome, fair *Diana* with the silver-forehead; whither runn'st thou so fast? Art thou prick'd forward by some new Love? Methinks in this silence I hear from this place the smack of the whip wherewith thou dost so sprightfully drive thy horses; thou wouldst in a manner make them go post. Stay a little for to behold the fortune which is befallen to a poor Shepherd.

As the Shepherd ended these words, he saw three *Nymphs* come out from between the trees of a Thicket hard by; and if they were not such, he at least thought them such. The first was cloathed in a mantle of Canvas silver'd over, and the two other with white Fustian. While they came still neerer and neerer him, Fair *Hamadryads!* says the most visible amongst them, do me one favour; tell me one thing I desire much to be assured of: Is it true, that the Shepherd *Lysis* was yesterday metamorphosed into a Tree? There's nothing more certain, replies one of them; and we are infinitely happy to have him our brother: He was the Phenix of all Lovers, the glory of his age, and the object of the vows of all Shepherdesses.

The solitude of the place, the words of the Nymphs, and the glistering of their cloaths in the moon-shine, ravish'd the Shepherd into admiration; his eyes were as much charm'd as his ears. What addition to his extasie was it to hear the shining Nymph continue thus: Can I by no means know in what place remains this happy Tree, which encreases the number of those of this Country? We are just at it, answers the other: Do you not perceive that Willow, which I do not remember I

ever saw before in that place? shall we go thither? *Synopa*, we will speak to our Brother, and know how he does: And he'll tell us how he findes himself, since he hath chang'd his nature. 'Tis a noble curiosity, replies the first Nymph: let us go, it may be he will not be displeas'd to see me.

Lysis having heard *Synopa* nam'd, was much amaz'd, and by her speech he knew she was the *Nayad* of the Magician *Hircan*. The *Nymphs* by this time being come near him, one of the *Hamadryads* said to him, Alas! dear Brother, what do you there all alone? will you not enjoy the pleasure of the season? Come out thence, and recreate your self with us. What ever you are fair *Nymphs*, answers the *Shepherd Willow*, pardon me, if I cannot go with you; for my Destiny hath so dispos'd of me, that I cannot come hence. You are mistaken, replyes the *Hamadryad*, I have been a Shepherdess as well as you have been a Shepherd, and I am now metamorphos'd into a Tree as you are, but I keep within my bark but only the day. We must recreate our selves in the night. I'll never believe that, if you bring me not an authority for it. That you shall have enough, saies *Synopa*, have you not observ'd in the Ode, that *Philip Desportes* hath made of a Country life, that when the Sun gives place to the Moon, the Nymphs meet together in the Woods, and dance and jig it, and get green gowns? 'Tis a *Poet* of reputation, will you not believe him? I do believe him, saies *Lysis*, but he speaks only of *Nymphs*, he doth not mention *Demi-Gods*. They are understood, saies *Synopa*; for would you have us dance alone? we must needs have some males among us. If we have not you, and such as you are, we must be forc'd to take in the *Satyrs* into our company. And what would you do there, grow wilde again? 'Tis true, in the day time you dare not venture out, lest your Divinity might be seen of men; but in the night, that all the worlds asleep, you must take your time to be merry, and tread the grass and your cares under your feet. There are thickets hereabouts, where there are always *Dryads*, and *Hamadryads*, *Nayads* and *Napeans*, 'tis thither you must go along with us.

Lysis hearing this, believ'd all the Nymph said was true; and as there is nothing sooner brings fools to see reason, then suffering; the inconvenience he found to be so long in the hollow of a tree, perswaded him it would not be amiss to go out for a while. He was fain to put his whole strength to winde himself up, and at length he delivered himself out of captivity, and leap'd down. My dear Sisters, quoth he to the Nymphs, if I sin, the Gods pardon me, for your perswasions are the cause of my offence. Fear nothing, saies *Synopa* to him, assure your self, you'll finde nothing but what shall please you among us. But Sisters, saies she to the others, shall we go and seek out some private retreats, where we may not fear the ambushes of the *Satyrs*. I do not know any hereabouts, replies the *Hamadryad*, and we have *Lysis* for our Protector. Let's go couragiously to a little Meadow hard by; having said so, they three went on apace, and left *Lysis* to follow, which he did with much ado, for his legs were grown so stiff, having been so long lockt up, that when they were come to the Meadow, he sate him down on the grass, and the Nymphs about him. While he was yet giving his thanks to *Synopa*, that she had remembred him, he hears a certain harmony, that made him prick up his ears, as a Cat that hears a Mouse cry: It was a Lute, very unhandsomely set to the violin; but a little after the violin ceas'd and there was only heard the Lute and a Voyce together, which made very excellent musick. The Aire was one that had been made in a Mask, presented lately to the King by certain *Nayads*. *Lysis* hearing it, had the curiosity to enquire who the Musician was: You shall see, it is the God of the River *Morin*, saies *Synopa* to him; it must needs be he that plays on the Lute, for he plays excellently well on it. As for her that sings, it is a Nymph of a Fountain hard by, called *Lucida*; and for him that plays on the Violin, it is a *Forrest-Demi-god*, who of a Shepherd was, as you are, chang'd into a tree. We shall have good company to night, I warrant you, and good sport withal.

As *Synopa* ended these words, the three persons she spake of came, and made it appear she was not mistaken. The God *Morin* had a Beard to his Girdle, and Hair hanging down over his Shoulders, with a Crown of Reeds on his Head. He had

had on a Waſtecoat and Breeches like a Seaman, of white Canvas; as thoſe Fiſhermen at *Paris* who catch Eels, on their greateſt Feaſt-day. As for him that plaid on the Violin, he had on a gray Suit, like a Countrey man; and the Nymph of the Fountain *Lucida*, was in ſilver'd Canvas like *Synopa*. Theſe two *Nayads* embrac'd and kiſt one the other when they met; which done, *Synopa* turning to *Merin*, Father, ſaies ſhe, behold, here's a time invites us to dance, it is ſo clear and calm. 'Tis true, it rain'd a little a while ſince, but as for us Divinities of the Waters, it hurts us not; our channels are fill'd by that means. The God of the River falls preſently a ſnoring like a Swine; whereat *Lyſis* wondring, pulls *Synopa* by the ſleeve, and ask'd her what language the Gods ſpoke. 'Tis the language of the River, replies *Synopa*, there can none underſtand him but the *Fiſh* and the *Nayads*: 'Tis great pitty, ſaies *Lyſis*, that a God of his age hath not learned to ſpeak *French*. What do you wonder at, replies *Synopa*, he muſt ſubmit to his deſtiny. There are alſo other Gods, who partaking of the diſpoſition of their hoſts, are as mute as Carps: But this doth not commonly make much noiſe, becauſe he would imitate his own waters, which run ſlowly, and ſeem as if they were aſleep, like thoſe of the Lakes: but this hinders not but that he can play excellently well on any muſical inſtruments, and dance.

While the *Nymph* held this diſcourſe, the God of the River very ſeriouſly view'd the *Hamadryads*, as if he had never ſeen them before: So that *Synopa* went of a ſudden, and ſaid to him, What do you dream on Father, that you do not ſee a new *Demi-god* that's here among us? Here is he that ſometimes was the Shepherd *Lyſis*, he was the glory of your Banks: he is now a *Willow*, and you ought to love him on that account, ſeeing there are no other trees on your Banks. The God of the River made a ſign with his head, and went and embrac'd *Lyſis*; but he gave him ſuch a hug, that *Lyſis* cryed out, O dumb God! ſays he, doſt thou expreſs by thy arms that which thou canſt not with thy tongue? let me go, I ſhall burſt elſe, thou cruſh'ſt my wood; wilt thou make it as ſmall as ſaw-duſt? In ſaying ſo, he gave ſuch a jerk, that he got out of the hands of the God; and went and told *Synopa*, that he had rather loſe the friendſhip of all the world, then meet with many ſuch Salutations. But when *Synopa* had told him that the rudeneſs of that God was to be excus'd as to his embraces, and that in other things he was very good company, he was appeas'd; and the *Hamadryads* having made the motion of paſſing the time in dancing, he was ready to make one. The whole company making a round, the Nymph *Lucida* ſung a Song, and afterwards the *Hamadryads* did every one the like. When it came to *Synopa*, ſhe ſung a kiſſing Song; and being near *Lyſis*, ſays to him;

Gentle Willow *come and dance,*
And with arms akembo prance;
Take her whoſe beauty you muſt prize,
And freely kiſs her eyes
In whoſe ſweet face moſt Beauty lies.

He goes in among them, and looking very big about him; It matters not, ſaith he, where I kiſs her I ſhall chooſe; the Poet that made that Song, hath not ſaid *eyes*, but for rhime ſake. After this he goes and addreſſes his Complements to an *Hamadryad*, and kiſt her with a good will: And you are to note, that he did it with an amorous ſubtilty, that ſeem'd to him very excellent. He ſhut his eyes in the action, ſo to deceive himſelf, and imagine that he kiſt *Charite*: But he found himſelf deceiv'd more then he thought, for that Nymph was of ſuch a rough fleſh, that ſhe had almoſt grated the skin off his lips, whereas in his opinion, his Miſtreſs was of more tender complexion. Being come to his own place again, he whiſpers to *Synopa*, ſaying, I will not kiſs any more theſe *Hamadryads*, there's no pleaſure in it. It is ſoon diſcover'd they are wooden *Nymphs*, their skin is as rough as the bark of a tree.

Synopa ſmil'd to hear him; and when ſhe had ſung in her turn, ſhe went and gave him a kiſs which pleas'd him better: Ha! ſaies he to himſelf, how ſoft and tender are theſe Nymphs of the waters, in compariſon of thoſe rugged *Hamadryads*. I muſt avow, that this laſt kiſs hath taken away the hurt, which I had received by the other. He thought there was a great deal of pleaſure to ſport it ſo innocently; and yet he wondred how it came to paſs, that *Nymphs* of reputation, and *Hamadryads* ſo ſtately and gallant, amus'd themſelves to ſing ſuch Songs as Country-Chamber-maids do. There was but the Muſician *Lucida* who ſang another kiſſing Song, which was very well compos'd, and pleaſed him much. Being deſirous to taſte of all ſorts of meat, he went and kiſt the Nymph that ſang, and was more ſatisfied, then with *Synopa*; becauſe it ſeem'd to him, that ſhe was yet of a ſofter complexion, and handſomer. This rais'd him into ſo good an humour, that he would have been content to do nothing elſe all his life. But one of the *Hamadryads* preſently began another Song which was very ridiculous, and wherein they made him dance ſo much, that he was quite tyred. *Morin*, becauſe he ſang not, did inſtead thereof caper it in very ſtrange poſtures.

At length every one being weary, they all lay down on the graſs; where *Lyſis* having taken breath a while, addreſſed himſelf to all the company in theſe words, Ye great *Divinities* of this Country, ſince that *Fate* hath decreed my abode among you, I ſhould wiſh the honor of your more particular acquaintance, to the end that when ever I ſhall ſee you, I may not ſo far forget my ſelf, as not to render you the civilities which are due unto you. Therefore now that we have the leaſure, tell me, if ſometime you have not been ſomething different from what you are now; and what hath been the occaſion of your *Metamorphoſes*. *Divine Willow*, ſaies *Synopa*, your demand is ſo juſt, that here is not any preſent, that would not be willing to give you ſatisfaction. The God *Morin* himſelf would have been glad, if he could have diſtinctly ſpoken, that you might have had the Hiſtory of his fortunes from his own mouth. He is known by the ſhaking of his head, and the noiſe that comes out of his throat, whereby he ſignifies his conſent to any thing. Becauſe he cannot, I ſhall tell you what you deſire to know of him.

The Fable of the God *Morin*, and of the River of *Marne*.

"IT was a long time before *Pharamond* became King of *France*, that *Brie* "had a King, the number of whoſe vertues was equal to that of his Sub- "jects: His name was *Briſeſer*, and his Son was called *Morin*, who is this "honeſt *God* whom you ſee. Now there paſt through this Countrey the "little Neece of a *Fairy*, who at her birth had had two gifts; that of "*Beauty*, and that of *Metamorphoſes*. If ſhe had a deſign to bewitch a man, ſhe "had no more to do but to ſhew him her natural countenance; which when ſhe "had done, ſhe put on what form ſhe pleas'd, as if her body had been made of "ſoft clay: She wandred about the world purchaſing of hearts; and all ſhe got "by her amorous looks, ſhe put them into a great Apron made like a Purſe, that "ſhe had about her. *Morin* had no ſooner ſeen *Marne* (ſo was the Nymph cal- "ed) but ſhe drew from him thoſe ſighs that would have been able to make a ſhip "ſail; and in teſtimony of his love, he made a deed of gift of his heart to her, "in the preſence of the Notaries of *Cupids* Kingdom. She faſtned this great heart "of his to a part of her Girdle, and made it afterward her Pin-cuſhion, which was "a great torment to him; for ſhe would be ever and anon thruſting of pins into "it. Yet her new Lover would have taken this Martyrdom as ſupportable, had "ſhe but accepted his ſervices. But as he ſpoke to her of it, being one day ſtand- "ing by her, ſhe made no more account of him, nor indeed was he any more in "compariſon of her, then the ſheath of a knife hanging by her ſide: For you "are to know, that ſhe was of a Gyant ſtature; however, ſhe was not eſteemed "the leſs for that, becauſe if a thing be good, and fair, and pleaſant, it is ſo much "the better if it be great; and there is no man ſo fooliſh, but he had rather have "a great Capon then a little one: So you are to believe, that if ſhe had great "cheeks, and great breaſts, ſhe had by ſo much the more *Lilies*, *Roſes*, and *Pinks*; "and if her eyes were as large as Bucklers, they were ſo much the more conveni- "ent for her Lovers to behold themſelves in. There was no calumny could obſcure "her glory, there was no default could be objected againſt her but her cruelty. The "truth is, ſhe was ſomewhat touch'd with that vice; and as ſhe never boild her "Kettle, but with the fire of the affections ſhe had enflamed; ſo did ſhe never "waſh her hands, but in the tears of her Lovers. You might ſee every morning "her Chamber-maid ſtanding at her door, holding a great Tray, wherinto thoſe "poor wretches went and pour'd their tears, that there might not be want of that "water, and ſometimes the cruel one went and held her own murthering hands "under. *Morin* was one of the firſt that paid her this duty, yet ſhe regarded him "no more then the laſt years ſnow. He therefore reſolved to get that by force, "which he could not by fair means; and being powerful in his fathers Kingdom, he "got a great number of Souldiers about *Marn's* houſe, who made ſo many works "and paliſadoes about it, that it was thought ſhe could not get away without his "leave. He enters into the *Nymphs* Court, where ſhe was walking all alone; but "when he thought to embrace her, he was much amaz'd that ſhe vaniſh'd away. He "ſearch'd for her all about, and could finde nothing but a ſpacious Quadrangle, "which to his obſervation had ever before been cover'd with dry earth, but now "was carpeted with *graſs*. That gave him occaſion to imagine it was the fair *Marn* "had been ſo Metamorphos'd; and being deſirous to enjoy her any way, he went "into the houſe to look for a ſickle to cut that graſs. Being return'd with one in "his hand, he findes the place dry as before, and found nothing in the Court but "a *Sheep*. Wois me! ſaies he, is't this ſheep that hath eaten up my graſs? how proud "ſhe is to have my Miſtreſs in its belly! ſhould I adore or puniſh it? But before

" I reſolve, I'll go and ſee my ſouldiers. He had no ſooner turn'd his back, but he " bethought him that it were a ſin to pardon the ſheep. But turning himſelf back, " he ſaw a *Wolf* in ſtead of it, whereat he was extreamly vex'd, believing that crea- " ture had devoured the other. Now it was nothing but *Marne*, who to avoid the " dangers wherewith he threatned her, chang'd herſelf from graſs to a ſheep, and " from a ſheep to a wolf. At laſt he ſuſpected ſome ſuch thing; but deſirous ſtill " to enjoy her, he endeavoured to ſurpriſe the beaſt, offering it a peece of fleſh, " and prevail'd ſo far, that he put a chain about her neck, and ty'd her up in the " ſtable. He by this time thought himſelf ſure of what he deſired, and that he " ſhould now enjoy his Miſtreſs whether ſhe would or no. But the whole edifice " immediately took fire, and was all burnt in an inſtant. It was to no purpoſe to " caſt water on, the flame was never the more quench'd, nay it laſted after all the " combuſtible matter was ſpent, nor was there any more Wolf to be ſeen.

" *Morin* ſeeing this, could not bethink him of any better invention then to put " on a Caſſock of Stone-allum, which had been a Prieſts in the time of his anceſtors, " wherein he was able to endure in the midſt of the flames without being burned, " that ſo he might embrace his Miſtreſs: But as he was going to accompliſh his " deſign, he could ſee nothing but a great River. Wretch that I am! ſays he, this " water hath quench'd my amiable fire. And thereupon caſts himſelf headlong in- " to it: but finding no ſatisfaction that way, and being in danger to be drown'd " becauſe he could not ſwim well, he came out preſently, and contented himſelf to " take his Lute and play mournful airs upon her banks. The water ran perpetually, " and was diſgorg'd into the *Seine*: For from that time the Gods being offended " with *Marne*, who had diſdain'd ſo faithfull a Lover, ſeeing ſhe was chang'd into " a River, ordained that ſhe ſhould always continue ſo, and there put an end to her " metamorphoſes. *Morin* advertiſed of the decree of the Gods by one of their " Prieſts, was ſo tranſported with diſquiet and deſpair, that he lay down all along " on the ground, and began to diſtill into tears; He wept in ſuch abundance, that " his tears became a little *River*. The Gods having compaſſion on him, made him " ſubject to the ſame decree as his Miſtreſs; ſo that whereas the other Gods of " Rivers have Pitchers under their arms, out of which flows their water, it is plea- " ſant to ſee how his iſſues at his eyes. Having ſpent all his moiſture to ſupply his " ſource, he had the liberty to wander in his own channel, which from that time " diſburthen'd it ſelf into *Marne*, to the end that if they have been aſunder while " they were in a mortal condition, they might be joyn'd together now that they " are immortal. But the brave *Morin* doth no longer remember his ſorrows paſt; " and ſeeing that *Marne* doth no more reſpect him now then ſhe did before, and " that ſhe is always with the God of the *Seine*, whom ſhe loves better then him, " he takes as much pleaſure to be with us as with her; and if he hath loſt the uſe " of his voice, that loſs is recompenc'd by the melody of his Lute which he hath " kept ſtill.

As *Synopa* thus ended her ſtory, the God of the River made a deep confuſed noiſe two or three times: which gave her occaſion to ſay to *Lyſis*, See how he ap- proves what I have ſaid by his noiſe. Now that I have given you his hiſtory, and that I am in the good humour, I muſt alſo give you my own, which I had not the opportunity to tell you when you ſaw me at *Hircan's*. It ſhall not be ſo long as to weary you. Make it as long as you pleaſe, replies *Lyſis*; my ears are faſtned to your mouth; and that with as much ſweetneſs and delight, as if it were *Orpheus* that playd over the ſame aires on his Harp, as he did when he drew after him the *Trees*, my *Anceſtors* and *Predeceſſors*.

The

The Fable of the *Fountain Synopa.*

"KNow then *Lyſis*, replies *Synopa*, that I am the daughter of a Duke of "*Burgundy*, who promis'd me no meaner a match then a King of "FRANCE; but for all he could do, I would not ſubmit to the "yoke of a marriage, which did not any ways pleaſe me. I was much "enclin'd to hunting, and I was ever in the woods ſometimes, with a Javelin, and "ſometimes with a bow and arrows. *Diana* having heard talk of me, invited me "to be of the quire of her Nymphs; and taking an affection to me, ſhe gave me "one of the chiefeſt places about her perſon, which was to give her Dogs meat. "Having my hand on her Altar, I ſolemnly ſwore, I would obſerve chaſtity as "long as I liv'd, but I have ſince had much ado to keep my ſelf from breaking "this oath: For I was paſſionately courted by an Earl of *Champagne*, who being "come to my fathers Court, gave me ſo many aſſaults, that he was ſometimes up-"on the very point of ſtorming my honor: he proteſted I had brought him into that "ſlavery, that he ador'd whatever had relation to me; and confeſt himſelf a ſlave "to the fleas of my Greyhounds. He ſuffer'd ſo many torments for my ſake, that "he purpoſely learn'd Arithmetick, that he might give me the number of them; "and playing with me one evening at picquet, he took the counters and reckon'd "them, and the total ſum came to three hundred thouſand, ſix hundred twenty ſix "and a half, not counting the ſmaller ſorrows and cares of leſs conſequence. This "was an excellent invention, and if the Lovers of this age had it, there ſhould be "but a few Miſtreſſes which ſhould be trip'd down, and fall with their faces up-"ward. Yet preſently calling to minde my vow, I continued as firm as a rock, and "brought my Lover to ſuch a deſpair, that he ſwore he would caſt himſelf head-"long from ſome mountain, if he ſhould meet with one high enough. His laſt re-"courſe was to writing, and he ſent me ſo many Letters, that he made paper dear "in the Country; and continued his addreſſes, till the Solicitors and Pettifoggers "petitioned againſt him. I made no other thread (ſo little did I regard them) of "all his Miſſives, then to winde up thread on, or to wrap up a piece of wilde Boar "in, if I had a minde to preſent ſome Neighbour or Goſſip, when I was come home "from hunting. *Diana* being advertis'd of his continual applications to me, caus'd "me to be bath'd in a certain fountain of hers, which hath a propriety to make "thoſe that go into it all *Ice*, if they waſh but three times in it: ſo that being for-"tified with coldneſs, his ſighs could not enflame me. But to remedy this, he goes "into a certain Temple of *Love*, that was near his own abode: The Prieſts of the "place had in their cuſtody a certain fire, that was ſo powerful, that nothing could "ſtand againſt it. This devout Pilgrim made ſo many prayers to the Divinity of "the place, that at length he merited ſo far, as that he obtained a little beam of "that flame, which he made faſt in a box of *Diamond*. He came to ſee me with "this treaſure, and finding me in a Wood, tired out with hunting, and ſitting on "a pile of faggots, he caſt his fire on me, believing he ſhould warm me in ſpight "of my teeth: And indeed the truth is, the heat was but too violent, for I pre-"ſently began to melt; and as I was nothing but *ice* before, I was turn'd into *wa-"ter*, and water'd all the fields about. The Gods touch'd with my diſaſter, ordain'd, "I ſhould thenceforth be a *Fountain*, as *I* am ſtill. But now that *I* am an immor-"tal Nymph, *I* am diſpenc'd of that vow *I* had made when *I* was a mortal maid; "and *I* am not oblig'd to chaſtity, any further then *I* will my ſelf: So that the "Magician *Hircan* being in love with me, *I* have ſuffered my ſelf to be overcome "by his charms, and have liv'd with him a certain time fully and honorably. But "having left him to day, and taken my own liberty, *I* may henceforward be mar-"ried to *Lyſis*, if ſo be he will conſent thereto: And though my waters are far from

this

" this Countrey, yet *I* will bring them into this place, for to water the root of his " fair tree.

Here *Synopa* broke off, as if modesty and love had hindred the passage of her voice. All admired the discourses she had entertain'd them withall: but there needed not that admiration, for she had suited them to certain Fables which she had read. *Lysis* was ravish'd to hear her, and thought all very well but the Marriage she had mentioned; for having kist *Lucida* last, the kiss remained still on his lips, and had made him forget hers. Somwhat there was, I know not what, that he could not affect *Synopa* as much as this *Lucida*, towards whom he ever directed his eyes. Nor did he stick a little after to speak to her, quitting the other, and earnestly entreated her to relate her story; which however must only pass for a fable

The Fable of the Fountain *Lucida*.

" SEing you are desirous to have the relation of my fortune, says *Lucida*, " know that I am daughter to a Lord of this Country; and that since I " was fifteen years of age, I fell in love with one of his Gentlemen. He was " so beautifull, that he had never seen his like but in a glass: His hair was curled " like a *Holland* Water-Spaniel, and his countenance had as much vermilion as a " Rose of *Provence*. All he did was with such a grace, that if he playd on the Lute, " I took him for *Apollo* the younger; and if he shot with a bow, I took him for " *Cupid* the elder, for his beard was already sprouted out. His attractions were so " powerfull over me, that being one day neer a Table which was very dusty, with " my finger I writ thereon, that *Lucida* was dying for him. But the Gallant re- " garded it not; and having sworn to me that he could not love me, it was such " an affliction to me, that I sickned on't and kept my bed. The *Love*-feaver took " me so violently, that I did nothing but drink night and day, so that my disease " turn'd to a Dropsie, and I became as big as a Ton. All the Physitians in the " Country that visited me were at a loss of their Latine; but when they had all " given me over, there was a knowing Chymist made me take an excellent pow- " der: That made me piss so much, that there issued out of my body great " brooks, and then it was that the Gods bethought them to change me into a " *Fountain*. I do still piss at certain times into the Cistern of my source, that it may " not dry up; and so I shall piss to the end of the world, and yet shall never be " empty.

I find no difficulty in this Metamorphosis, says *Lysis*; for your body continues in the same being as to its form, but not as to its nature, which is become immortal; and as concerning your Urine, it hath only been chang'd to Fountain-water. But when I consider the adventure of *Synopa*, I cannot so easily understand it: For she says, that being all Ice, the fire dissolved her: If it be so, how is it that she hath a body still? Yet we see it is so; and the Gods not having discover'd the secret to her no more then they let children know what way they have been formed in their mothers belly, the poor Nymph hath given us no account of it. But I'll explain it to her. The reason is, because the Gods, when they have metamorphos'd a humane body into a Fountain, dispose the soul into another body which is composed of aquatick vapours. There was never any Poet, nor other that hath commented on any of them, ever imagin'd this, though they attribute bodies to the Deities of the waters; and this is the reason they have left us in so much ambiguity. Nor may I be afraid to boast that I am guilty of as learned considerations, that if a God came now down on earth, I should not court him for excellent imaginations.

I am very much oblig'd to you for ſo excellent an inſtruction, ſays *Sinopa:* in recompence whereof, ſeeing you cannot ſee my abode, be pleaſed to ſee *Lucida's*. That ſhall be when ever you are diſpoſed, replies *Lyſis*. Let's go preſently, ſays *Lucida*, it's very good being there; I'll ſhew you the way. Having ſaid ſo, they all riſe up, and having croſs'd certain meadows and thickets, this noble Company came to a Brook which ran between two vallies. The God of the River, and the Nymphs having taken up their coats, went into the water, which came up to half the leg, and *Lyſis* was obliged to do as much: He ſometimes complain'd that he was forced to go in that manner: but *Lucida*, who led him, excus'd his want of courage, ſaying that he who was not a God of a Fountain, was not accuſtomed to walk in the water as they were; and to comfort him, ſhe ever aſſur'd him that it was not far to her grot.

At length they came to a high ſtony eminencie, where was the ſource of the fountain. The earth was very hollow in divers places; ſo that *Lucida* eaſily perſwaded *Lyſis*, that there was her abode. Then ſhe takes up her coats a little higher then they were before, and piſs'd ſo loud, that he heard it. O fair aquatick Nymph! cries he out, ſtay your ſelf, I beſeech you; I ſee proofs enough of what you have told me, it is certain this Brook hath no other recruit but what you piſs; but if you ſhut not your cock, I ſhall be afraid of a deluge: I pray take heed; for though I am a Tree, and that I keep above the water, and am not drown'd, yet my timber would rot in time.

The God *Morin* hearing this diſcourſe, thought it ſo pleaſant, that he could not hold himſelf from laughing a little outright: So that *Lyſis* wondring at it, He begins (ſays he) to laugh very decently, there's hope he may in time learn to ſpeak *French*. *Lucida* having given over piſſing, anſwered, that ſhe doubted not but that in time he might be taught all good things; but that for the preſent they muſt go to a collation in her grot. They all came out of the water; and he that played on the *Violin*, and the *Hamadryads* went away and ſaid nothing, ſo far that they were quite out of ſight. *Synopa* ſate next to *Morin*, and *Lucida* next to *Lyſis*. Theſe two Nymphs did not much weigh the wetting their legs, for it was not cold, it only made them the more frolick. *Morin* diſcovered a great affection to *Synopa*; and having felt her breaſt, kiſs'd and embraced her often: And ſometimes he put himſelf into ſuch wanton poſtures, that *Lyſis* knew not what to ſay of it; however at laſt he concluded it was the cuſtom of the Gods of the waters, but he would have gladly known whether it was alſo the cuſtom of the Deities of the thickets. *Lucida* taking him by the hand, wrung it hard between her own, and ſometimes brought it to her mouth: but ſuch was his ſhamefac'dneſs, that he durſt do nothing, though the temptation was very great. It fortunately came into his mind to deſire *Morin* to play an aire or two on his Lute, to which *Lucida* ſhould ſing; for he would have gladly entertain'd her, but knew not how to begin.

It was not long ere the *Hamadryads* and the *Violiſt* return'd with bottles and baſkets, which ſoon ſilenc'd the muſick; they had brought bread, and great pieces of Pye-cruſt, and a peece of Gammon of bacon, with good wine, and ſome boxes of Sweet-meats. *Morin* and *Synopa* having begun to eat, *Lucida* ſaid to *Lyſis*, And will not you, *rural Demy-god!* do as we do? What, is there not any thing here that you like? will you ſlight me ſo? No, that I do not, aſſure your ſelf, anſwers *Lyſis:* but you know that we *Trees* do not eat any thing, we do nought but drink; we are not like you *Fountains*, who eat and drink all is given you, we cannot devour in that manner. 'Tis true, you Trees cannot, ſays *Synopa*; but you who are the Souls of the Trees, you may eat any thing. I'll never believe it, ſays *Lyſis*. I'll give you an example for it, ſays *Synopa:* There is your Comrade as to fortune, that eats like a Wolf.

In ſaying ſo, ſhe gave the *Violiſt* what to be doing withall; who having a good ſtomach, ſoon made an end of all: whereat *Lyſis* much wondring, and ſeeing the *Hamadryads* eat too, he would needs try whether he could do the like. Having eaten a piece of Pye, it ſeem'd very ſavoury to him; but after that, all he had to do was to

chew the cud. His ſtomach increas'd for what he had eaten; and he thought all had been brought, not too much for himſelf. One of the *Hamadryads* having fill'd a glaſs of wine, he obſerved that *Synopa* and *Lucida* drank it not ſo, but daſh'd it above half water. I wonder you ſhould do ſo, ſays he; what need have you to mingle water with your wine, ſeeing you your ſelves are already all water, and that that liquor loſes ſufficiently of its force when it is within your bodies? We only do this out of cuſtom, anſwers *Synopa*; we muſt needs obſerve an antient ceremony. But if I am not deceived, ſays *Lyſis*, you do this in remembrance of the education of *Bacchus* among the *Nymphs* of the *Fountains*, who for that reaſon requires water ſhould be mixed with his liquor.

While he ſaid ſo, the *Violiſt* having eaten enough, began to recreate the company with the ſound of his Inſtrument; ſo that *Lyſis* calling him into his mind, deſired him to give them a more ſolid diverſion, and briefly to relate upon what occaſion he had been metamorphoſed, and what life he had led before.

The Fable of the *Cypreſs*.

" EVer from my childhood have I kept ſheep, replies he: And having learned ſome grounds on the Violin, by the advantage of my leiſure, I came in time to the perfection of the beſt Players on earth; ſo that *Pan* never " compoſed an air, which I playd not immediately with a hundred times more grace " then he did on his Oat-pipe. I had an excellent Rebeck of *Cypreſs*, which is the " ſame I now have: He asked me whether I would give it him for a Sheephook, " thinking that when he had it, he had with it all my skill, and that it wholly depended upon this Inſtrument. I return'd him a flat denial, though he was a God; " which ſo enraged him, that he metamorphos'd me into a *Cypreſs*, decreeing for " my chaſtiſement, that my wood ſhould ever be diſpoſed to make *Violins* and *Rebecks*, which ſhould be better then that which I had denied him.

It ſeems then that you come out of your bark when you pleaſe, as the ſoul comes out of the body, ſays *Lyſis*; and I do ſo too. Now I have no more to deſire then the Hiſtory of our two *Hamadriads*. I know it as well as they, ſays *Synopa*; I'l tell it you.

The Fable of the two *Hamadryads*.

" THey have been both of them Shepherdeſſes, who yet would be always tampering with ſome Apothecary-buſineſs: They were skilfull in the confection and preſerving of all Fruits. But one of them having refuſed " to preſerve ſome Apricocks, and the other ſome Cherries, for one of *Diana's* " Nymphs that was ſick, the Goddeſs to be revenged hath metamorphos'd them " both into Trees; one of them hath been changed into an *Apricock*-tree, the " other into a *Cherry*-tree. But here is the miracle; they do not bear raw fruit as " other trees, but what they bear is *preſerved*.

What you have now eaten is of their fruit: what think you of them, are they not good? They are exceeding good, replies *Lyſis*: but if I am not deceiv'd, they have eaten of them themſelves, I think that barbarous; 'tis the ſame caſe as if a man ſhould eat his own hands or arms. Do you think it ſo ſtrange? replies *Synopa*: It is beſt of all for one to live on his own ſubſtance; and it is in the ſame manner that we *Nayads* do often drink our own water, and caſt it out again. Say what you will, replies *Lyſis*; if all were as it ſhould be, it were fit the *Apricock-Nymph* ſhould eat *Cherries*,

Cherries, and the *Cherry-Nymph*, *Apricocks*, that ſo they might mutually aſſiſt one the other without ſinning againſt nature, and devouring their own members. As for you who drink your own water, the caſe is not the ſame, there's no great danger in that; I have known many men drink their own urine. Well, we will conſider of publiſhing certain proviſo's in this caſe, ſays *Synopa*: but in the mean time will you not confeſs that you are happier among us then you expected to have been? you muſt henceforth forget that *Charite*, you are no more of her condition; you muſt love a Deity as you your ſelf are.

Lyſis anſwered not a word, for he was afraid that they would perſwade him to love one of the *Hamadryads*, becauſe they were of the ſame nature; and them he could by no means fancie. But after a while bethinking him that ſhe that propoſed it might ſpeak of herſelf, he imagined he might freely love a *Nayad*, and ſo addreſs'd his affections to *Lucida*; though a certain remorſe ſtuck in his conſcience, that told him he ought a ſervice to *Charite* as well in the quality of a Tree, as that of a Man: yet meeting with new charms, he eaſily forgot what was paſt. *Lucida* renewed her careſſes; and one time having kiſs'd his hand, ſhe let it fall directly into her boſom, which was all open. *Lyſis* continued it there a while, and he was for the preſent at a loſs of his reaſon among thoſe incomparable delights, which before he was not wont to enjoy. He had been one of thoſe who in their addreſſes are amorouſly tranſported, and ſo reſpectfull, that they dare not touch their Miſtreſſes. In theſe very firſt approaches, he could imagine no leſs then that he had been in the *Elyzian* fields. *Synopa* did him a great diſcourteſie, when ſhe ſpoke of departing: He thought it proceeded from her jealouſie of his enjoyments. Yet conſidering it was almoſt day, he was content to retire, and went the ſecond time into the water with the other Divinities, which thought themſelves oblig'd to bring him back. When they were come neer his Tree, *Synopa* told him that he muſt neceſſarily reſolve before two dayes were paſt, whether he would take her or *Lucida* to his Miſtreſs, and that they would not any longer languiſh in expectation. He told her, that he would conſider of it, and immediately he would needs get into his bark. Stay a little, ſays *Lucida* to him; we'll give you a Hat, you have not any, and there was none of us till now had the wit to take notice of it; if you continue bare-headed, you may catch a cold. I am exempted from that inconvenience, fair Nymph! replies *Lyſis*: A head of wood, as mine is, the weather cannot ſo eaſily hurt, as a mans which is of fleſh and bone. It is true, that the better to preſerve the complexion, it were not amiſs to have a hat: But in regard I had not my own on when I was metamorphoſed, it was not ſubject to change; ſo that now it is not fit for me, nor any other hat. I apprehend your meaning, ſays *Synopa*; you will not have a Caſter or a Beaver, but you would ſuffer one of wood, that were conformable to your nature. 'Tis right, ſays *Lyſis*; and my own hat ſhould have been of that ſubſtance, if it had been metamorphos'd with me. You ſhall preſently have ſuch a one as ſhall become you, replies *Synopa*: And in ſo ſaying ſhe takes from one of the *Hamadryads* a Goblet of *China*-wood, wherein (becauſe they would be ſerved with an extravagance more divine and poetical) they had drunk at the collation, and put it on the Shepherds head. This wooden Night-cap was ſo narrow, that it would not come on the crown of his head, ſo that he caſt it away as being not fit for him, if *Synopa* could not make it bigger. The fault is not in the Cap, ſays *Synopa*, it is in your head which is too great; it muſt be ſmooth'd about. You are miſtaken, replies *Lyſis*: Do you not conſider that if the hat were large enough, it would eaſily come on my head? And do you not ſee too, replies *Synopa*, that if your head were leſs, it would ſerve you well enough? Their conteſtation on this nice difficulty laſted a good while; ſo that at length *Lucida* ſaid, that that muſt be done which could be moſt eaſily; and that being the Cap could be made no bigger, a hatchet muſt be ſought for to leſſen *Lyſis* his head round. That muſt not be, ſays he to her, it would hurt me too much, 'tis better to be bare-headed. You ſee, ſays *Synopa*, that the wood of this young *Cypreſs* is cut off every day to make new Inſtruments withall, he fares never the worſe for it: The bodies of Trees, have they not their ſuperfluities as well

as thoſe of men? put the caſe your nails were par'd or your hair cut, as if you were ſtill a Shepherd. I think that if but one of your leaves were taken off, you would imagine your ſelf on the rack: Yea, though I ſhould ſuffer no hurt, ſays *Lyſis*, I muſt be left entire, for I am a *Sacred* Tree.

While he ſaid ſo, the God *Morin* felt in the basket, where was the remainder of the Collation; and having found a great hollow box, wherein there had been marmalade, and whereof there was ſtill a little at the bottom: he preſented it to *Synopa*, ſpeaking to her by ſigns, This is it I wanted, ſaies ſhe, and putting it on *Lyſis*'s head without further conteſtation, it hapned to be very fit. The bottom of it was ſo well pitch'd, that it clung to his hair, it needed no ſtay. Being thus arm'd, and the company having promis'd to ſee him again the night following, they took leave of him, and went a little way off, where waited a Coach for them, to carry them to *Hircan's*, who was he that had plaid the part of the God of the River *Morin*. *Lucida*, was a jovial widow of the Neighbourhood; The *Violiſt*, his own man; and the *Hamadryads*, two of his maids. All theſe had he diſguiſed, the better to deceive *Lyſis*, believing there would be as much entertainment with him as at the greateſt revelling in the world; and that they made him believe he was dumb, was leſt his ſpeech might diſcover him. Now he had not forgotten to give every one his Cue, that they might not fail to ſpeak in *Poetical* and *Romantick* terms. As ſoon as they came home, they went to bed to reſt them after this diverſion; and in the mean time *Lyſis*, though abus'd, was as well ſatisfied as they, believing he had really ſeen thoſe divinities, which before he had only ſeen in the imaginations of them which his books furniſh'd him with, by which means he became more a fool then he had ever been.

With much ado he got into his Tree, but he was no ſooner in, but his belly began to gripe, becauſe he had taken cold by being ſo long in the wind and rain. He lifted himſelf up a little, and having untyed his Codpiece-point, ſate a croſs one of the boughs, and was a good while diſcharging himſelf of a burthen did ſomewhat importune him: which done, he put himſelf into the poſture he was in before: and ſeeing *Aurora* began to appear, he entertain'd himſelf with a world of fantaſtical imaginations.

Carmelin, who had ſlept well all night, thought it time to get up, and come abroad with the flock; and withal, to ſee what humor his Maſter was in. Well, ſays he to him, are you ſtill a *Willow*, as you were yeſterday? I never was, ſayes *Lyſis*; and it was only the miſtake of ſome *Nymphs* to call me ſo. 'Tis true, I am a tree, but not a common tree. The Gods have had more conſideration of me, then that my body ſhould be ſubject to a vulgar Metamorphoſes. Knoweſt thou not, that thoſe whom the Poets mention, are ever chang'd into trees that were never ſeen in the world before, and that they are the principle of their being? I am a new tree added to nature, and if thou wouldſt know my name, 'tis *Lyſis*. All the trees mention'd in *Ovid*, bear the names of thoſe from whom they came. And that's a thing I thought not on till now. But all thoſe new trees you ſpeak of, replies *Carmelin*, do they not afterwards become common. 'Tis very true, anſwers *Lyſis*: *Myrrha* being once chang'd into a tree of her name, there hath been a many afterwards ſeen in *Arabia* of the ſame kinde. Well, and is that ſame *Myrrha* in all thoſe trees? ſaies *Carmelin*. Thou art very ſubtil, replies *Lyſis*: know ſhe is only in the firſt, and that the others are graffs, or proceed from the kernel, and are but the Progeny of the former. It ſeems then, that you may alſo have in time a very fair race, if God be ſo pleas'd, replies *Carmelin*: well be it ſo; but *I* pray tell me, is it any delightful thing to be what you are? Ah! *Carmelin*, cryes out *Lyſis*, thou puſt me on an excellent ſubject. Alas! *I* never could believe there had been ſo much pleaſure to be a tree, as there is. Thou art ſo gallant a man, that *I* dare tell thee a thing of importance, though *I* ſhould hazard ſome puniſhment for diſcovering the ſecrets of the *Divinities*. Know then, my friend, that the lives of the greateſt Monarchs is tedious and diſpleaſant in compariſon of ours. *Diana* no ſooner ſhews her ſilver-face, but the *Demi-Gods*, and the *Nymphs* of the

the *Thickets*, and the *Aquatick Divinities* meet together in the meadows, where they divert themſelves in all manner of recreations. The God *Morin* himſelf did me laſt night the honor to come and ſee me, with the *Cypreſs* and *Lucida*, *Sympa* and two *Hamadryads* did me the ſame favour. *We danc'd*, we *ſung*, we *plaid* one with another, and the graſs of thoſe meadows bear yet the mark of our footſteps. *Lucida*, who is a Nymph of a Fountain, brought us into her brook; we croſt her waters, and were not wet to my thinking; for they divided to give us a paſſage, making over us a vault of chryſtal, under which was a pleaſant walk. At length we came to her Grot, which was ſet out with more branches of corral, ordinary ſtones, mother of pearl, and all ſorts of ſhells, then all thoſe of St. *Germains*. There ſhe made us a magnificent collation; where *I* learn'd that trees eat, and are not altogether depriv'd of all the contentments of this world. But all that's nothing to the pleaſure of being among Nymphs ſo fair as was our hoſteſs; before whom *Diana* was ſo much aſham'd to appear, that ſhe for the moſt part vail'd her ſelf with a cloud. O! ſhall *I* tell the reſt! ſhall *I* preſume to divulge thoſe ſilent careſſes, whereof *I* receiv'd the favour, without entreaty? Yes, *I* dare tell thee, on condition thou come near me, and that this *Zephyr* which flies about here overhear it not: he's ſuch a babler, that as ſoon as he knows any thing of news, he tells it every where, and blows it into the ears of thoſe that paſs by.

Carmelin being come near, his Maſter went on in his diſcourſe, and told him the ſecret; which was, that he had kiſt his Nymph, and had touch'd her breaſt. As *I* am an honeſt man, Maſter, ſaies *Carmelin*, oblige me to what you pleaſe, ſo that you force me not to believe what you now tell me. I am but ſo much the gladder to hear thee ſay ſo, replies *Lyſis*, ſeeing thou wilt not believe me: I infer, that my felicity is ſo great that it is incredible: and if henceforward I endeavor to prove any thing I ſay to thee, it ſhall ſignifie no more, then that it hath not been my fault that thou haſt not believed me.

While *Lyſis* was ſaying this, *Carmelin* did nothing but ſmell; and at laſt caſting his eyes on the willow, he perceives a yellow liquid matter that ran down from the top to the bottom. Ah! Maſter, ſaies he, drawing backward, what have you done there? What a naſty man are you? if any people of quality come hither to ſee you, they'll ſpoil their cloathes as I have done. Having ſo ſaid, he took off a little ordure that was on his cloathes, and with a ſharp ſtone ſcrap'd off what was on the bark of the willow. Gather dear *Carmelin*, ſays *Lyſis*, gather it, gather it; be a good husband, it is the firſt fruits of the tree *Lyſis*. 'Tis a precious gum that it ſweats out. *France* will now be as happy as *Arabia*: from me proceeds a drug as excellent as the tears of the mother of *Adonis*, or thoſe of the ſiſters of *Phaeton*: ſave it, ſave it, and carry it to ſome Apothecary. 'Tis fair humane dung, that may be beſtowed on the noſes of your *ill-willers*, ſaies *Carmelin:* will you make me an arrant fool. Thou art already ſenſeleſs enough, ſaies *Lyſis*, deſtroyſt thou a liquor which thou mighteſt ſell dearer then incenſe, amber or myrrhe: or is it becauſe thou haſt no viol to preſerve it? ſeeſt thou not this box that I have on my head, take it if thou canſt, for to put thy drug in? I have already ſeen it, replies *Carmelin*; what ſervice does it you? It hath been given me inſtead of a hat, anſwers *Lyſis*, but I believe that being it is wood, it is already incorporated into my head. Whether it be or no, replyes *Carmelin*, I care not much to be informed. O inconſiderate man! ſays *Lyſis*, art thou ſo indifferent in all things! The time may come, that when my wood ſhall begin to ſweat and weep, opening all its pores, there may paſs by Shepherds, who will not be ſo diſdainful as thou art, who look'ſt on all the riches which I profer thee with as much ſcorn, as if thou wert a diſciple of *Diogenes* or *Epictetus*: They'll think themſelves but too happy, if they can gather of my yellow amber. I give them free leave to take it, ſays *Carmelin*: but provided they taſte of it. As for what I have taken away, will you that I go and preſent it to thoſe fine Ladies that come to viſit you. Alas! my friend, ſaies *Lyſis*, they are not ſeen in the day, we appear only at night. But I am ſure I ſee your face, and a part of your breaſt, replies *Carmelin*. What thou now ſeeſt, replies *Lyſis*,

is a body and head of wood. Your face then is painted with fleſh-colours, ſaies *Carmelin*; and if you are a man of wood, what do you think you ſhall be good for henceforward, unleſs 'twere to ſtand in a Stable to hang Saddles and ſuch things on?

As they were thus engag'd, *Anſelme* being behind them cries out, A wooden head may alſo ſerve for a bable for children to play withall. I pray thee do not abuſe me, ſays *Lyſis*: Know that if my wood were to be cut down for any uſe, it ſhould be to make the Statues of the Gods. Pardon my firſt ſally, that hath put me into a little ſcoffing humour, replies *Anſelme*; I honour you ſtill, and that very much, and my buſineſs hither is to know how you do. My maſter is as well as can be, ſays *Carmelin*, he eats and drinks like a man. Is it true, incomparable *Willow!* ſays *Anſelme?* I am not ſo called, replies *Lyſis*. How then? ſays *Anſelme*. I am called *Lyſis*, ſays he.

Anſelme upon this was of opinion, ſeeing he fed quietly, and would be called *Lyſis*, that he had recovered his wits again, and that he did no longer imagine himſelf a Tree, which indeed was the madneſs of his madneſs; I mean a ſecond madneſs added to the firſt, which was that of turning Shepherd. But when he asked him whether he would come and breakfaſt at *Clarimond's*, he anſwer'd, that the *Rural Deities* did not eat in the day, and that he kept his ſtomach till night, at which time he was to feaſt with thoſe of his own condition, and not with mortals. *Anſelme* was much troubled that he had ſo much over-reckon'd himſelf, and that he found him ſtill in his error: So that coming neer him, he gave him an account how he had ſpent the night before, which made him hope he ſhould ſpend a many more as merrily; but more particularly he told him who had put that flat box on his head, which was much like the gilt inſcriptions over Saints heads in Country-Churches. *Anſelme* having had a ſhort relation of all this, did more then ſuſpect it was *Hircan* had plaid theſe tricks with him: He preſently goes his way to *Clarimond's* to give him and *Montenor* the ſtory; and as ſoon as they had broke faſt, they went to ſee this counterfeit God of the River, who found them much more ſport when he told them all the particularities of this nocturnal adventure. They would have been very glad for once to have known ſo much as he did; ſo that making it their deſign to go and viſit *Lyſis* at night with the other Deities, they reſolved not to ſee him all that day, leſt they ſhould have had any occaſion to perſwade him he was no Tree, and that if he ſhould believe it, they ſhould miſs the contentment they expected. 'Tis true indeed, that *Anſelme* having taken him into his charge out of the hands of his Kinſman, was obliged to endeavour the cure of his folly; nor indeed was he wanting as to the deſire to do it: but he thought fit to delay it as long as he could; and if he pretended to perſwade him to come out of the Willow, 'twas only to carry him up and down, and by his means make oftner viſits to *Angelica*: So that he would not do much, till he had made otherwiſe all the ſport he could with him. *Hircan* being of the ſame opinion, they plotted together how to make *Lyſis* a man again by a ſecond Metamorphoſis, when they had made what mirth they could with him as he was; for they were ſomwhat afraid he might really come to ſome hurt, if he ſhould continue long in his habitation of the *Willow*.

Lyſis had all this while the company of *Carmelin*, who ſet on him ſtill with a many notable objections, to ſhew that he was no Tree: but ſeeing that he prevail'd nothing, he left him and went home for his dinner, which he had forgotten to bring with him. Thoſe who had obſerv'd *Lyſis* a diſcreet perſon in ſome other things, and for the moſt part ſpoke eloquently, will haply be much amaz'd to find him ſo *hypocondriack*, as to imagine himſelf a *Tree*: But they are to believe, that in all this there is not any contradiction or difficulty; and that this Shepherd, though he ſaw all the world derided his opinion, yet did ſtill perſiſt in it, and had been much diſpleas'd to quit it, out of a deſire he had it ſhould be true, that ſo he might raiſe the greater admiration in others.

While he was deeply engag'd in his frantick imaginations, two men on horſ-back rode along in a way not far from his tree: They perceiv'd his head with a box on it;

it; and not being able at a diſtance to diſcover what that antick figure meant, they were ſo curious as to go to him. How now! what do you there friend, ſays one to him; are you put to ſcare away the birds? Methinks there's no great neceſſity of it; here's no hemp-yard hereabouts. Or is't not that you are a hunting, and that you have laid your Nets ſomewhere? Have you not alſo put ſome Lime-twigs on your head? The Bird-lime, methinks, comes down along your hair; 'tis very ill beſtowed there for to take any thing.

This he ſpake becauſe of the Marmalet which trickled down *Lyſis*'s head. But the *rural Demy-god* anſwers them thus: Preſume not to enquire of any thing concerns me, ye prophane men! Get you gone hence, and come not within a hundred paces, leſt you pollute a ſacred place. He that had ſpoke laſt, knowing by this diſcourſe that *Lyſis* was not of the wiſeſt, was content only to ſtrike him with his wand over the wooden bonnet, and ſlighting him, kept on his way with his Companion. The blow he gave him ſtruck down the box over his noſe, ſo that he could not ſee any thing; which importun'd him much, becauſe the Flies ſwarming to the Marmalet, took occaſion to tickle him in the face. Now both his arms were ſtretch'd out and held by the branches of the Willow, according to his wonted poſture; and thoſe he durſt not let go, believing he ought always to be in that poſture, to make it appear that he was a Tree; and that if he had made uſe of his hands, and ſome one ſhould haply overſee him, he muſt needs think he derogated from his quality. All his remedy was to ſhake his head, which he did ſo effectually, that the third time he ſhook down the Box, and was not much troubled at the loſs of it, by reaſon he began to be weary of it. A little after comes *Carmelin*, ſuffering his Flock to feed as he came, and feeding himſelf on a piece of bread and bacon. I forgot one thing I ſhould have ſaid to *Anſelme* erewhile, ſays *Lyſis*: I ſhould have deſired him to ſend me my Gittarrhe for to recreate my ſelf in my ſolitude, but more particularly for to bear a part at night with the other Divinities. Why ſhould not I be ſuffered to do ſo? I have ſeen a *Cypreſs* that plays well on the Violin: we have now the ſame Sciences as we had when we were humane, and our Exerciſes are alike. I tell you once more, anſwers *Carmelin*, that I'll never believe a *Cypreſs-tree* can play on a Fiddle, unleſs I ſee it. There is a remedy for all this, replies *Lyſis*: Become a Tree, and thou ſhalt ſee all the miracles done by ſuch as we are: I would to god thou wouldſt! and that thou wert planted by my ſide, that we might recreate our ſelves by ſome excellent diſcourſes: There are other trees good ſtore about me, but they ſpeak not; and if there be any *Demy-gods* or *Demy-goddeſſes* under their barks, they are very ill condition'd. If a man could be a tree only for one day, replies *Carmelin*, not to diſſemble, I ſhould willingly be one, ſuch is my deſire to know whether all you have told me be true. But what ſhould I do to be of your quality? Thou muſt mention it to the gods, and in the mean time be in love with ſome ungratefull Miſtreſs. That will require a long time, ſays *Carmelin*, and I am impatient. My advice then is, replies *Lyſis*, that thou make a deep pit in the earth, and thruſt thy ſelf into it up to the belly; it may come to paſs, that thy legs may take root and faſten in the earth, and then 'tis but for ſome friend of thine to come and water thee, that thou mayſt bloſſom. Go ſeek others to follow your advice, ſays *Carmelin*, I have no mind to rot alive: Think you it would be a fine ſight to ſee me planted there without any means or ſubſiſtence? 'twere ſuch an humour as would invite all within fifty leagues about to come and ſee me; I had rather at any adventure lock my ſelf up, as you do, in the belly of a Willow. Have I not once already told thee that I was not in a Willow, ſays *Lyſis*; what makes thee forge all theſe *Chymera's*? I'll ſpeak no more, ſays *Carmelin*; I deſire only to know whether I may ſee the recreations you have in the night, without adding to the number of trees. I know not, replies *Lyſis*; for Divinities have ſuch ſubtile bodies, that men cannot perceive them; however the trial ſhall coſt thee nothing.

The maſter and the man had divers other diſputes on this ſubject; and *Carmelin* at laſt reſolv'd to participate in the adventures of *Lyſis*, if it were poſſible. The dancing and kiſſes whereof he had ſpoken to him, ſo tickled his imagination, that he would

would very fain make one in a company that ſpent their time ſo well. But the great charm of all was the *Collation*, whereof he ſaw ſome proofs, which almoſt convinc'd him of all the reſt. He had ſtumbled on the box of Marmalet, which was the remainders of the Banquet; and though good ſtore of earth had gotten in, yet did he not ſtick to take out what was in't, and when he had done, lick'd it about with his tongue. Being drawn in by theſe delicacies, he brings home his Flock betimes, and leaving word that they ſhould not look for him that night, he returns to his maſter. Their diſcourſe then was of their future entertainments: And among other things *Lyſis* told *Carmelin*, that if he could enter him into the fraternity of the *Rural Deities*, he knew an *Hamadryad* that might be wrought on to be his wife; and that if her complexion was not ſo delicate, ſhe had in amends a ſtrong and lively body. That would not be amiſs, ſays *Carmelin*, for I do not love thoſe women that play the cockney ſo much: But I'll have a good portion with her. 'Tis a great queſtion whether theſe Nymphs have any thing in marriage, replies *Lyſis*: We ſhall further conſider of it, when we come to the beating of the buſh.

It was by this time pretty far in the night, when *Carmelin*, who lay at the foot of the tree, was overcome by ſleep, though the diſcourſes of his Maſter were very divertive. What pitty it is that the adventures of *Lyſis* hapned in a place ſo little advantagious for his glory, and the profit of the people! He was in a Country ſo deſart, that all the day there were but two men ſaw him; and now the night was come, there was none to hear the excellent diſcourſes he had with *Carmelin*. If ſuch brave things had been done within a league of *Paris*, as it might be at *Charenton* or *Gentilly*, what a world of people would have come to viſit two ſuch rare perſons! But it ſufficed that the brave Nobility thereabouts were acquainted with them, that by that means his friends might have an account of him.

The time of the Mask being come, *Lucida*, who had all the while remained at *Hircan's*, was cloathed as ſhe had been the night before, as alſo *Synopa*, the *Cypreſs*, and the *Hamadryads*. As for *Anſelme*, *Montenor*, and *Clarimond*, they were clad as Gods of the River like *Hircan*, that ſo they might not ſpeak, leſt they ſhould be diſcover'd. The whole troop of theſe haſty Divinities being coached, alighted about a quarter of a league from the place where was the incomparable *Willow*. The *Cypreſs* playd on his Violin, and the reſt followed him dancing. *Lyſis*, who had abjur'd ſleep, ſoon heard the harmony, and preſently calls out to *Carmelin*: Awake thou lazy fellow, awake! The Nymphs are come; prepare thy eloquence, that when they ſhall ask thee any thing, if they take thee for a man, it may not be for an ordinary perſon. Call to mind the *Common-places*, through which Learning hath been *firing'd* into thy mind, by which means thou haſt not been troubled with the reading of any ancient Author. *Carmelin* was awaked by theſe words, which he imperfectly or half heard: And his maſter by this time perceiving the *divine* troop, got cheerfully out of his tree, to ſhew his diligence to receive them. *Lucida* meeting him firſt, he made her a low conge: which the Nymph returning, ask'd him how he had done ſince their laſt interview. I have always been very jovial, anſwers *Lyſis*, and I am ſure my branches have ever ſince been very flouriſhing, for I liv'd in hope to ſee you again: And beſides I have good news to tell you; and that is, that I conſidered that I am not a *Willow*, but the *tree Lyſis*, a tree whereof the name was never known before; and I know there comes out of me a certain Drug more precious then Amber. Seeing every one brings hither of their own Fruits, and that your *Hamadryads* furniſh us of their *Cherries* and *Apricocks*, I am ſorry I have not brought what my Bark brings forth: You might have dry'd it in the ſun to make Neck-laces and Bracelets of it. The Deities were very much pleaſed at this imagination; but they would have had more ſport, had they known what amber he ſpake of.

Carmelin, who who was much aſtoniſh'd to ſee ſo many ſtrange perſons, was in ſuch a fear, that he durſt not but keep cloſe to his maſter: So that *Synopa* having perceiv'd him, Dear brother! ſays ſhe to *Lyſis*, who is that behind you? Who ſhould it be! anſwered *Lyſis*; See you not it is my ſhadow, and that the Moon

ſhines

ſhines very bright? No ſuch matter, ſays *Synopa*; I ſmell raw fleſh here, we are betrayed: Here is a Mortal; let us be gone, my companions! With theſe words ſhe runs away as faſt as ſhe could, and was immediatly follow'd by the whole troop. So that *Lyſis* beſet himſelf to run after them, ſpeaking to them as loud as he could in theſe words: Whither run you, dear *Divinities*! ſtay a little; He whom you ſhun is but a miſerable Shepherd: If you ſtay not here, he and other men will have ſome ground to believe that you fear them, ſince you dare not appear before them.

All that ran away were by theſe words ſtay'd; and being aſſembled in a meadow they made as if they had taken heart, and ask'd *Lyſis* who he was that accompanied him. 'Tis the Shepherd *Carmelin*, anſwers he: When I was a man, he was my companion of fortune; that ſhould oblige you to eſteem him, were there no other reaſon; but beſides that, he hath many excellent perfections: Fear not to ſhew your ſelves to him. *Juno*, *Venus*, and *Pallas* ſhewed themſelves to *Paris*, who was a little lewd Raſcal, that was not ſo good a man as he. This man is a Shepherd who ſtands upon his honour and reputation; and to tell you the ſecret of all, it was his deſire to ſee our nocturnal recreations. This curioſity proceeds from an ingenuity, which ought not to be fruſtrated of its expectation: We muſt hear thoſe that invoke us. We will receive him into our company, ſays *Synopa*, on condition he'll be faithfull. He ſhall be, as I am a *gummy Tree*, replies *Lyſis*: But by your favour, I ſee three Divinities which I know not. They are Gods of Rivers who are come with *Morin*, ſays *Synopa*; they live ſometimes in the *Seine*, and ſometimes in the *Marn*. *Lyſis* upon that ſalutes them, and they embraced him, a little more gently then their companion had done the night before. That done, *Lucida* ſaid ſhe would bring the company into a very pleaſant place; and going before them, ſhe reſted not till they had gone a quarter of a league. *Carmelin* went among the reſt, but not without much reſpect, ſtill holding his Maſter by the skirt, leſt they might loſe him.

When they were come into a ſquare Cloſe, ſo well beſet with trees, that it was almoſt like a Hall, the *Cypreſs* plaid Corantо's, and the Gods of the River took in the Nymphs to dance. *Lyſis* admired their good diſpoſitions: but *Lucida* took him off that admiration, telling him they had learn'd to dance from their *Carpes*. There being no reputation to ſtrive with them that way, he would not dance but to Songs. *Carmelin* was in the dance, wherein there was required ſuch activity as made him glad to find his legs. This exerciſe having wearied them all, they ſate down on the graſs; and *Lyſis* made it his buſineſs to inform himſelf of the new Gods of the Rivers. *Synopa* told him, they never had been men, nor had not undergone any metamorphoſis, but were the children of other Gods, and yet could not ſpeak. This paſt, it was propoſed to go to ſome little verbal recreations, whereat the Gods of the Rivers were not fit, becauſe there was always ſome word to be ſpoken. They therefore withdrew from that divertiſement, and were content to liſten to the harmony of *Morin's* Lute. *Carmelin*, who was buſie at play with the reſt, thought the time very tedious, and the *Collation* long a coming; ſo that ever and anon he was at his Maſter asking, And when comes this *conſolation*? *Lyſis* thus importun'd, knew no remedy better then to find him ſome excellent employment to divert his mind; and having broke off the game they were at, My fair ones! ſays he to the Nymphs, now ſhall you receive the incomparable ſatisfaction of hearing my gentle Shepherd. And thereupon turning to *Carmelin*, he ſays to him, Make a ſpeech in the *demonſtrative* kind, in commendation of theſe *Nayads* and *Hamadryads*, and thoſe *aquatick* Gods. Excuſe me, Sir, I beſeech you, anſwers *Carmelin*; my books ſpeak not of any ſuch Nations. What ſayeſt thou, ignorant Sot! ſays *Lyſis*: wilt thou make me be affronted, in not anſwering to what is expected from thee? muſt my boughs, which are always *green*, now put on *red*, and *bluſh* for ſhame of thee? Come hither, ſays he, ſpeaking to him in his ear, knoweſt thou nothing where there is mention of *Beauty*, or the effects of *Love*? That thou muſt in the firſt place ſpeak to theſe Nymphs, and afterwards thou mayſt conſider of a *Panegyrick* of the Gods. I can diſcourſe excellently on *Beauty*, replies *Carmelin*; let

me alone: can you not at first speak as you should, I can never understand one half of your barbarous names, you speak nothing but Latine to me. In three words of yours, there are ever four cannot be understood.

Carmelin having thus said, kneel'd down on one knee before the Nymphs, and made them this discourse, *Fair Ladies, hide your bright eyes from me, they make me dye: yet no, do not hide them, they give me life; yet do, for they have stoln away my heart: yet do not, for if they had taken away my heart, they had with it taken away my soul.* And this is in the first Chapter of my book of *Collections*: The second speaks thus much, *O* BRIGHT EYES! *you are not eyes, but Suns: Suns! no, ye are Gods: but since you are Gods, how comes it you are the causers of my death? Alas! I see you are eyes as to your Essence; Suns for your brightness; and Gods for your power; and that the occasion of your coming down on earth, is to make me suffer.* I wish I knew what to say to these Gentlemen with the great beards; but I believe there is not any book extant that mentions them, and it may be, they are deaf as well as dumb. Get thee gone, seeing thy discourses are so impertinent, cryes out *Lysis*: What need was there thou shouldst speak of thy *Collections?* And must thou withal, so far forget respect, as to speak to *Goddesses* as if thou wert in love with them? Why may he not, replies *Lucida*, he shall not be disdain'd: he shall have for his Mistress the greater of the *Hamadryads*. I give you thanks for him, saies *Lysis*, he shall endeavor to deserve this favor; be pleas'd to excuse him, if you think he hath committed any folly; for the splendor of your bright faces had so dazled him, that he was quite out of himself.

Lucida upon that viewing *Lysis*, saw he had not on the fine cap they had bestow'd on him; She ask'd him the reason of it, and withal told him, he was very negligent of his health. I have already told you that my body was impassible, replies *Lysis*; and besides, as for your fine covering, I have cast it away for this reason, that among all the *Gods*, I never saw any one pictur'd with a hat on, unless it be *Mercurie*, who wears one as the badge of his dignity; and as for *Heroes* and illustrious persons, I have ever observ'd them bare headed, unless it were some few that had helmets on; but that proves nothing, they wore them not but in fights.

There had been advanc'd more such considerations, had not *Synopa* come and said, that they had discours'd sufficiently, and that it was time to collation. *Carmelin* commended her a thousand times within himself for her profitable advice, while the *Hamadryads* discharg'd their baskets of a many good things they had brought and dispos'd them on the green grass, which was all the Table-cloath they had. The God *Morin* came near *Synopa*, and told her somewhat in her ear, which *Lysis* perceiv'd not: In the mean time *Carmelin* was help'd by his Master with the wing of a cold Turkey, which he fell presently on with his fingers, knowing that hands were made before knives; but as he was putting a piece into his mouth, *Synopa* withheld his arm: Be not too hasty, Shepherd, saies she to him, you are not yet permitted to eat with us. We must first wash you in one of our fountains: What did *Lysis* dream on, that he hath given you your portion? he was like to serve us a fine trick. We must have gone to the God *Pan*, for to entreat him to purifie us all. I was ignorant of this Ceremony, saies *Lysis*, I beg your pardon, if I have done any thing amiss: I never read what you speak of in any Poet. However, it must be believed so, and good bathing will do *Carmelin* no hurt, it may conduce to his health. *Carmelin* was thinking what a pleasure it were to be wash'd by such fine Ladies; but he wish'd it might be just then, that so he might collation with the rest, and he saw they did not make any haste to do it. They had taken away the meat from him, and withal fed so earnestly, and with such stomacks, that there needed no long time to dispatch all that was; which consideration made him sick at the heart.

The Divinities having ended their collation, *Synopa* thought it time to go and bathe him, and to set all the rest in a forwardness: but he angrily answered, that it was to no purpose, seeing there was nothing to be eaten. *Synopa* reply'd, that

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it were ſo much labour ſpar'd another night that he ſhould come and ſee them. Then comes *Lyſis* and whiſpers to him, bidding him go where ere they ſhould carry him, and that it would be a means for him to ſee the Grots of the *Nayads*, whither he had ſo earneſtly deſired to go. *Carmelin* crediting him, went quietly with the fair Deities; but when they were come to the brook of *Lucida's* fountain: *Synopa* ſaies to *Lyſis*, for your part, you need not be preſent at our Myſteries, *Morin* you ſee, and two of the Gods of the River have left us, go your ways with them. *Lyſis*, who earneſtly deſired to ſee their ceremonies, that he might be initated in the divine Science, was much troubled, that he was forc'd to leave them. But he was fain to go with *Morin*, and the two other Gods, who were *Anſelme* and *Clarimond*.

In the mean time *Synopa*, *Lucida*, *Montenor*, the *Hamadryads*, and the *Cypreſs*, took *Carmelin* by the head and feet, and threw him into the water in his cloaths, in a certain place that was deep enough. He found not ſo much pleaſure in his handling as he had imagin'd; but it was much worſe with him when the *Cypreſs* ſaid, that he muſt be ſtripp'd ſtark naked. When he had put off his breeches and doublet, they tyed him by the arms to a willow that was on the bank, as if it had been a piece of the ceremony, which done, they turn'd up his ſhirt, and whipp'd him ſo long with Ozier twigs, that from crying mercy and begging, he fell a railing heartily at all the company; but *Lucida* told him, that the water could not cleanſe him; and that there was within him a corrupt blood that muſt be whipt out, ere he could be made ſo pure as to be admitted to converſe with the Deities.

All having done him what miſchief they could, they return'd to their Randezvouz, and left him faſt tyed. *Lyſis* being by this time come near the place, where his tree was, took leave of the *Aquatick* Deities, who bid him farewell, by ſigns with the hands and conges. Being left all alone, he was much aſtoniſh'd that he could not finde his abode, though the appearance of *Aurora* made it ſomewhat light. *Hircan* deſirous to try all means to bring him out of his imagination, had given order, that while he was abſent, his willow ſhould be cut down at the root, and carry quite away. Beſides all which, the place was ſo well made up with freſh turfs, that he could not perceive there ever had been any. *Lyſis* ſeeks all about, and his hollow brain wanted not matter of imaginations upon this accident: Yet though he could not finde his willow, he did ſtill imagine himſelf a tree; and hearing ſome body coming, he planted himſelf near the place where the willow had ſtood: and becauſe he would do nothing before men, that were contrary to his nature, he lifted up his arms, and widened his fingers, as though they had been brances.

In this poſture doth *Hircan* appear to him, in the ſame black ſuit which he had when he delivered him but of the danger he was in at *Oronte's*. O Tree! ſaies the Magician to him, my will is, that from henceforth thou become a man. 'Tis not in thy power to do it, replies *Lyſis*; they are the great Gods that have Metamorphos'd me. The greateſt Gods have but the power of Dwarfs if compar'd to me, replies *Hircan*; and I will now ſhew thee the power of my charms. While he ſaid ſo, he made a circle about him with a rod he had in his hand; which done, he read certain barbarous words out of a great book. I ſee I muſt double my Enchantments, ſays he to *Lyſis*; for thou art ſo ſelf-will'd, that thou reſiſteſt them. What wouldſt thou do? replies he, wouldſt thou deprive me of all happineſs? Let me alone, thou know'ſt not what is fit for thee, replies *Hircan*: thou ſhalt immediately be a man, in ſpight of heaven, earth and hell; and ſeeing thou wilt not get out of thy bark to come to me, I will cauſe the winds to blow thee down. Thou ſhalt be put out of thy abiding place, and ſhalt ſee that I can command all the powers of the world. *O you Kings of the air, and beeſoms of the earth!* goes he on with a louder voyce) you winds *which blow, the one from the one quarter, and the other from the other*; that is to ſay, *from the North, and from the South. And you Boreas and Auſter, I do conjure you by the pantoſles of* Fate, *the old Gallogaskins of* Saturn, *and the Cloſe-ſtool of* Proſerpina, *and by whatever elſe is venerable, and auguſt in the world,*

that you blow against this tree, and bring it down in such manner, as that it loſe its vigor, and that I may change its form.

Aſſoon as the Magician had pronounc'd theſe words, behold there appear'd a brace of knaves all clad with feathers: He had no ſooner ſaid to them, *O winds do your duty!* but they began to blow one on the one ſide, and the other on the other of *Lyſis*, with certain bellows they had. Their cheeks withal were fluſh'd and fiery, ſo that they ſeem'd ſo ſwollen up, as if they had been alſo to blow with their mouthes, when they were weary the other way. Their action was ſo effectual on the imagination of *Lyſis*, that he thought they did him ſome violence; and as if he had been much ſhaken, one while he bowed one way, another while another, yet kept his feet as firmly to the ground as he could. At length, after a good while's reſiſtance, the North-wind blew ſo violently, that he thought there was no way but to give place to him: ſo that being quite amaz'd at it, he fell to the ground. The winds preſently vaniſh'd, or rather fled away; and the Magician having invocated all the powers of the Univerſe, pour'd ſome water out of a viol he had about him on *Lyſis*'s head, and afterward ſprinkled it with duſt. *O tree* (ſays he in the action) *my charms ſhall controul the power of the Gods; and I now reſtore unto thee the form and nature of a man, which they had taken from thee. I command thee to riſe up. Lyſis* riſe up immediately; but thinking to ſpeak to the Magician, he had made ſuch haſte to get away from him, that he knew not which way he was gone; and as for his part, he was in ſuch a fright, that he could not follow him. *Hircan* being come to the place where the whole company ſtaid for him in the Coach, got in alſo, and return'd to his own houſe. 'Twas *Anſelme* and *Clarimond* who were diſguis'd and perſonated the winds: but as they had been much pleas'd to ſee the poſtures of *Lyſis*; ſo were they afflicted, they had not alſo ſeen thoſe of *Carmelin* when he was whipp'd. *Synopa* and *Lucida* gave them a long, yet pleaſant ſtory of of him: and though they had all watch'd ſo long, yet no body had any minde to ſleep: They choſe rather to return to *Lyſis*, to ſee what humor he was in.

The imaginations which before had diſturbed his brains, were now diſperſed, and having view'd himſelf all about, he fully believ'd himſelf a man; ſo that he return'd to his hoſt, where having found his hat and ſheephook, he put himſelf into his former Equipage; and having whiſtled to his dog, that ſlept at the door, he renew'd his acquaintance with him. He drove out his flock out of the fold, and brought it into the fields to graze, thinking himſelf oblig'd to return to his former employment.

The End of the Fifth Book.

THE

THE Anti-Romance: OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The Sixth Book.

THE most illustrious of all *Shepherds* feeding his Flock among the Snail-claver and the three-leav'd grass, walked on himself very stayedly, as it had been a man taken up with some high thoughts; and gravely lifted up his sheephook at every step, as a *Spanish* Pilgrim doth his staff. He had not gone a quarter of a league, but there pass'd by a Coach, out of which alighted *Hircan*, *Anselme*, *Clarimond*, and *Montamor*, all in their ordinary cloaths. Embracing them all one after another, My friends, says he to them, you see I have suffered a second Metamorphosis; I now salute you in the quality of a *Shepherd*: there is *Hircan*, who hath made me reassume my pristine form. We are as glad of this, says *Anselme*, as we were sorry to have lost you. But what do you think of it? are you of our opinion? All I can say, replies *Lysis*, is, that I must have patience in spight of my teeth. It's true, I had much pleasure when I was a *Tree*: but if it be decreed I should be so no more, I must resolve to submit: I suffer nothing now which I have not already tryed; besides that I am to consider, that to shew my self a faithful Lover, I must not be troubled for having the means continued me to serve *Charite*. Your constancie is commendable, my friend, says *Hircan*; and you are to know that before you were made Man again, I had much ado to get up into heaven and search the Records of *Fate*, who is *Jupiter's* principal *Clark*; there I learn'd what

what ſhould become of you for the future, leſt I might have undertaken ſomewhat contrary to thoſe decrees. It ſeems *Lyſis* is much oblig'd to *Hircan*, ſays *Clarimond*: but Shepherd, if I may be ſo bold, what's become of your ſervant *Carmelin*? Alas! now I think on't, ſays *Lyſis*, I doubt the Nymphs have gotten him away. He was with me the laſt night among thoſe of the Divine company, whom he charm'd with his eloquence, They made me believe that they had a deſign to bathe him for purification-ſake, but would not ſuffer me to be preſent: ſo that now I am confident they had ſome ill deſign, for he hath not yet been at his lodging. The Nymphs have many nobler ſervants then he, ſays *Clarimond*: It may be that ſince he left them, ſome wilde beaſt hath devour'd him. Alas! it may be thou hitſt the nail on the head, cries out *Lyſis*; hath not ſome Wolf broke his faſt on my faithful *Carmelin*? How have my thoughts been taken up till now, that I have not look'd after him? Let us now do it; 'tis fit we had a care of him, his loſs would be very conſiderable.

Having ſo ſaid, he croſs'd the fields up and down, and all the reſt follow'd him: He cry'd out as loud as he could, *Carmelin, Carmelin*, where art thou? my Friend, my Minion, my Delight, my Love. And ſeeing he anſwered not; Queſtionleſs, ſaies he, he is dead: we muſt provide for his Monument, and his Funeral Oration. *Lyſis* at length came to the brook of *Lucida*, and as he walk'd along it, renew'd his crying, Where art thou *Carmelin*? and preſently he heard a voyce, ſaying, Here I am my dear Mrſter; have compaſſion on the moſt miſerable Shepherd that lives. Upon that he doubles his pace, and findes the poor *Carmelin* half naked tied to a tree. Who hath faſtened thee there, my Friend? ſays he to him. What ſavage people have thus affronted ſo ſweet a diſpoſition? No other but your *Imps* hereabout, that have dragg'd me into their *Crocks*, replies *Carmelin*. Thy meaning is, replies *Lyſis*, that the Nymphs and the Cypreſs have carried thee into their *Grots*. Very right, ſaies *Carmelin*; the Devil take their Dances, their Sports and their Collations, if a man muſt buy the ſight of them with ſo much miſchief as they have done me. Thou may'ſt haply be miſtaken in them, ſaies *Lyſis*. I am not, ſaies *Carmelin*, they were the very ſame, let me be untyed, and I'll tell you more. Whereupon *Hircan*, who carried a knife in his ſword ſcabbard, cut the miſchievous garters wherewith they had tyed him. When he had gotten his cloathes on, he related what had hapned to him, whereat every one extreamly wondred; for the Nymphs were not accounted ſo miſchievous as he made them. But *Lyſis* interrupting his ſtory came and ſaid to him, Be not troubled, the miſchief is paſt; and in recompence thereof, I'll tell thee what thou ſhalt be very glad of. Know then, what came not yet into my minde to tell thee, *I am no tree*, I am the Shepherd *Lyſis*: My vexation hath alſo hindered me to inform my ſelf of it, replies *Carmelin*, yet I ſomewhat ſuſpected you had chang'd nature. Fair weather after it; let's forget what is paſt, ſeeing you will have it ſo, But above all things, let me not be entreated to come any more among thoſe fine Dames I ſaw laſt night, it may be they are evil ſpirits. I deſire not to have any thing to do with people of the other world.

Carmelin having ſo ſaid, was ready to go with the reſt, but that he wanted his hat. The Nymphs had not left it with his cloathes; after they had plaid with it a good while, they had caſt it into the bryars, far from that place, where they were ſure he would not look for it. Let's go however, ſaies *Clarimond*, I'll give you another. Nay, it ſhall not be ſo, ſaies *Carmelin*, I cannot endure to be affronted out of any thing: ſhould you give me as many hats as would reach from earth to heaven: I would not loſe my own. You need no more but ſummon the Lady-Nymphs before the Magiſtrate of the place, ſaies *Anſelme*. Do ſo and fear not, ſaies *Clarimond*; ſee there's a ſergeant goes on the road, let's ſpeak to him.

That ſaid, they put forward, and *Carmelin* having overtaken the man, who indeed was a Catchpole. My good friend, ſaies he to him, there are certain indiſcreet Ladies have taken my hat from me, without any reaſon: Have I not a good action againſt them? That you have without queſtion friend, replies the Catchpole: give me their names and dwellings, I'll ſummon them. I muſt firſt acquaint my

Maſter

Maſter with it, ſaies *Carmelin*. She that muſt have committed the Felony, is called *Lucida*, ſaies *Lyſis*; as for her dwelling, it is in the ſource of a Fountain hard by; but ſhe is hidden within it ſo, that thou wilt never finde her poor mortal Serjeant: For this Arreſt there is requiſite a celeſtial Serjeant, ſuch as *Mercury*: As for her companions who have been Acceſſaries in the Felony, they are faſt in the barks of trees: where wouldſt thou finde all theſe? For thy part *Carmelin*, let fall thy ſuit; thou'lt get nothing by quarrelling with ſtronger then thy ſelf. The Nymphs acknowledge not Terreſtrial Judges; or if they ſubmit to them they corrupt them, as they did the Son of *Priamus*.

The Catchpole went his way with this diſcourſe, thinking they either had been ſome that would abuſe him; or that ſomewhat was amiſs in their mindes: In both which caſes there was nothing to be gotten of them, ſince he underſtood not what they ſaid. *Carmelin* being much troubled that he could have no ſatisfaction of thoſe ſelons; began to cry out, Alack! poor hat, muſt I needs loſe thee in the flower of thine age and beauty? 'Tis very true, thou didſt my Grandfather ſervice and credit at his firſt wedding; but thou mightſt have a long time ſerv'd my poſterity. Ah! how I grieve for thee, when I remember thou haſt been for ſo long a time the faithful covering of thoſe cares and thoughts that were forg'd in my head, and the noble tabernacle of my Doctrine. Do not weep for't, ſaies *Anſelme*, its hour was come. 'Twere to no purpoſe to erect a Monument for it; as we ſhould have done for you, when we gave you for loſt. Beſides, why will you not be comforted, ſince you are promis'd a better? *Carmelin* having recollected himſelf a little, reſumes the diſcourſe thus, But that hat, what ſhall it be made of, Maſter, *Fine Wool*? He had not the leaſure to finiſh what he intended to have ſaid; nor had *Anſelme* the time to anſwer him, for they all broke out into laughter; eſpecially *Montenor*, who knew that *Anſelme* by the Fathers ſide came of a race of Merchants, and that *Cloath* and *Wool* had been the foundation of his *Nobility*. *Lyſis* deſirous to end the laughter: The error was, ſaies he, for want of a Comma or Parentheſis in the Period. Hear'ſt thou *Carmelin*? obſerve it, that thy tranſpoſition be not deficient.

The diſcourſe of the Maſter was thought as pleaſant as that of his man, becauſe his words came out with a certain accent, that gave them great weight. *Carmelin* himſelf was pleas'd with it: but when *Clarimond* was come home, he made him a much more joyful man, by giving him the hat he had promis'd him, which was better then his own, though not much. They told him, that if he eſteemed pieces of Antiquity, that was a thing worthy as fair a Cabinet as any medal in the world. He was almoſt out of himſelf for joy; for if he grieved for the other hat, 'twas only becauſe he had no great hope of this. Notwithſtanding all this, he goes to his Maſter, to deſire him to deſcribe unto him by name and cloathes all the *Rural Deities*, that ſo he might know who had done him the moſt miſchief. It was concluded, that it was the *Hamadryads* and *Lucida*, but as for *Synopa*, ſhe had not given him one ſtroke, nay, ſtood at a diſtance, all the while he ſuffered the laſh. O! what a great myſtery is there hidden under that, ſays *Lyſis* to him; thou haſt ground to believe that *Synopa* is of a very amorous diſpoſition: ſhe hath diſcover'd her paſſion for me, but perceiving that I always disdain'd her, ſhe will henceforward adore no merit but thine. I did much ſuſpect it, and it is my opinion, ſhe never look'd on thee as an indifferent perſon; ſo that now I will ſhew thee how I intend to bring thee quite out of this trouble! Put the caſe it was ſhe committed the Felony on thy hat, thou muſt imagine it was for no other reaſon but to keep it inſtead of a favour. I remember *Charite* took away one of my ſhoes upon the ſame account. I know not what love you mean, replies *Carmelin*: why did ſhe not aſſiſt me then? ſpeak no more of her; I do not like her humour. If I muſt have a Miſtreſs, be it that Shepherdeſs whom you ſpoke to me of heretofore. *Charite* hath a companion called *Jacquelina*, ſaies *Lyſis*; I meant her. Thou ſhouldſt love her, were there no other reaſon but becauſe ſhe hath a fine name, and becauſe thou canſt make a very quaint alluſion thereon; ſaying ſhe is called *Jacquelina*, becauſe ſhe is as 'twere a *Javelin*, wherewith love ſtrikes hearts through. Beſides, when thy Hiſtory

ſhall

ſhall be written, it will be a handſom title for it, *The Loves of Carmelin and Faguelina.* There is a ſympathie between the two names, as there is a conjunction between your two hearts; and when I have any leiſure, I promiſe thee to find out ſome fortunate *Anagram upon it.*

While he ſaid this, he heard *Anſelme* propoſing to *Clarimond* a viſit in the afternoon to *Leonora.* Take heart! all goes with us, ſays he to *Carmelin*: Here thou haſt an occaſion to ſee thy new Miſtreſs; but thou muſt not go thither unprepared; thou ſpeak'ſt a many good things, but they are not always to the purpoſe, and beſides thou doſt not pronounce well. I will teach thee the method of diſcourſe, and the graces of geſture and pronunciation.

This was ſpoken very ſoftly; and immediately after our two Shepherds went into a little chamber on one ſide of the hall, where *Lyſis* being ſeated in a chair, and *Carmelin* ſtanding before him, he gave him his firſt leſſon. Seeing it is of much conſequence in Love to have a pleaſing way of acceſs, and that the countenance hath ſometimes more charms then the words, thou muſt be very carefull and obſervant of thine, when thou art before thy *Shepherdeſs.* If thou haſt a clean handkerchiff about thee, 'tis my advice thou have it always in thy hand; thoſe that *declaim* ever have one, nay the very *Players* at *Paris* are not without one on the Stage. Now theſe are they thou muſt imitate; for if they do not things as they are done, they do them at leaſt as they ſhould be. Nor were it amiſs to have a little neat Beard-bruſh to turn up the Muſchato now and then: But above all, a man never ought to be without a Comb in his pocket, I mean theſe Horn-combs that your preſent Gallants carry about them to comb out their hair. You deſire (it ſeems) I ſhould never have my head without horns, ſays *Carmelin.* Take it not in that ſenſe, ſays *Lyſis*, it may happen to thee: I have one of thoſe Combs at *Montenor's*; and I tell thoſe that ſee me make uſe of it, that it is made of the *horns* of thoſe I have made *cuckolds*, and thus the jeſt muſt be retorted back. This I grant you, ſays *Carmelin*: but to what purpoſe muſt I ever have a handkerchiff in my hand? I may be taken for ſome Snottypack; and the Bruſh in like manner would denote the foulneſs of my Beard, ſince it required ſo frequent bruſhing. If thou wilt not obſerve theſe niceties, be ſure thou haſt excellent diſcourſes, and uſe the moſt inſinuating forms of ſpeaking, and the moſt approved by the Gallants. As for example, if thou wouldſt ſay, that thou comeſt out of the company of men that were in a good humour, thou muſt ſay, I have left the converſation of ſome *faces of good humours.* Men do not ſpeak only to faces, ſays *Carmelin*, but to perfect men. It matters not, ſays *Lyſis*, that's the manner of ſpeaking, if a man will go according to the mode: And 'tis ſaid every foot, How long is't ſince you ſaw that *face*? That *face* would have quarrel'd with me: 'Tis a very proper, neat ſpeech. Moreover if ſome would carry thee to a place whither thou wouldſt not go, thou muſt ſay, *I am your humble ſervant as to that houſe: I am an humble ſervant to that viſit*, that is to ſay, I am not for it. And if they ſhould tell thee it were to hear good muſick, thou muſt anſwer, *I kiſs your hands as to muſick* this day. If it be ask'd whether thou play'ſt well on the Lute, *I break not my head with Crotchets, nor prick my ſelf to play on that Inſtrument.* I ſhould willingly ſpeak in that manner, ſays *Carmelin*, yet I apprehend not what it ſignifies; For muſt a man *prick* himſelf in the breech with a pin or an awl, to ſtir him up to play on the Lute? And as for your *Kiſs your hands*, and *Your humble ſervants*, may they be ſaid to a *Houſe*, or to *Muſick*, which have no hands, and care not for our ſervices? All this is ſpoken, and is very elegant, replies *Lyſis*; you hear nothing elſe in the *Louure*, and in all other Courtly places. If thou haſt overreach'd any one, or put a handſom gull upon him, thou muſt ſay, *I have plaid him an excellent piece*; for that's now all the phraſe. The *pieces* you will have me *play*, ſays *Carmelin*, ſhall they be *Tragicomidies* or *Paſtorals*, or ſhall they be ſome *Pieces* to be plaid on the Lute? That were not amiſs, if thou couldſt do it, ſays *Lyſis*: Yet I take not theſe things in that ſenſe, I mean the playing of ſome *fourbe* or over-reaching trick in a company; and there's as much ſubtilty required to do that, as to play a piece on the Stage. But to return to our Phraſes, there are yet others as exquiſite and

curious

curious as theſe; but I ſhall teach thee no more at preſent, then that thou muſt ſay at every word, that thy Miſtreſs is a *raviſhing* creature. That's very proper to be ſaid of *Synopa*, replies *Carmelin*; ſhe takes whatever's in her way, ſhe hath raviſh'd away my old Hat; ſhe is as raviſhing as a Bird of prey, or a Wolf. 'Tis not to be taken in that *bias*, ſays *Lyſis*: When a *Beauty* is ſaid to be *raviſhing*, the meaning is, that it is full of charms, allurements, and attractions; and if thou pleaſe, thou mayſt ſay that thy Shepherdeſs hath a *raviſhing* countenance. Thou mayſt make thy advantage of theſe *French* phraſes, according as occaſion ſhall require; and thou art to repreſent to thy ſelf, that there is not in *Paris* any deſpicable Fellow that pretends to the qualities of a Gentleman, no nor any contemptible Cockney-baſtard, but hath them, when he is to put his beſt ſide outward. 'Tis not to be wondred at that I ſhould know all this; for though I was ever very ſtudious, yet at certain times I kept good company, and this was the manner of ſpeaking among the *Gallantillo's*; if thou wilt have the reputation of a Carpet-Knight, thou muſt imitate thoſe words.

Carmelin, without any further conteſtation, fell to ruminate on his inſtructions; and *Lyſis* having gotten pen and ink, thought fit to give him ſome amorous diſcourſe in writing, beſides this language *a-la-mode* wherewith he entertain'd him, which was only for familiar diſcourſes. He therefore dreſs'd him a fine Complement; and having given it him, bid him learn it by heart. I ſhall have it preſently, replies he after he had ſeen it, for I have read it in ſome book heretofore. It's never the worſe for that, replies *Lyſis*: *Novices* in *Love*, as thou art, muſt follow the Books in all things. Let's ſee if thou haſt a good memory. There are but three periods; tell me the firſt, and imagine thou wert ſpeaking to thy Miſtreſs. Whereupon *Carmelin* without any previous ceremony began thus. *Fair Shepherdeſſe! ſince a fortunate lot hath brought me hither, and that your eyes give me no wound but ſuch as are deleſtable to me, I muſt needs avow it to you, that I am ſurpris'd by thoſe attractions, which, notwithſtanding all reſiſtance, I ſhall be ſure to ſuffer under.* 'Tis very well, ſays *Lyſis*, thou haſt not miſt a ſyllable; but yet I obſerved thou hadſt a corner of thy eye in the paper; beſides there is ſomwhat in it more then ſpeaking, the action is all in all: In the firſt place put off thy hat, then make a conge *a-la-mode*, carry thy eyes languiſhingly; and moving thy right hand as it were in meaſure, put the fore-finger to the thumb, as the *Orators* do in their *declamations*.

In ſo ſaying *Lyſis* ſhewed him all thoſe geſtures, and *Carmelin* imitated them the beſt he could: But his maſter told him he muſt ſpeak at the ſame time; ſo that he began anew thus. *Fair Shepherdeſs! ſince an unfortunate* Sot *hath brought me hither, and that your eyes give me no wounds but ſuch as are* deteſtable *to me, I muſt vow to you that I am ſo ſurpriſed with your* detractions, *that in ſpight of all* aſſiſtance *I ſhall ſuffer under them.* I know not how *Lyſis* had the patience to hear out this diſcourſe without beating him. At laſt he cries out, Great aſs! what an impertinence haſt thou ſpoken? thou haſt made more faults then thou haſt pronounced words: 'Twould make good ſport to hear thee ſay ſo to thy Miſtreſs. What will you have me do, Maſter? replies *Carmelin*: The fear of miſſing cauſes me to make ſo many faults; and I ſo much ſtudy the grace of the geſture, that I forget the diſcourſe: the likeneſs of the words makes me take one for another.

Lyſis bid him ſtudy it longer, and he afterwards repeated it again: He was not much out as to the words; but for countenance, he obſerv'd none at all; and was all the time in ſuch an unhandſom poſture, that his Maſter chid him ſtill. There's the misfortune, ſays *Carmelin*; when I think on the *words*, I forget the *grace*: But let's begin again; I'll repeat it ſo often, that I will not miſs any thing. So he began again; but he was much out in the diſcourſe, and there was ſtill ſomwhat amiſs in him: For when he ſtudied the action, he forgot the words; and when he ſtudied the words, he forgot the action. So that *Lyſis* ſeeing his labour loſt, bid him bethink him of a Complement to his Miſtreſs according to his own fancie, ſeeing it was but time loſt to ſhew him any thing. *Anſelme*, who was in the hall, had overheard part of the Dialogue at the chamber-door, which he thought very pleaſant, at

length he enters the room, as *Lyſis* was ſaying to *Carmelin*, that he wonder'd how he could remember the diſcourſes he knew on ſeveral ſubjects, ſeeing it was ſuch a task to him to overcome ſeven or eight common words. What I have hath coſt me much pains, replies *Carmelin*; and not to diſſemble with you, I tell you it hath been beaten into my head as 'twere with mallets: I muſt have a moneth to learn a line; but in recompence, when it is once in my head, 'tis as ſure as the ſcurf that's inſeparable from it. No, no, thou art an ignorant Fellow, ſays *Lyſis*, I have been much deceiv'd in thee. Pardon him for this time, ſays *Anſelme*, he'll learn better another: There are ſome dayes that our memories are aſleep, and that our mind executes not its functions freely. I ſhall take it ſo for your ſake, replies *Lyſis*; perhaps the vexations he hath gone through, have offuſcated his underſtanding. We muſt henceforward conceive he will be another man then what he hath been; for to be in *love*, is an advantagious means to become *learned*. I have read in a certain book, that Love is *Maſter* of all *Arts*; and I know by experience that it purifies the mind extreamly. 'Tis very true, ſays *Lyſis*: but if you deſire the reputation of *learned*, never bring an authority without quoting it. I am content, ſays *Anſelme*: who as he had a very good memory, recited a diſcourſe to that purpoſe which he had taken out of a late book, wherein there was ſo much naturalneſs, that all were infinitely pleas'd with it.

This diſcourſe ended, *Clarimond* comes in and tels them that they muſt make haſte to dine. There was brought from *Montenor's* abundance of Poultry and Fowl; ſo that *Carmelin*, whom they diſpos'd at the Maſters table, thought he ſaw the beginings of thoſe delights which *Lyſis* had promis'd him. After dinner he was taken into the coach with the reſt, whereat he was alſo infinitely pleaſed, for he had never been ſo honourably wafted in his life. Being come to *Orontes's*, the Gentlemen kiſs'd the Ladies, and *Lyſis* did the ſame, but he durſt not kiſs *Charite*, becauſe the reſt had not kiſs'd her, and that in this caſe he would not go beyond their example. It was not their cuſtom to kiſs Chambermrids, and the Shepherd much wonder'd at it: But if they had done it, and that he had done the like, the favour he ſhould have obtained would have been accompanied with a regret to ſee others receive the like. While he was thus taken up, *Hircan* related his metamorphoſis, and how he had reſtor'd him to his former ſhape. That gave *Angelica* occaſion to put a many queſtions to *Lyſis*; and among others, ſhe ask'd him whether the Trees led a pleaſant life, or no. For my part, anſwers he, I aſſure you I was not weary of it; nor fear'd I any thing but leſt *Carmelin* ſhould cut down ſome of my boughs to make Chairs of, for he hath ſometimes been a Joyner: And accordingly I ſhould have given him notice, that if there were an extreme neceſſity to take away ſome bough from me, it might not be employed otherwiſe then to make my Miſtreſs a Cupboard.

After that *Lyſis* had related in what manner he had entertained this *Carmelin* into his ſervice, and how that he hoped to make him as honeſt a Shepherd as any in *France*, he bid him draw neer; and *Orontes* having view'd him well, ſwore he knew that face, that he had ſeen it ſomwhere, and that he thought it might be at *Troyes*. It may be you take him for *Paris* who was the Judge of the three Goddeſſes, and think he is a *Trojan*, ſays *Lyſis*: but he is not, he told me he was of *Lyons*, which was ſome reaſon that I made him my companion; believing that *Lyons* being neer *Forreſts*, there might come good Shepherds thence. I do not mean great *Troy*, replies *Orontes*, I ſpeak of *Troy* in *Champaigne*: And ſeeing we are ſo far engag'd in the diſcourſe, I'll tell you what I know of him. Being about a year ſince in that City, I went to a Stationers to enquire for a certain book I wanted: While I was ſpeaking with him in the ſhop, I heard a voyce from an upper-chamber, that ſaid, Maſter, I am come to the moneth of *Auguſt*, what ſhall I put down? *Warm rains*, anſwers the Stationer. I thereupon look'd up, and through a little trap-door perceiv'd ſomwhat of a man: I thought I ſhould have ſeen the Gods talking from their ſeveral heavens; as if *Mars* ask'd the *Sun* what weather it ſhould be, and how he ſhould direct his courſe. I went up to ſee who it was that had ſpoken, and it was

this

this brave *Carmelia*, who help'd the Stationer to make an *Almanack*: I leave it to be conſidered if it muſt not be well done, ſince it was their invention, and that the predictions came out their brains. I do not deny that I have liv'd with that Stationer, not knowing what to do, ſays *Carmelin*: but you are to take notice that he hath rais'd him a good fortune by his Almanacks; and therefore he is not to be derided. When he married, he was ſo poor, that the Prieſt being come to beſtow a benediction on his bed, found none in the chamber. Father! ſays the woman, caſt ſome Holy-water in this corner, we ſhall have anon a bundle of ſtraw. But ſince that time they have done very well; and had it not been my deſire to ſee the Country, that made me leave them, I might haply have advanc'd my ſelf as well as they. 'Tis true, I have heard ſay that now they are fallen into the ſame poſture again; yet I am aſſured they make a ſhift to keep houſe together, but that they ſell away by peeces what's left. It ſeems we ſhall find it at laſt the high-way to the Hoſpital, to live with ſuch people, (ſays *Florida*, laughing at theſe pleaſant paſſages:) You have now met with a better Maſter; and I believe, ſince he knows you to be expert in making *Almanacks*, he will employ you to calculate his Nativity. Believe it not, fair Lady! replies *Lyſis*: I am not born either under the Signs of *Cancer* or *Capricorn*; I am born under that of *Charite's* Eyes, whoſe *influences* I know better then any *Aſtrologer*: Thoſe two bright Stars which are poſited in the Heaven of her Countenance, are a new *Gemini*, better then that in the Zodiake, and was never yet obſerved by the Speculators of the Second cauſes. How can you be born under the Sign of *Charite's* Eyes, replies *Florida*, ſince ſhe is younger then you? That's your miſtake, replies *Lyſis*: As *Charite* is immortal, and ſhall never know end, ſo never had ſhe beginning; and though it be but nineteen or twenty years that ſhe hath been on earth, yet ſhe was before in the heavens. I am very ſorry ſuch a fair Lady as you are, ſhould be ignorant of any thing ſhe ſhould know.

While he was taken up in this diſcourſe, *Hircan* had done relating to the reſt what had happened between the *Shepherd* and the *rural Deities*, repeating the very ſtories they had told him word for word. So that *Lyſis* turning towards him, ſays, And who, prethee, hath told thee all theſe particulars? But 'tis true, thou art a *Magician*, and there is nothing in the world hidden from thee. But 'tis to no purpoſe, replies *Angelica*, we believe nothing of all he ſays: Who could believe there were any Nymphs of the woods & waters? I have often been in the fields, and have ſometimes been in the water, but could never meet with either of them. What, will you alſo declare your want of learning! ſays *Lyſis*: Know then that the Gods appear not to mortals becauſe of their ſins; and that it is not now as it was in the firſt Age, wherein Innocencie reign'd, and that they appeared openly, and in a manner liv'd and converſed with us. But for the good of mankind, *I* have an incomparable deſign for to recover the loſt felicity. Hearken therefore all you that are preſent, and *I* would to god *I* might be heard to the four quarters of the earth what *I* am going to tell you! And that is, that *I* have undertaken to reduce the *Golden Age*. There are a many who would adviſe the King in ſome things that might be for the peace of the people, but there is no advice neer mine: Seeing *Charite* is come to live in *Brie*, there by my means ſhall the celeſtial benediction be firſt poured out: All ſhall live after my example; and the Gods obſerving the purity of our ſouls, ſhall baniſh hence all thoſe evils that *Pandora* hath ſown here: it ſhall be always *fair weather*; we ſhall have the *fruits* of the Earth, without manuring it; all *Rocks* ſhall be full of *Pearls* and *precious ſtones*; there ſhall be no place ſo *deſart*, where there ſhall not be ſets of *Thyme* and *Marjerom*; *Brooks* of *wine* and *milk* ſhall run through the meadows; our Rams ſhall have *horns* of *Diamant*, and our Sheep have *fleeces* of fine *Silk* of all colours.

This diſcourſe of *Lyſis* was heard with great ſilence; only *Clarimond* at the end broke out into a laughter. What do you laugh at? ſays the *Shepherd* to him. What ſhould *I* laugh at, but your ſelf? replies *Clarimond*: You, and the reſt of your profeſſion, the *Poets*, are all Fools with your *Golden Age*: Granting it were not a Fable, you ſpeak ſuch things of it, as if they were true, would not make it ſo delight-

ful as that wherein we live. *Is* not the year more pleaſant having four ſeaſons, then if it had but one, as the Spring or Autumn? And if there were none but precious ſtones, would not that be a great inconvenience? As for your brooks of milk and wine, they are ſufficiently ridiculous; for whence ſhould they take their Springs? muſt we milk all the kine in the Country, and let out all the tuns of wine in one place, that ſo we might have rivers? and would you have no water at all? Are there not many things wherein it is uſeful? *I* ſee no reaſon but you may as well promiſe us *Mountains* of *freſh butter*, and *green cheeſe*; *Rocks* of *Sugar-candy*: that we might catch *Larks* ready *roaſted*; that there ſhould be places where it ſhould rain *Sweet-meats* and *Confects*; and *Trees*, whereon ſhould grow *cloathes ready made*. Theſe accommodations are fit for a Country, whoſe inhabitants love to have things done to their hands.

Clarimond had loſt *Lyſis*'s favor by this diſcourſe, had he not in the beginning call'd him a *Poet*, whereat he was ſo ſatisfied, that he thought not on the reſt. He was ſo well pleas'd to be ranked among thoſe honorable perſons, that he bit his lips again, and his skin grew almoſt too narrow to contain him. *Anſelme* ſpake to *Clarimond* for him, and ſhew'd him his error in blaming the delicacies of an age that all men regretted. Thereupon turning to the Shepherd, he askes him, by what means he thought to accompliſh his noble deſigns? What have *I* elſe to do but to perſwade all my friends to become *Shepherds*, as *I* am, replies *Lyſis*? 'Tis true, you and *Montenor* have already denied me; and as for *Clarimond*, he ſeems not to be much enclined to it. However, *I* ſhall not want companions, there are at preſent a many good wits in *France*. *I*'ll furniſh you with an excellent invention, ſaies *Clarimond*, you muſt addreſs your ſelf to the *Poets*, and makers of *Romances*, who are now in *Paris*: They are thoſe that ſpeak of *Shepherds*, and are oblig'd to be ſuch, thereby to effectuate the rare things, wherewith they have filled their books, or elſe we muſt take them for fools and madmen. That *I* was thinking on, ſays *Lyſis*, *I* cannot finde any people fitter for my purpoſe. And the more eaſiely to draw them in, *I* promiſe them all their firſt Shepherds cloathes.

That's the way indeed to oblige them, ſays *Clarimond*, for they would not only turn Shepherds, but Turks if need were for a ſuit of cloathes. They have ever been a ſort of wretches; and to begin with their Prince *Orpheus*, he was ſo beggarly, that the very day of his wedding he had not wherewithal to give his wife a pair of ſhoes; ſo that as ſhe danc'd barefoot in a meadow, a Serpent ſtung her in the heel, whereof ſhe dyed. There was never any ſince that made verſes, but hath been poor, or had a deſire to be ſo. I know means to inrich all thoſe that are of that noble quality, replies *Lyſis*: I ſhall require nothing of them but their obedience. Now as ſoon as they ſhall come to me, I ſhall preſently propoſe unto them the Inſtitutions of an *Amorous* and *Paſtoral Republique*: I will found an *Univerſity*, whereof they ſhall be the *Heads* and *Profeſſors*. The moſt able man among them ſhall be the *Vice-Chancellor*, and there ſhall be nothing read to the Students, but *Poets* and *Romances*. They ſhall learn *Ovids Epiſtles*, *Diana*, *Aſtrea*, and they ſhall do *exerciſes*, and take *degrees* in *love*, inſtead of doing it in the *Law*, as at *Orleance*. Yong men and maids ſhall go pell mell to this School, and there ſhall thenceforth be baniſh'd from among us all ignorance and incivility. Upon this, *Carmelin* comes and ſaies to him, Maſter, give me leave to tell you, that for to get the more Scholars, it were not amiſs to put up Bills all about *Paris*. He that hath taught me ſo much learning, us'd this ſubtilty, & was ſo afraid I ſhould paſs by ſome place when I poſted them, that he viſited the ſtreets ends, to ſee if they were beſtow'd in eminent places. Sometimes he ſtood by to watch them, and if there came a miſchievous Lacquay by, that had an itch to tear them off, he would be ſure to get a good rap over the pate for his pains. One time, without heeding much what I did, I paſted up one the clean contrary way, ſo that a man that would have read it, muſt have gone and looked out at the Chamber window that was above: That angred him ſo, that he never wiſhed me well ſince. All men are equally deſirous to propagate their fame, ſaies *Lyſis*; and I aſſure thee, that I have heard ſay, that one of our moſt *Famous Authors*, who is ſo rich that he needs

needs not go a foot, was in the ſame manner well pleas'd to ſee his name at every corner, and rode on horſe-back up and down *Paris* to ſee it on the day he had a Book to come out. Thou underſtandeſt this buſineſs very well, replies *Lyſis*, and I will follow thy advice, but not altogether as thou conceiveſt: for it is no mercenary expectation makes me do any thing. Since the City of *Paris* is a place, where there are a many people of quality and honeſty, and that *I* am not generally known of all, *I* will ſend thither to have ſome Bills printed, and paſted up and down, which ſhall ſpeak ſomewhat to this purpoſe:

To all that paſs by.

THis is to acquaint all whom it concerns, That in the Province of Brie, *there is a* Shepherd *called* Lyſis, *who teaches the* Arts *of* Love *and* Shepherdry, *without demanding any money or other recompence: And that all perſons, of what condition ſoever they be, ſhall be entertained by him at the foreſaid place; and to ſhew the perfection of his Knowledge, he will teach them how to live without any* care *or* pains, *reducing among them the* Golden-age.

He lodges at Bertrands *a Vine-dreſſer ner* Clarimonds *Caſtle.*

O how handſom will this appear under that of the Players, they being both to the ſame purpoſe, ſays *Clarimond*: There cannot many eſcape the baits of your promiſes, and you will have more Diſciples then ever *Ariſtotle* had. But your muſt beware that the credulous and ſimple people take you not for a *Mountebank*, like the *Jew* who was burnt a while ſince, that in his publike Bills promis'd his Schollers Golden Mountains, but at his lodging entertain'd them with nothing but vain and pernicious Lectures. Or I ſhould rather fear, that your Bills would be thought like thoſe of the Fryers of *Roſecroix*, who ſpoke *all* Languages, and deliver'd men from *Errors* and *Death*. As for thoſe *Doctors*, 'tis well remembred, ſaies *Lyſis*; being informed that they never fail'd to come to thoſe who would ſpeak with them, I have gone out purpoſely divers times for to meet with them, and have expected them every where. If I heard ſome uncertain noiſe, I thought it was one of them; and though I ſaw no body, yet *I* went on ſtill in my interrogations; becauſe it was reported, that they became inviſible. You are not alone deceiv'd in this caſe, ſaies *Orontes*, but *I*'ll tell you a thing, which *I* wiſh all *France* knew for its deliverance from theſe falſe opinions. Being once engag'd in a debauch at *Paris*, with ſeven or eight of my friends, one of them, to finde the world talk, went and writ the Placard of the Fryers of the *Roſecroix*, who have made ſo much noiſe in the world, and poſted it up at the corner of a ſtreet in the dark. Judge now whether this folly was not a worthy employment for ſo many famous writers. A great piece of news indeed, ſaies *Lyſis*; but if it be granted that the Fraternity of our learned *Inviſibles* be but an imaginary thing, *I* cannot chooſe but be ſorry for it; for what rare things might a man do if he were of their ſect. A man might viſit his Miſtreſs in ſpight of Friends and Rivals. Trouble not your ſelf for that, replies *Clarimond*: The Poets whom you endeavour to imitate, promiſe as ſtrange things as thoſe unknown Philoſophers. They ſpeak altogether by miracles and Metamorphoſes. You would do me a favor to bring them hither, for *I* have ſome things of no ſmall conſequence to tell them. Alas! what quarrel have you with them? ſays *Lyſis*; know you not, replies *Clarimond*, that before a man enters into a ſect or profeſſion of Religion, he conſers with the *Philoſophers* or the *Miniſters*? in like manner, before *I* turn *Shepherd*, I would ſpeak with thoſe Soveraign Maſters of this Art, that *I* might be convinc'd as to certain ſcruples which trouble my minde. But perhaps you'll tell me

you

you are as able as they to ſolve all arguments; but you are not, you are but their diſciple, and I cannot be ſatisfied with what you might alledge. Tell me at leaſt in few words, what you could object againſt thoſe excellent ingenuities, replies *Lyſis*. I ſhall freely do't, ſays *Clarimond*: And to begin with the ancient Poets, I maintain, as I have done before, that all their Fables are full of moſt ridiculous abſurdities; they have invented a thouſand fopperies, according to the cuſtoms of the Ages they lived in. If their times had been like ours, and had had the advantages of ſo many inventions as we have, and that their Works were now to be compos'd, *Apollo*, inſtead of playing on the *Harp*, ſhould play on the *Lute*; and inſtead of killing the Serpent *Python* with *arrows*, he ſhould have done it with a *musket*. *Cupid*, inſtead of his equipage of a *bow* and *quiver*, ſhould be accommodated with a Caſe of Piſtols. Were I to have my mind, in ſtead of a *torch* he ſhould have a *Fools bable* in his hand, for all his *heat* is but a fooliſh imagination. As for the *Sun*, inſtead of riding in a *chariot*, he ſhould ride in a *coach*, or haply he ſhould be diſpos'd into a *wheelbarrow*: But the imagination were yet more excellent, if it were ſuppoſed that that Luminous globe which lights us, were one of the wheels of it. As for *Saturn*, who is very ſlow of motion, he ſhould be carried in a *Sedan*, like an old man that were ſick of the Gout. In the ſame manner ſhould all the reſt of the Gods be accoutred; and I am troubled with a little itch to reform all their fables, that ſo they might be *a la mode*, and that people might underſtand ſomwhat out of them.

Having ſhewed you the folly of the ancient Poets, I am now to ſpeak of that of our modern ones. They conceit themſelves very learned, if they diſcover but a touch or alluſion to ſome ancient fable; and in their *Romances* they think they appear very able men, if they can but bring in the Ceremonies, Sacrifices, and Religion of the falſe Gods. The relation of the terrors of barbarous Nations, is it not an excellent ornament to a Book, and have we not great neceſſity to burthen our minds with the knowledg of them? Why may we not as well have *Romances* of all the falſe Religions of the *Indies*? Yet want there not at this preſent a many able Wits, that ſuffer themſelves to be carried away with the torrent of this inconſideracie; and like as ſheep caſt themſelves down where they have ſeen others to fall before, ſo they think themſelves excuſed if they erre by *imitation*, never tasking themſelves with any ſerious inquiſition into things; and cannot write three lines, but they talk as confidently of *Jupiter* and *Mars*, as if we lived in the time of *Auguſtus*. Beſides theſe, there are other extravagances in *Romances*, which I ſhall more particularly ſift out in a Cenſure I intend of them.

As for the *ſneaking* Poems which we are furniſh'd with by thoſe who have not ſo much ſtrength of ſpirit as to undertake any thing that requires a longer breath, and beſtow three moneths on a Sonnet, O God! can there be any thing in the world more unprofitable, or more contemptible? Thoſe who make it their buſineſs, are they not much in the right, to think that a flat dull diſcourſe becomes very excellent, if it can but be put in verſe? And can they imagine that *Rhiming*, which is not only a vice in our Proſe, but alſo even in Latine Verſes, is ſo much to be eſteemed, that they muſt preſently deſerve Crowns of Laurel for having been a little fortunate therein? But indeed Rhiming is nought elſe but a barbarous ornament of corrupt and imperfect Languages; and I durſt maintain, it is the greateſt argument in the world of a low and cowardly mind, to ſpend a whole life in *filing* and *licking* of *Verſes*. Beſides, the preſent Authors betray ſo little capacity, that if by a ſolemn Edict it were forbidden them to uſe the words *Fate*, *Chance*, *Charms*, *Smiles*, *Beauty*, *Love*, and ſome others, which muſt not fail to ſerve any where, though there be no need, unleſs it be to make up the meaſure and to rime, I would forfeit my life if they could ever make Ode or Sonnet. And if ever they betray any ſharpneſs or ingenuity, 'tis but an *Antitheſis*, which had been uſed a hundred thouſand times before; as it may be ſomwhat about *Roſes* and *Thorns*, *Fire* and *Ice*, *Night* and *Day*, the *Sun* and *Stars*: Or elſe they are ſure to period with an *Hyperbole*. It comes not once into their imagination, that *Poetry* ought to have other ornaments then theſe; for they think it a matter of reputation never to have read any good book, which haply

haply would have made them more capable: And if their invention be delivered of any thing above common, it is ſome rugged imagination which the *Clown* in the Play would have been aſham'd to have ſaid, nay, and would bluſh at it, were't not that his face is powdered. And this is part of what I ſhould repreſent unto them; and when they ſhall learn what remains, there will be a neceſſity they ſhould defend themſelves, and convince me of ſome opinions, if they deſire I ſhould enter into their *Caballe*.

As ſoon as *Clarimond* had here ended his diſcourſe, *Lyſis* told him that thoſe he challeng'd were able enough to anſwer him, and that they would do it when they were come into *Brie* as he expected; but that which he moſt doubted was, that they were ſo enchanted with the pleaſures of the Court, that they could by no means leave it. Baniſh that belief out of your mind, replies *Clarimond*: 'Tis true indeed they do haunt *Princes* and *Courts*, and have not any thing elſe to do but as ſo many Spies to enquire who is newly in favour with the King, or if any one be upon marriage, that they may make Verſes on thoſe occaſions. But when they have given their diurnal attendance, and made their utmoſt advantages of theſe opportunities, and written on all theſe fine occaſions, men contemn them as an unprofitable ſort of people. Theſe brave Saleſmen of *Praiſe* and *Fame*, promiſe immortality, diſpoſe Empires as they pleaſe; and as they preſent nothing but ſmoke, ſo are they paid in the ſame coin. To be ſhort, you may be ſure that after they have haunted *great* houſes, they muſt take up their lodging in the *ſmall* ones, I mean thoſe of the *Hoſpital*. Nor indeed is it long ſince, upon an occaſion of ſecuring all beggers, the Beadles found in the ſtreet one of this famous tribe, and carried him thither: But there riſe a great debate, *viz.* whether the ſilly Wretch ſhould be diſpoſed among the poor, or among the mad, becauſe he ſeemed to be both: At laſt a Gentleman that chanced to be preſent, deliver'd him, and made him his domeſtick Fool. Gentle Shepherd, (ſays *Anſelme* to *Lyſis*) you kdow well where thoſe *ſmall houſes* are, which are quoted to you: I remember your Couſin *Adrian* threatned to lodge you there when you diſobey'd him: I would gladly know how you would look if you were there; would you take for *Shepherdeſſes* all thoſe good old wives that are there? would you entertain them with amorous complements? Go and ſeek who ſhould anſwer thee, diſcourteous friend! ſays *Lyſis*; thy interrogatories are odious. I pray excuſe the freedom I have taken, replies *Anſelme*, and go on in your diſcourſe concerning the *Poets*. I'll no more of that neither, ſays *Lyſis*: whether they be ridiculous or no, the condition of *Shepherdry* is never the worſe: Good things muſt not be eſteemed ill, for having been ill deſcribed.

This entertainment being ended, every one entred into ſomwhat more particular, even to *Lyſis*, who had the means and opportunity to ſet upon *Charite*. He was ſo much the more confident to ſpeak to her, becauſe ſhe ſometimes look'd on him ſmilingly? Are you not then the ſame cruel one ſtill, who diſdain my ſervices? ſays he to her: Are you no longer offended with me? My anger uſes not to continue ſo long, anſwers ſhe. Then am I obliged to heaven, replies *Lyſis*; you have done what prudence it ſelf ought to have done: If I have at other times offended you, I will do it no more henceforward; and I will live with you as modeſtly as if I were to converſe with a Nun, untill ſuch time as the ſweet tye of marriage ſhall open the gate of my affections. And that is the reaſon that I now make my humble ſuit to you, that you will be pleaſed to impoſe what laws you think good on me, and I ſhall obſerve them. Conſider, my fair one! what commands do you lay on me? I am ready to obey you. I have not ſo great a power over you, ſays *Charite*; I only deſire you not to ſpeak to me but in private, becauſe my Ladies Brother in law hath ever ſomwhat to ſay to me concerning your love. Your intreaties are to me commands, ſays *Lyſis*; Is there any thing elſe you would have me do? There is, anſwers *Charite*; and that is, that you follow all the good counſel I ſhall give you, leſt we both be laugh'd at. You might have ſpared that charge, replies *Lyſis*; ſo far am I from wanting a faith for the oracles that proceed out of your mouth.

While

While the Shepherd was thus employ'd, *Anſelme* had gotten neer *Angelica*, for to diſcover his affection unto her. But he receiv'd not from her the leaſt favourable anſwer. So that bethinking him ſhe might be ſtill in the opinion that he lov'd *Geneura*, as ſhe had been inform'd before, he cauſed *Montenor* to advance, who from one diſcourſe to another came to ſpeak of this his firſt Miſtreſs, making it appear how her Servant had left her, and that ſhe was ſince married to another. However *Angelica* perſiſted in her diſdains; and when *Anſelme* ever fell upon any demonſtration of the greatneſs of his affection, ſhe told him, that the paſſion which he ſeem'd ſo ſenſible of, was as *extravagant* as that of *Lyſis*. You are too cruel if you ſay ſo, (ſays *Anſelme* to her) for I do not think you believe it: You know that your perfections never could raiſe in my ſoul any thoughts or deſires which were not regulate; and as for my actions, they differ much from thoſe of our *Shepherd*. The effects of Love are indeed divers, replies *Angelica*, but the folly of it is ever alike.

This diſcourſe was broke off by the approach of *Florida*. But *Anſelme* beſetting himſelf ſeriouſly to conſider, was much troubled to find out the cauſe why his Miſtreſs treated him more diſdainfully then ordinary. He was not of thoſe Fools who marry Wenches before they know whether they entertain them with any affection, and are ever after upon the threſhold of divorce. He was reſolved to ſay nothing to *Leonora*, till he were aſſured of her Daughters good will; and it was ſhe that he would firſt gain, as being the place of moſt importance. He therefore reſolved to make proviſion of Conſtancie for to perſevere in a ſuit, whereof he doubted not his ſatisfaction if he brought it about.

The time to depart being come, he went home in the Coach with *Montenor*, and *Clarimond* and *Lyſis* were of the company. As for *Hircan*, he rode home to his own caſtle: And for *Carmelin*, he being oblig'd to look after the Flock, which he had left to the care of *Bertrand's* ſon, took his way to the Cottage, whither he retir'd, and was much diſpleas'd that he was fain to go afoot, and alone. When *Lyſis* was come to *Montenor's*, he told the company, that the reaſon of his coming thither was to conſult with them, and conſider of the way which he ſhould take for to acquaint all the *French* his Countrymen with the pleaſures he promis'd them. *Clarimond* anſwered, There was no more to do but to write down the *Si quis* or Bill he had dictated to him, and ſend it to ſome Printer at *Paris*; and that beſides, it were not amiſs to direct a Letter to the *Wits* of the times, who are the firſt wheels that put the affections of the people in motion. This advice being approved, *Lyſis* writ his *Si quis*; and when he had done, this Letter.

To all *POETS, ROMANCISTS*, &c.

Gentlemen,

HAving received notice of your high knowledg from very worthy perſons, beſides the teſtimonies I have found thereof in your innumerable and infinite writings, I do upon mature conſideration believe I cannot meet with better aſſociates then your ſelves, in the deſign I have undertaken, to reeſtabliſh the Felicity *of the World. You may find what I promiſe in my publike* Bills: *And you are now entreated, upon my account, to come and meet me in* Brie, *there to put on the habit of* Shepherd. *There is no excuſe can exempt you from being of this*

pro-

Profeſſion, ſince you have publiſhed in your Books, that it is extreamly delightfull: And that hath made me confident to direct this Letter unto you, hoping that ere long I ſhall ſee you here, holding the Sheephook *in the one hand, and the* Pen *in the other, for to deſcribe your noble adventures, according as you ſhall accompliſh them. Then ſhall you be aſſured to receive what Favours and Obligations you can juſtly deſire from,*

Your moſt Affectionate Friend,
the Shepherd

LYSIS.

All this was fair writ over after ſupper, with a letter directed to one of the moſt famous Printers in *Paris*, wherein *Lyſis* deſired him to print his *Si quis*, and to have it ſtuck up in the ſtreets, and to deliver the other Miſſive to the WITS of the time. The next day the packet was given to the Carrier of *Coulommiers*, who paſt by the houſe *Lyſis* believing that his affairs were in a ſucceſful poſture, went cheerfully into the coach for to return with *Clarimond*. He forgot not to take with him all his Accoutrements; and above all, the ſheephook which *Montenor* had given him, But he preſented it afterward to *Carmelin*, reſerving to himſelf his own *Green-Gilt*, at the end whereof he nailed a plate of iron, having found the card quite torn and worn away. *Clarimond* remembring what buſineſs he had to do, ſuffer'd him to wander the fields for to take his former exerciſe; and then it was that being alone with *Carmelin*, he asked him a many queſtions: Haſt thou not ſeen the incomparable *Charite*? ſaid he to him: Is ſhe not the faireſt piece that ever nature drew? but 'tis well remembred, thou hadſt ſeen her once before, when thou carriedſt my Letter to her. *Carmelin*, who had taken *Synopa* for *Charite*, was much amaz'd when he ſaw his Maſters true Miſtreſs, and had almoſt acknowledged his errour: ſo that ſaies he, Pardon me there, I never ſaw her you ſpeak to me of till this laſt time. Thou wert a lyar then, when thou toldſt me thou hadſt delivered her my Letter, and that thou hadſt well conſidered her. Not ſo neither (replies *Carmelin*, willing to repair his fault) I have always told you the truth, I thought I had ſeen her the firſt time, though it were but as ſhe paſs'd by; but having yeſterday view'd her at my leiſure, I found in her ſo many excellencies, which I had not obſerved before, that I thought I had never ſeen her.

Lyſis was appeas'd, and much taken with this ſubtil evaſion. He afterward asked *Carmelin*, whether he had ſeen the Miſtreſs he had a deſire to beſtow on him. I did indeed ſee a great Swine of a ſervant-maid, called *Jacquelina*, but as for a wench worthy to be my Miſtreſs, I have not ſeen any. Thou art very humourous, but I'll not oppoſe my ſelf againſt it. It's a ſign thou beginneſt to take courage: however, *I* ſhall not any more embark my ſelf in thy affections. Endeavor to provide for thy ſelf, though art old enough. *I* ſee well where thy ſhoe pinces. Thou ſtill grieveſt for the preſence of *Synopa*, that fair Nymph of the waters. The Devil make a Gallows of her, if *I* ſo much as think on her, replies *Carmelin*: you are to know that when *I* was come home laſt night, I related to our Land-Lord your adventures, and my own. He was almoſt out of himſelf, when *I* told him of thoſe dances and banquets in the night with fair Ladies, and men with great beards, that could not ſpeak. He told me, that without queſtion we had been at the *Sabbath*, and that thoſe we had ſeen were ſo many evil ſpirits: That as for the meat which was

there eaten, it was nothing but wind; as indeed *I* muſt confeſs it hath not much burthened my ſtomach. When *I* conſider the miſchief they did me, and all the ſeveral poſtures of that curſed crew, *I* am oblig'd to believe they were no other then the inhabitants of hell. Wherefore if you have any deſire to converſe with them any further, *I* am adviſ'd not to ſerve you any longer. Alas! what blindeneſs is this? cryes out *Lyſis*; whither will the inſolence of humane ſpirits reach, when it miſtakes the moſt favourable Deities that may be, for evil ſpirits? This is far from ſacrificing to them. Since thou art in an error *Carmelin*, *I* will endeavor to deliver thee out of it. Let's go to the fountain *Lucida*, poſſibly the Nymph of it will be ſo courteous as to appear to us. In ſaying ſo, *Lyſis* goes forward, and being come neat the ſource, he ſeveral times calls *Lucida*; but not ſeeing her appear, he ſaid that patience muſt be had, and that it may be ſhe was gone a walking ſome way; or that ſhe would not ſhew her ſelf ſo eaſily to men in the day time. After this he made a light meal on bread and nuts; and when the Sun was ſet, he return'd along with *Carmelin* to his Land-lords. The Good man, who according to what he had been told of him, thought him a wizard, and was in ſome fear to ſup with him; yet had he the confidence to ask him, why he who had much money, and ſeem'd to come of good friends, troubled himſelf with the keeping of ſheep; ſince they were only the pooreſt lads in the Country that put themſelves into that imployment. Thy diſcourſe is as ruſtical as thy perſon, honeſt friend, replies *Lyſis*, canſt thou wonder that I take the ſheephook in hand, ſeeing ſo many Knights have forſaken the Lance upon the ſame account; nay, ſince there have been Kings that have preferr'd it before their Scepters, that ſo they might purſue their Loves with more Liberty? It's true, this is not ſeen in this Countrey, but it is ſo in *Forreſts* and other places: but it will not be long ere there will be even here a many as illuſtrious Shepherds as my ſelf. However, there is not ſuch pleaſure in keeping of Sheep, reply'd the honeſt Peaſant; I had rather be at *Paris* in your brave hang'd Chambers, telling of crowns. Behold what all the Philoſophers have taught us, ſaies *Lyſis*; that we are not happy, commonly proceeds from our ſelves, but we have not the capacity to acknowledge it. Thou art in the midſt of the pleaſures of the Country, which I come from far to ſearch out, and thou art not content, for want of knowing how to enjoy them. Well, well, it ſhall not be long ere thou be pack'd hence, and other more noble perſons ſhall come in thy place.

Bertrand durſt ſay no more after ſo rough a return: he reſolved not to make any further enquiry into the affairs of his gueſts, ſo that he might ſtill get by them. So the whole family went to bed: but there being but one bed for *Lyſis* and *Carmelin*, the Maſter was not well pleas'd to be ſo diſpos'd with this ſervant. 'Twas not that he diſdained him; but becauſe he was accuſtomed to lie alone, that he might be in what poſture he pleas'd, and turn from one ſide to another in the midſt of his *reveries*. The night before he had had a bed to himſelf at *Clarimonds*, and had need of it, having watch'd three nights together. This alſo he was reſolved to ſleep with *Carmelin*, who ſwore nevertheleſs the next day, that he never had ſuch an ill nights reſt, his Maſter had been ſo unquiet. They led their flock abroad to graze, a good diſtance that day; and being near a cloſe of *Orontes's*, they ſaw *Charite* coming out of it all alone, ſo that they went forward to ſpeak to her.

This Wench having diſcover'd by all the actions of *Lyſis*, that he had indeed a great paſſion towards her, could not any longer wiſh him ill; conſidering alſo that the other maids of the houſe had put it into her head, that whatever folly he might carry about him, ſhe muſt needs be very happy if ſhe married him, ſince he was very rich. 'Tis true, *Angelica* knowing ſhe was in that opinion, had maliciouſly endeavored to put it out of her minde: That ſhe might ſeem cruel to towards her ſervant, ſhe had taught her certain things to ſay to *Lyſis*, when ever he ſhould ſpeak to her, making her believe it were the way, to finde out whether he lov'd her or no. *Lyſis* having ſaluted her, and told her that he was come again to ſubmit himſelf to her, and to know what commands ſhe had to lay on him beſides what ſhe had told him at the laſt waiting on her. She anſwered him ſomewhat harſly, *I command you*

not

not to obey me any more, and preſently ſhe return'd the ſameway ſhe came, without any further ceremony; for ſo her Miſtreſs had adviſed her to do, who had alſo taught her the foreſaid diſcourſe.

Lyſis was as inſenſible as a Stock; ſo that *Carmelin* ſeeing him fixt upright, and ſaying nothing, thought he ſlept ſtanding, and came and pull'd him by the skirts of his coat, for to awake him. Let me alone, ſaies *Lyſis* to him, why doſt thou oblige me to ſpeak. If I had been a quarter of an hour longer in my tranſportation, my hiſtory would have been by ſo much the more noble, and more admirable. But let us go hence, ſince thou wouldſt have it ſo. I ſhall finde my miſery as well in one place as in another: Alas! my memory dogs me every where; it will ever repreſent to me the cruel words of *Charite, I command you not to obey me any more,* ſaid ſhe. O God! what cruelty's this! After I had receiv'd ſo many teſtimonies of her good will, in two days ſhe is chang'd, and will not have me obey her any more; which is as much as to ſay in one word, that ſhe deſires not to be any longer my Miſtreſs, nor that I ſhould be her ſervant: Wherein have I offended her? Let her tell me my offence, and if I am found guilty, I ſhall deſire no other to ordain my puniſhment but a *Buſiris* or a *Phalaris.*

The diſconſolate Shepherd utter'd many ſuch complaints as he walk'd along with *Carmelin*; and when he came to a path that led to *Montenor's*, he would needs go thither for to ſay ſomething to *Anſelme.* Having by good hap met with him, he asked him whether he had ſtill in his Box the *Eccho* of St. *Clou*, becauſe he now thought it time to make ſome uſe of it; and that he had found a cave very fit to be its abode. *Anſelme* anſwered him, that he had been very careful to preſerve ſuch a pretty little Nymphs, and that he thought it a fit time to preſent him with it. Upon that he left him, and returning again preſently, he put into his hands a box, wherein he aſſur'd him the *Eccho* was. *Lyſis* having given him many thanks, returns with ſo much joy, as a little diverted the ſadneſs which he had conceiv'd at the diſdain of *Charite.* But being withal very impatient, before he was come half way to the place where the little Nymph was to be diſpos'd, he was ſo deſirous to ſee her, that he opened the Box. As ſoon as the lid was off, the Sparrow which *Anſelme* had put into it fled away; ſo that he ſoon loſt the ſight of it. Whither flieſt thou? O moſt precious member of the body of the faireſt Nymph that ever was; ſays the deſolate Shepherd; my curioſity hath been as impertinent as that of *Pandora, Aglaura* and *Pſyche.* Why did I not ſtay till I were come into a leſs ſpacious place then this? O *Eccho, Eccho,* where art thou?

This he uttered as loud as he could, and yet there was not any Eccho made anſwer. At length, being towards the evening come near the place of her abode, he cry'd out again, and heard an *Eccho,* for indeed there was one there. If this be not the Eccho I have loſt ſaies he, it is another as good. It muſt be thought there may be as excellent ones in *Brie*, as in the *Iſle of France.* Dear Nymph, continues he, I have been ill treated by *Charite* this afternoon; will ſhe continue her cruelty. The *Eccho* anſwered *Cruelty*: And having ask'd her afterwards ſomething elſe, ſhe pronounc'd words, whence he could not dra any ſatisfaction; ſo that having preſently met with *Clarimond,* he made his complaint to him. You are in a very great error, ſaies *Clarimond* to him: you are to know, that if the Eccho anſwers any thing to the purpoſe it is by chance; and of a hundred words, there may not be two wherein there is any ſenſe. And whereas you finde in Books a long train of anſwers that are very good, they have been purpoſely invented, and that with much difficulty. Beſides, 'tis to no purpoſe to conſult that oracle, it is a vain and ridiculous one. It knows little, ſince it ſaies nothing but what it hath heard us ſay, and all it doth, is to repeat the laſt ſyllables of a period where we ſtop. You are deceiv'd your ſelf, replies *Lyſis*, if I had the Eccho which I have now loſt, it would anſwer me to any thing I ſhould ask it. *I* have elſewhere had experience of its skill. He thereupon related part of what the Eccho had ſaid to him at St. *Clou.* And indeed if we remember, though it was *Anſelme* that made him immediate anſwers, yet had the replies much ſenſe in them: And if it be wondred how that could be,

and it be objected to me, that *Clarimond* thought the good anſwers of an Eccho could not be brought about without pains; I ſhall be excus'd if I ſay, that beſides that there was much hazard in the buſineſs, *Lyſis* then ended his periods with certain words he had choſen long before, as the beſt he could find for to ſpeak in to an Eccho.

After he had related that brave adventure, he told him what *Anſelme* had preſented him withall, and of his curioſity: which made *Clarimond* wonder at his folly more then ever. The Shepherd, when he had done that ſtory, could not but tell him how the loſs of his Eccho had follow'd that of the favour and affection of *Charite*, as indeed misfortunes go ever in company. *Clarimond* having learn'd of him the words which his Miſtreſs had ſaid to him, told him preſently; Shepherd, you have no reaſon to be any ways troubled: If *Charite* hath commanded you not to obey her any more, why will you obey her in this very command? What ſhe hath ſaid to you, ſignifies as much as if ſhe had ſaid nothing at all: She will not have you to obey her, and yet you ſee ſhe commands you; ſhe will not lay any further command on you, and yet ſhe will have you to obey her: What may be concluded thence, but that you muſt take no notice of this laſt command, which you muſt not obey, and obſerve the former ones which oblige you to obedience? *Lyſis* had much ado to comprehend the ſenſe of this diſcourſe: For *Clarimond* underſtood it not too well himſelf, and would needs explain one piece of Gibriſh by another more obſcure. However I muſt confeſs, ſays the Shepherd to him, dear friend! that thy ſubtilty is great, and that thy ſolutions are admirable. Yet my mind is ſtill in diſquiet, and I have ſome particular opinions which ſeem to me as like to be true as thine. Alas! I ſhall ever have a memory of thoſe cruel words of *Charite: I command you not to obey me any more.* They will cauſe me that grief that I ſhall die of. *Aſtræa* never ſpake any thing ſo harſh to *Celadon*, and yet he ſtick'd not to caſt himſelf into the River. All ſhe ſaid to him was, that he ſhould go his wayes, and never appear before her till he was commanded. This was eaſie to be underſtood, and could not put his mind into ſo much diſquiet. Well, ſince you will not believe me, ſays *Clarimond*, the only remedy remains, is, to propoſe your difficulty to ſome *Logicians*: but for my part, I ſhall ever be of opinion, that we muſt do by this knot as *Alexander* did with that of *Gordian*; and that you muſt cut it aſunder, if you cannot untie it. I can well yet have the patience, till I meet with a convenience for to ask *Charite* herſelf about it, ſays *Lyſis*: Or in caſe that take not, I muſt communicate the buſineſs to the Doctors of *Amorous* Philoſophy, which I intend to ſet up.

Upon this reſolution *Lyſis* took leave of *Clarimond*, for to return to his lodging. *Carmelin*, who was already come home, had put up his Flock, and was thinking of the *Kitchin*, which was very empty and cold. After a ſober ſupper, every one went to bed: But no ſleep could faſten on ſad *Lyſis*; he did nothing all night but repeat the words of *Charite*: He would tell his man, that they caus'd him an affliction worſe then death it ſelf. There is indeed a great matter to be troubled at, anſwers *Carmelin*: Let us not obey her in this, ſince ſhe will not have us to do it. Alas! replies *Lyſis*, that's the ſame reaſon as *Clarimond's*: But I will maintain againſt all the world, that the meaning of *Charite* is, that ſhe deſir'd me not to obey her in any thing ſhe hath heretofore commanded me. What commands were thoſe? ſays *Carmelin*. 'Twas, replies *Lyſis*, that I ſhould not ſpeak to her but in private. Nay, then you have a very ſhrewd turn done you, continues *Carmelin*; you ſhall henceforth ſpeak to her before all the world. Thou haſt a judgment good enough, replies *Lyſis*: but there is ſomwhat more then that in it; ſhe alſo commanded me to believe all the admonitions ſhe ſhould give me; and now that ſhe hath given me an order not to obey her, there is no queſtion but I muſt reſolve not to obey her. All this comes to what I ſaid before, ſays *Carmelin*: That's it which I tell you, that ſince ſhe commands you not to obey her, you muſt not do it. Do not obey her in this, Maſter: you take things in a contrary ſenſe, and you trouble your ſelf without cauſe; you may obſerve that you contradict your ſelf in your diſcourſes, and

yet

yet in ſpight of your teeth you are ever within two fingers breadth of the truth.

Theſe two Shepherds paſs'd away the night in theſe and the like conteſtations, wherein they ſo diſtill'd their ſpirits, that it was a fear they might loſe what little remain'd. Though *Carmelin* had not ſtudied ſo much as his Maſter, yet might he now be thought able to teach him what he ought to believe: For paſſion having blinded *Lyſis*, made him take all things in the worſt ſenſe. When it was day, *Lyſis* carried his Flock abroad, not willing to ſtarve it, for to make it participate of his ſadneſs. He met in his way a man in black, riding on a lean Hackney, who in one hand held the bridle, and in the other a bowl and a glaſs-bottle. You'll not be diſpleas'd, Sir, if I ask you who you are, and whence you come, ſays the Shepherd to him, who was ſomwhat amaz'd to ſee him in that poſture. I am an *Apothecary*, at your ſervice, replies the other: I have been adminiſtring ſome phyſick at *Orontes*'s to a ſervant-maid call'd *Catherine*. She that you ſpeak of is the Shepherdeſs *Charite*, replies *Lyſis*; but that's no great matter, it's but a miſtake: Tell me what ſhe is ſick of. 'Tis no great matter ſhe is troubled with, replies the Apothecary; ſhe had a mind to be purg'd, for to be freed of ſome little pains ſhe felt in her members, as being ſomwhat rheumatick. I have need to be purg'd too, and that without delay, replies *Lyſis*: I will go to bed preſently: Do me the favour to bring me my phyſick as ſoon as may be; my lodging is at *Bertrand's*, the Vine-dreſſer.

He had no ſooner ſpoke the laſt word, but the Apothecary, who deſired nothing but employment, promis'd to bring him very ſuddenly what he deſired. He began to ſpur his Tit with the points of nails which he had faſtened to the heels of his ſhoes in ſtead of ſpurs, and in a little time he came to *Coulommiers* where his ſhop was. *Lyſis* ſeeing him departed, leaves the ſheep in the cuſtody of *Carmelin*, and went very ſeriouſly into bed. The Apothecary being return'd, gave him the Phyſick he had prepar'd for him, and receiv'd the ordinary rate for it. In the mean time *Clarimond* walking abroad met *Carmelin*, and enquired of him where his maſter was. He anſwer'd him, he was ſick, and that he was to take a Purge. So that *Clarimond* went to ſee him, and ask'd him what was his indiſpoſition. Methinks I feel in my ſtomach ſome extraordinaay crudities, ſays *Lyſis*; the reaſon whereof I conceive can be no other, then that I have yet ſome reliques of the nature of the *Tree*: I would fain be rid of all theſe encombrances, that my digeſtion may be more free: It may be there is yet ſome part of me that is wood, and haply hath not yet fully arrived to the tenderneſs of fleſh. Entertain no ſuch imagination, ſays *Clarimond*: *Hircan*'s a perſon ſo able, that he hath perfectly put you into your former condition; you are better in health then ever you were. Before you had taken phyſic, you ſhould have conſidered, that whereas it ſhould do you good if you were ſick, it will do you ſo much the more hurt ſince you are well. I am to tell you a ſtory to this purpoſe: I brought home with me on a time three of my friends to my own houſe, where we debauch'd it four days together; the fifth day in the morning I repreſented unto them the exceſs we had uſed before, and began to remonſtrate to them that our bodies could not but be in ſome danger, if we did not purge, and ſo diſperſe the ill humours which we had gathered together. They all believ'd me; ſo I ſent for an Apothecary, who brought every one his doſe. We lay all four in my chamber, two in a bed. When every one was preſented with his glaſs, and that I obſerved my Comrades began to make wry faces, Take courage, ſaid I to them, let's ſhut our eyes, that we may not ſee any thing; he that ſhall have diſpatch'd firſt, ſhall pay nothing. As ſoon as I had ſaid ſo, they made all the haſte poſſible to take off their Phyſick: but while they took no notice of me, I caſt mine beſides the bed, and preſently jump'd into the midſt of the room, and began to laugh at the reſt; and that when they were the moſt ſick at heart, and in the midſt of their gripings and wry-faces. Then did they diſcover my knavery, but were fain to take all in jeſt. I made it appear to them, that I ſtood not ſo much in need of Phyſick as they did, and that it came not amiſs to them; though out of indignation to ſee that I had taken

none,

none, they were in a manner ready to caſt it up. I did very well not to purge my ſelf, when I had no other reaſon but a merry humor; and you have done as ill to preſume on the ſame remedy without neceſſity, or the advice of any Phyſician. I have no other Phyſician then Love, ſaies *Lyſis*, 'tis he hath written me a receit upon his own headband. Aſſure your ſelf, there is in this a ſecret greater then you imagine; and though I ſhould have found my ſelf in no indiſpoſition at all, yet ſhould I not have abſtained from phyſick. I believe you have read in the Poets, that Lovers are oblig'd to conform themſelves to the humors, qualities and actions of their Miſtreſſes. They are ſad in their ſadneſſes, ſick in their diſeaſes, joyful in their joy, and healthful in their health; they laugh, when they ſee them laugh; they weep, to ſee them weep, ſharing with them both in their delights and their torments. Now having been informed that *Charite* was ill, how could it poſſibly be I ſhould be well? You will no longer wonder that I am a-bed, and have taken phyſik; for having underſtood that ſhe had taken ſome, I would needs imitate her, that ſo I might obſerve thoſe Laws which Love lays upon me. But O the wonderful fate of my happineſs! I have made uſe of no other Apothecary, then what ſhe had; the ſame hand preſented us both with the glaſs, and the glaſs I drank out of, was the very ſame whence ſhe had already drunk; and there wanted nothing, but to know which ſide ſhe had put her lips, that ſo I might have put mine in the ſame place. This being paſt, we muſt believe, ſaies *Clarimond*, that there remains now nothing, which we might call excellent to be done in the world. You have accompliſh'd a thing, which even the moſt faithful Lovers never imagin'd; and the miracles of your hiſtory will be more remarkable then thoſe of all the Fables. All this is as much as nothing, replies *Lyſis*, 'tis a long time ſince I have given my ſelf up to theſe amorous conformities. I eat not any thing but what *Charite* loves and likes; I am only pleas'd in that wherein ſhe is, If ſhe wipe her noſe, I wipe mine too; if ſhe ſpit on the floor, I endeavor to do ſo too, though I ſhould thereby dry up my lungs, and ſpet five hundred times before I hit the mark: if ſhe chance to walk before me, I ſtrive to put my feet in the ſame place where ſhe had trod before; and I put my ſelf into all the poſture which I ſee her in, as if I plaid with her that game, wherein a man muſt do all he ſees done. You adde miracle to miracle, ſaies *Clarimond* I am infinitely glad to hear all this from your own mouth; for if I had had the relation from another, *I* ſhould not ſo eaſily have believed it, though the Relaters ſhould have bequeath'd themſelves to all the Catchpoles of *Pluto*.

Clarimond having in diſmiſſion of this diſcourſe entertain'd *Lyſis* a while with other, left him, for to go home to dinner; and there being ſerv'd to the table a good ſort of Broth, he ſent ſome to the poor ſick perſon. The reſt of that day his Hoſteſs took charge of him: and *Carmelin* being return'd in the evening out of the fields, was very inquiſitive to know how he did: who told him, that his ſickneſs was nothing, ſo that *Charite* were recovered; and that aſſoon as it were day he muſt needs have ſome account of her. *Carmelin* its ſuppos'd, ſlept not much, he riſe before it was quite day, and went to *Orontes*'s Caſtle. By that time he was there, they were all ariſing; where having met with one of *Leonora's* maids, he asked her whether the Miſtreſs of the Shepherd *Lyſis* were ſtill ſick? and if there were no means to ſpeak with her. She is ſicker then ſhe was yeſterday (anſwers the maid, who knew well enough whom he ſpake of) ſhe muſt ſleep yet a while. ſince yeſterday in the evening ſhe hath had a ſwelling over her cheek, and one eye, ſo that ſhe hardly ſees any thing, and ſhe hath her face half ſwath'd about: ſhe muſt be let blood anon, for to divert the humor.

Carmelin having receiv'd this anſwer, return'd to his Maſter to tell it him. When he knew it, he fell into an unſpeakable affliction, yet not willing to be defective in the imitation of *Charite*, he ſaid he would be let blood as well as ſhe. *Carmelin* knew not where there was any Chyrurgion; but his hoſt directed him to a village cloſe by, where there was one. He was ready to be gone to fetch him, when *Lyſis* cryes out, Stay, ſtay *Carmelin*, *I* will have no other Chyrurgion but my Miſtreſſes, thou muſt know who that is. Go again to *Orontes's*, thou wilt finde him there yet:

yet: but before thou goeſt, finde me out ſome linnen or other, and binde up my eye and my cheek. To what end, ſaies *Carmelin*; you ail nothing there! Ah! Stupidity! cryes out *Lyſis*: Can *Charite* ail any thing which *I* muſt not feel? Now that ſhe hardly ſees any thing; wouldſt thou have me have my perfect light? Now that ſhe hath the uſe but of one eye, muſt *I* enjoy both? *I* will have but one eye no more then ſhe.

Lyſis ſeeing, notwithſtanding all this, that *Carmelin* did not much make it his buſineſs to get him ſome linnen, reach'd his breeches and took out his handkercher, which he gave him to binde up his face withal: But now there happens a great controverſie in his minde, becauſe he knew not which cheek it was that *Charite* had ſwollen. *Carmelin* told him he had not remembred to ask whether it were the right or the left: So that his Maſter, for fear of miſtaking, thought it moſt ſecure to binde up all his face. *Carmelin* anſwers, that that were not to any purpoſe, and that it were beſt ſtay till the Chyrurgion were come, who ſhould reſolve him on which cheek he ought to ail any thing: So having preſently given the flock in charge to *Bertrands* ſon, he returned to *Orontes*'s, to ſatisfie *Lyſis*'s humors, which were not a little troubleſome to him. He came thither juſt in the nick; for he met with a Chyrurgion of *Conlommiers*, who was coming out. He entreated him to come and let his Maſter blood. The Chyrurgion had no horſe, ſo that he was fain to go along with him a foot as far as *Bertrands*. When he ask'd *Lyſis* in which arm he would be bled; the Shepherd told him, in the ſame arm as the fair Lady he had let blood at *Orontes*'s. The Chyrurgion having told him it was the left, he took his, and took at leaſt three Porringers of blood. *I* fear me it is on the left cheek that that fair one ails ſomewhat, ſaies *Lyſis*. You are in the right Sir, replies the Chyrurgion. Binde up mine too then, replies the Shepherd. You have no ſwelling there as ſhe hath, ſaies the other; why ſhould *I* do ſo? You will not do it? replies *Lyſis*; let *Carmelin* do it then. Thereupon *Carmelin* willing to obey him, came and bound up half his face: And the Chyrurgion being ready to be gone, *Lyſis* ſpoke to him to this purpoſe: *If you would have me eſteem you any thing, learn the art of Chyrurgery otherwiſe then you have. Obſerve, that amorous wounds are much more dangerous then thoſe you dreſs every day; and that experience teaches us, that a Miſtreſs is never in any ſickneſs, wherein the ſervant ſympathizes not with her; and in a Lovers diſeaſe, inſtead of one ſick perſon there are ever two.*

The Chyrurgion after this diſcourſe, receiv'd his gratuity, and went away much amaz'd. *Lyſis* having put his arm in a ſcarf, bid *Carmelin* help him on with his cloathes. As he walk'd up and down the houſe, comes in *Clarimond*, who was very careful to know in what poſture he was. Seeing him with all his ſwathings about him, he ask'd him what hurt had hapned to him ſince. *Lyſis* told him, that he would needs be let blood, and ſwath'd as *Charite* was, who had a ſwelling on her cheek. The imitation is very noble, ſaies *Clarimond* to him; but it is not to the full, for methinks you ſhould have your face ſwollen, as well as your Miſtreſs. That's it *I* would have perſwaded him to, replies, *Carmelin*: and he ſhould either have given himſelf, or got another to give him a many good blows, to make his eyes ſwell. Thy knavery is not the leaſt in the world, ſaies *Lyſis*, hold thou thy peace, there's no body ſpeaks to thee. As for your part *Clarimond*, you are to know, that *I* was not only content to have the left eye bound up, but that a while ſince, *I* would needs have them both, not knowing which it was that ſhould be. *Carmelin* being gone to fetch the Chyrurgion, before he had bound me them up, *I* have always kept my hand on them, leſt *I* might ſee any thing: for is it not fit the eyes of a Lover ſhould be obſcur'd, when one of their ſuns ſhine not? As for my letting of blood, beſides that it is in imitation of *Charite*, it is otherwiſe very good for me; but eſpecially for this reaſon, that *I* have been much pleas'd to ſee my blood. Look on't *Clarimond*, you ſhall ſee therein the pourtraicture of my Miſtreſs: for all my veins are filled with that fair figure, which takes up all my thoughts. *Clarimond* beheld the blood, and to ſatisfie *Lyſis*, ſaid, that he ſaw therein ſomewhat reſembling a face. With that little ſight that is left me, ſaies *Lyſis* to him,

I can ſee *Charite* there in her whole proportion. For your part, ſhould you obſerve nothing, 'twere not your fault, but it were Loves, who would not permit you to ſee any thing therein,

Clarimond having ſome buſineſs elſewhere left *Lyſis*; being now aſſur'd, that he was ſick of a diſeaſe, which no Phyſick or Phlebotomy could cure. He purpoſely ſent a Lacquay to *Montenor* and *Anſelm*, to acquaint them with the late actions of the Shepherd. Had they not been taken up in the entertainment of ſome that were come to viſit them, they had given this poor patient a viſit.

The night being come, *Lyſis* went to bed as he was wont, but much reſt he had not, ſo much did the remembrance of his Miſtreſſes command diſturb his thoughts. He was ever at *Carmelin* with his elbow, for to awake him, and to put him to ſome new explications of it. I cannot endure to repeat the ſame thing ſo often, ſaies *Carmelin* to him, or at leaſt, ſtay till it be day for to queſtion me. The night is onely made to ſleep, would you have me leſs happy then the beaſts, which now are every where aſleep. I'll lay you a wager there is not at this preſent one of our ſheep awake. Wilt thou conform thy ſelf to the beaſts? replies *Lyſis*, 'tis a bruital felicity that thou deſireſt. The night is not only ordain'd to ſleep in, but alſo to conſult about affairs: Know that the greateſt wits and ingenuities are they that reſiſt the charms of ſleep, to entertain themſelves with their imaginations. The *Lovers* are they alſo that have this cuſtom, and eſpecially among them the Shepherd *Lyſis*. All the fault thou art guilty of in not imitating me, proceeds from this, that thou haſt yet thy Liberty. O what a prodigy it is to ſee a *Shepherd ſo free!* Thou ought'ſt rather be Soul-leſs, then Love-leſs But it is true, that I foreſee thou wilt ſhortly be put into the chain as well as the reſt. Love is importunate, till he wound thoſe that reſiſt him; and none loves more paſſionately, then a cold diſpoſition, as thine is, when it begins to be enflamed. Whether it be ſo or not, its no great matter, ſaies *Carmelin*; but for the preſent I am ſo deſirous to reſt my ſelf, that though they ſhould cry, Fire, I would not riſe, whether they ſhould mean the fire of Love, or that of the Chimney.

This diſcourſe ended, the two Shepherds ſpake no more one to another. When it was day, they put on their cloathes both together, and for company-ſake went abroad with the flock: while they drave it ſtill before them, being near a farm of *Hircans*, where they had not yet been, *Lyſis* made a ſign to *Carmelin*; and ſaid to him, if I am not deceiv'd, I hear the ſound of a rural inſtrument, without queſtion we are now in the Shepherds Countrey. *Carmelin* confeſt, that he alſo heard ſomewhat very harmonious: And deſcending into a little valley, they perceiv'd a Shepherd playing on the Bag-pipes. *Lyſis* being come near him, *Pan* defend thee gentle Shepherd, ſaies he to him, I am raviſh'd to ſee thee, it is a long time ſince I ſaw any of our quality, thy entertainment here is very delightful. Thou inſpireſt the holes of thy ſweet ſounding-pipe. Now am I certain thou art no idle perſon; had I my Gittarrhe here, we ſhould make a conſort together.

This Shepherd, who was a Countrey fellow, ſimple enough, was amaz'd to ſee *Lyſis* and *Carmelin* in the poſture they were in, that he view'd them one after another from head to foot; inſomuch, that *Lyſis* ſeeing he ſaid nothing, continued his diſcourſe. Doſt thou think, ſaies he to him, that the inſtrument thou playeſt on is more proper for thoſe of our quality then the Gittarrhe? Were I ſure of it, I would learn on the Bagpipes, to the end I might be *Paſtoral* in all things. Maſter, ſays *Carmelin*, though *I* cannot play well on the Bag-pipes, yet I can do ſomewhat at the Flute. Here's one ſaies *Hircans* Shepherd, lets ſee what you can do. *Carmelin* took the Flute out of his hands, and began to play *Gueridon's* tune, and the other Shepherd bore a part with the Bagpipe, whereat *Lyſis* was very well ſatisfied. When they had diſmiſs'd their inſtruments: My Lads, ſaies *Lyſis* to them, your muſick is ſweeter to the ear, then the noiſe of a brook that ſlides through the peebles 'Tis delightful to hear the plaints of a Heifer, when Love pricks her; *ſweet* is the ſinging of a Swan, that's dying, *ſweet* is the warbling of the nightingale, *ſweet* is the honey, which is prepar'd by the little bees; *ſweet* is the ſugar of *Madera*: but far

more

more *sweet* are you Pastoral instruments. Some other time I will make you talk of Eclogues, after the manner of *Theocritus*, *Virgil* and *Ronsard*; and I will present him that shall do best with a basket of flowers, a birds-cage, a cheese-basket, or some fine garland. In good faith, I did not think *Carmelin* could have done so much: O how much worthier do I now esteem him to make a Shepherd, then I did before. However, I will not learn to play on the Flute as he doth, nor yet on the Bag-pipes: For I remember I have heard it said, that *Minerva* beholding her self in a fountain, while she plaid on the Flute, she cast it away immediately, because she seem'd too deformed in that action, wherein one must over-swell his cheeks. I will not disfigure my countenance. The *Lute*, the *Guitarrhe*, the *Viol*, the *Bandore*, and the *Timbrel* are for us Shepherds of better quality; the *Flute*, the *Oaten-pipe*, and the *Bag-pipe*, for Shepherds of a lower degree, as *Carmelin*, and some others of this Countrey. Since you are my *Master*, saies *Carmelin*, there is no question but *I* am below you: yet *I* should wish *I* might not be called *Servant*, as there are some that do call me so. *I* should desire to have a more honorable title. All the reason in the world, *Carmelin*, says *Lysis*: *I* declare thee my *Commissary* in what shall concern *Shepherdry*, as *Anselme* hath his *Commissaries* in the business of the revenues: Thy principal charge shall be to have a care of my flocks, when *I* am not in place. *Carmelin* was very well satisfied with this dignity, and his Master having bidden farewel to *Hircans* Shepherd, as he also had done, they drave their sheep before them into another place: leaving the other so astonish'd to see those two Shepherds marching after so wretched a flock, that it was one of the strangest things he had ever seen.

Having left him, they march'd on still for a good while; and at length sitting down near a fountain, they ate bread, and drank water. *Carmelin* was not the best pleas'd at this entertainment, this was not the life his Master put him in hopes of. He thought he should have had none but Wedding-days, whereas they made him temperate in spight of his teeth. Having been so ill treated as to chear, he must dispatch for *Orontes's*, for an account of *Charite's* disposition; which employment would have gone much to his heart, were there not some hope they might have so much consideration as to make him drink.

Lysis being left alone, his flock and his dog rather led, then were guided by him; he follow'd them still, never considering whither they led him. The sickness of his Mistress was all the business of his thoughts. While he was in this contemplation, one of his sheep clambred up a little hillock, whereon was a tree, and grass all about it; another presently seconds it: but *Lysis* having struck at the former with his sheephook, it went round the tree, and came down; the second did the like; As also a third, that also was gotten up, and then a fourth and a fifth; and so did they all, even to the last. The first sheep seeing the rest gotten up, got up again, and came down, the rest did the like after it, going still about the tree, as being a sort of creatures, whose nature being to do what they see the rest do, they would never have gotten into their way, before they had all been where they had seen their companions. They would have clambred up, and come down, and would have gone about still, had there not pass'd by a man that put an end to the sport; for *Musedor*, which was not train'd up to Shepherdry, and could do nothing but bark at those that pass'd by, drew them not together; and as for *Lysis*, he was so surpris'd with the sport, that he could have wish'd it might have lasted to the worlds end. He who was come into the place, came and embrac'd him; and to take him out of his Transportation, said to him, Heaven bless thee! *King* of the *Shepherds* of *Brie*, but rather of all *Europe*, nay of all the earth: How fortunate am I to have met thee? Fame having convey'd thy name and merit into *Burgundy*, which is my Countrey, I was presently seiz'd with a desire to come and learn of thee the art to become happy. *Lysis* having retreated three steps to view the man, who was clad like a Shepherd as himself, he found he knew him not; and yet conceiving himself obliged to him for the pains he had taken to finde him, he went and embrac'd him again, and said to him, Welcome, gentle Shepherd, since thou art the first that

caſts himſelf into the arms of my protection, I ſwear to thee thou ſhalt be the firſt of whom I ſhall take care. I have no more to beg then thy name, that I may know whom I am obliged to. My name is *Philiris*, replies the Shepherd. Ah! what an excellent good name is that! ſays *Lyſis*: how eaſie it is to ſee that thou art a Shepherd by birth! I make no queſtion but thy hiſtory muſt be the nobleſt in all the world; wilt thou do me the favour to tell it me? I will tell thee even to thoſe things, whereof there are yet none conſcious but the Rocks and the Woods, anſwers *Philiris*: But let us find ſome place where coolneſs dwells; for this is ſo open and ſo hot, that it ſeems to be no other then that wherein Nature was delivered of the Sun.

Hereupon the two Shepherds took their way to a Thicket that was hard by, while there paſſes by a Coach wherein were *Orontes*, *Florida*, *Leonora*, *Angelica*, *Anſelme*, *Montenor*, *Clarimond*, and *Carmelin*, whom the Ladies had newly taken up, poor Rogue as he was, to make ſome ſport with. They all preſently lighted, and *Orontes* told *Lyſis*, that taking the air in the fields, they had met his Journy-man Shepherd, who had acquainted them that he was ſick of the ſame diſeaſe as his Miſtreſs. *Lyſis* anſwered, that *Carmelin* had ſaid nothing but what was true; and ſo was putting himſelf into a poſture to make long narrations; but he hears certain cries that made him be ſilent. Putting his finger on his mouth, as a ſign to the reſt, he drew neer the thicket whence the noiſe came, and all follow'd him very leiſurely, till they came to certain trees, among which they ſaw two men cloath'd in white *Taffata*, having very fine *Scrips* hanging in ſcarfs, *Straw-hats* on their heads, and painted *Sheephooks* in their hands.

They made as if they heeded not thoſe that dogg'd them; and one of them being lain down on the earth as it had been to ſleep, the other began this complaint.

" Gentle Zephirs, who reign in theſe places! were there ever ſadder ſighs then " mine mingled with your breathings? Ye Trees who are now ſo green, have you " ever ſeen fires as mine, which are ſuch as would dry you up to the very roots? " And you Springs, were your waters warmed by any tears bigger then mine? O " then you Zephirs, Trees, and Springs, if ever my Shepherdeſs come hither, tell " her what you have ſeen me ſuffer. But alas! you are deaf as well as dumb, O " dear witneſſes of my martyrdom. There's none but *Polidor* that is able to ſuc- " cour me. What doth that faithfull friend think on? hath he no compaſſion on " one in his own condition? How wilt thou have me aſſiſt thee, dear *Meliantes!* " anſwers that *Polidor*: Knoweſt thou not that I want comfort more then thy " ſelf? She that I adore will not believe my love; and not meeting with any ſig- " nal occaſions to make it appear I am ſo miſerable that I muſt wiſh her ſome miſ- " fortune, that I may ſhew my affection in her relief. Having the other day with- " drawn my eyes from hers, which dazled me, I fix'd them on her neck, thinking " there they might be more ſafe: But O God! that Neck is Snow; 'twas her de- " ſign to make me loſe an eye, as *Hannibal* did by fixing his too much on the ſnow " of the *Alpes*. Nor can I indeed do any thing, but I am tormented by ſome freſh " accident; and as *Mithridates* lived by poyſon, ſo do I on amorous thoughts. Ah " wretch that I am, what ſhall I do then, cries out *Meliantes*, ſince Heaven, Fate, " Nature, my Miſtreſs, and *Polidor* forſake me? I am now on the amorous ſea, " where a tempeſt whirls about my ſhip; but though it ſhould be ſunk, and I put " to fortune, yet if I can but embrace the neck of my Goddeſs, that fair pillar of " white marble planted above two living rocks, I ſhall eſcape ſhipwrack.

Thus far was *Meliantes* gone, when *Lyſis* not being able to refrain ſpeaking any longer, cries out, God be prais'd! I have found what I look'd for. How learned are theſe Shepherds! they ſpeak altogether by Alluſions and Metaphors. The Shepherd *Polidor* upon that ſtarts up, and looking on him, *Philiris*, and *Carmelin*, Which of you three, ſays he, is the ſervant of the fair *Chirite*? That am I, and no other, replies *Lyſis*. O happy day to us, continued *Polidor*: It is a long time ſince

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my Comrade and I have been to ſeek you: Seeing you all three of a good complexion, I knew not which was *Lyſis*. You are then to know that Love plays the cruel Tyrant over us; and we believe there is not any one in the world of whom we might hope better advice and direction then from you, in our affairs. I am a true Phyſitian of minds, replies *Lyſis*: Tell me that of yours, and I will preſcribe you excellent remedies. This made *Polidor* weep, and wiping his eyes with a handkerchiff, You will oblige me to repeat and renew ſtrange torments, ſays he; I ſhould not deſire ſo ſoon to thruſt the weapon again into my wounds: I ſhould cry too loud, and importune the ears of theſe Knights and Nymphs that are in your attendance; I am baſhfull before ſo many. Let *Meliantes* ſpeak then, replies *Lyſis*. Who, I? anſwers the other: I have need of whole ages to prepare my ſelf to relate the hiſtory of my adventures: I have ſo many things to ſay, that when I ſhould once begin, there cannot a word proceed from my mouth, no more then there do drops of water out of a cup that is overfill'd. Ah! Love, who art the beſtower of theſe torments, after thou haſt taken away my heart, wilt thou deprive me of the liberty to complain? And if thou putſt me every day to the rack, is it to any other end but to make me confeſs all my ſecrets? Tyrant, Executioner! cut out my tongue, or ſuffer me to tell what I endure.

In ſaying this, *Meliantes* beat the ground with his foot, and began to put himſelf into ſuch poſtures as none but a mad man could be guilty of. So that *Lyſis* taking him by the arm, endeavoured to give him the beſt conſolations he could. In the mean time, moſt that were preſent look'd one on another, and were ſilent out of amazement: They imagin'd that *Polidor* and *Meliantes* were no wiſer then *Lyſis*, and that the other Shepherd he had brought with him was not much behind them. But it is not to be conceived that Nature could furniſh three men ſick of the ſame diſeaſe as the *Extravagant Shepherd*, who muſt be individual in his kind. However they knew not what to think, and they ſaw great demonſtrations of folly in thoſe new Shepherds. *Lyſis* having appeared, *Meliantes* ſays to *Clarimond*, that he was very glad of his preſence at the rencontre of the Shepherds, that in his hiſtory he might ſet down the true relation: And that as for the meeting with *Philiris* and another Shepherd, he had ſeen that plaid on the Bagpipes, he would give him the particulars. I tell thee this freely, continues he, becauſe I believe thou haſt already begun the Book of my Loves. As for my part, that I am lodg'd neer thy Caſtle, 'tis principally becauſe thou might'ſt be more particularly inform'd of my adventures: And for the ſame reaſon thou didſt well to come and ſee me when I was ſick, that thou might'ſt quote my ſeveral fits. Will you not alſo have me ſpeak punctually of your Phyſick, replies *Clarimond*; ſhall I count your ſtools, and tell with what paper you wip'd your breech, as for example, if it were with ſome Letter the ſtile whereof was as ſmooth as cotton, or with ſome Verſes which were as ſharp as awls, ſo that they bled you behind? You are very much in the right to give me this direction; for 'tis now adays the mode with ſome to make Books of the relation of their diſeaſes; and there are ſome will needs inſert the buſineſs of their Apothecary. Do as thou ſhalt think fit, ſays *Lyſis*. Sir, ſays *Carmelin*, putting off his hat to *Clarimond*, will you not alſo write my hiſtory? I beſeech you Sir; I ſhall think my ſelf as much oblig'd to you as my Maſter. I will certainly do it, nay, I will write the hiſtory of thy Dog. I thank you Sir, replies *Carmelin*: but I give you notice of one thing, that is, that you call me not *Lacquey* nor *Serving-man*; I am a *Lieutenant* or *Commiſſary* in the buſineſs of *Shepherdry*. How now, Impudence and importunity together! (ſays *Lyſis* taking *Carmelin* by the arm) be it ſufficient that thou art ſpoken of as appearing in ſome of my adventures, though it be to carry a Letter, or do ſome meſſage. What, doſt thou expect a particular Hiſtory, who never didſt accompliſh any thing which may not be written in *impalpable* paper with *inviſible* ink, or on the ſurface of the waters with a feather taken out of the wings of the wind? Is it not a ſhame to ſee thee as big as thy father or mother, that yet haſt done nothing noble? Where didſt thou ever make any Verſes, or beſtow a Serenade on a Miſtreſs, or haſt gone through ſome adventure worthy to be recommended to poſterity?

Carmelin being ſomewhat caſt down at this rude reproof, retreated ſcratching his head: but as he was going to make ſome excuſe, the three Shepherds came and told *Lyſis*, that their loves were impatient, and that they would bring him to one of their friends, whom they would gladly conſult with about their affairs. So they carried him and *Carmelin* away, and amaz'd the company ſo much the more; for if one ſaid, I'll ſtab my ſelf to be reveng'd of the cruelty of my Miſtreſs, another ſwore he would caſt himſelf headlong down ſome rock: and they ſeem'd to be ſo extravagant, that *Lyſis* appear'd as wiſe in compariſon of them, as *Socrates* the Philoſopher. This bred in every one a deſire to be acquainted with them, yet they follow'd them not, becauſe they thought they would not ſo ſuddenly leave the Countrey, and that they might be ſeen at leiſure ſome other time. The Gentlemen and Ladies got into the coach again, and made an end of their walk.

In the mean time the five Shepherds having croſs'd certain thickets, came into a little meadow, where two men and a woman were walking. One of them was *Hircan*, whom *Lyſis* knew preſently; and the other was *Fontenay*, whom he had not known, had he not been named, becauſe he was not clad in ſcarlet, as he was wont, but had a ſuit of white *Taffata*. As for the fair Lady which was with them, it was *Synopa*; yet the Shepherd having told *Lyſis*, that ſhe was a Shepherdeſs call'd *Parthenice*, that they had brought with them, he believ'd it, becauſe ſhe had on a white petticoat, which ſhe was not us'd to wear. O how like is this *Parthenice* to a Nymph of the waters that I know, ſaies he then. You are much in the right, ſaies *Carmelin* to him ſoftly: I believe ſhe is the very ſame, yet muſt I withal think ſhe is none of the ſhe-devils of your *Sabath*, ſince ſhe is pleas'd to be ſeen in the day. Would you be content I ſhould fall in love with her? Strike on *Carmelin*, it will be very well done, ſaies *Lyſis*; methinks I ſee Love having his Bow ready to ſhoot at thee; open thy breaſt, and prepare thy ſelf to receive that wound. Quickly, do what I bid thee. *Carmelin* would not diſobey his Maſter, being ſo ſurpris'd with joy, that he knew not what he did; for he had ever believed what his Maſter ſaid, that there was no more to do but to chooſe a wench; and that he would cauſe her to be given him in marriage, be ſhe never ſo rich, or never ſo handſom. *Hircan* having by this time perceiv'd them, came on and ſaluted them. Are you not now well-pleas'd in ſo good company? ſaies he to *Lyſis*: Thoſe Shepherds have travell'd up and down long ere they could finde you. Any one will be a Shepherd with you, and here's my Coſin hath put on the habit for to follow you. He is much to be commended, replies *Lyſis*, out of that conſideration I pardon him the affront he did me: It hath been heavy on my heart ever ſince: But you ſhall enjoyn him never to offer at me any more, really, or ſo much as in thought. I ſhould abjure all kinred with him if he do: but think no more on it, replies *Hircan*: He is now as gentle as a Lamb, we will henceforward lead a peaceable life, and it is my deſire to become a Shepherd as well as the reſt. Do not ſo by any means, ſage *Hircan*, ſaies *Lyſis*: do you not know, that in every good *Paſtoral*, there is ever a Magician, who is never habited as the other Shepherds; ſo alſo muſt the Prieſts keep in their Sacerdotal Veſtments, and the *Satyrs* continue in their nakedneſs. *Hircan* having granted him this, they with great admiration view'd the ſwathings about his head; and the Shepherd *Fontenay* could not refrain asking him, What ails your left eye, Shepherd, have you receiv'd ſome blow on it? Muſt we all have our faces bound for our accommodation of being Shepherds? This is particular to me, anſwers *Lyſis*, this binding up of my face is in imitation of my Miſtreſs, who at preſent is in this poſture; imitate thou thine in other things, as thou ſhalt think fit. But obſerve my incomparable ſecret: *Charite* hath refuſ'd to honor me with any of her commands; and for want of her commands, to comfort my ſelf, I do what I ſee her do; ſo that by my own miraculous ſubtilty, I ſtill obey her in ſpight of her teeth. But 'tis very well remembred (ſaies he, turning to *Carmelin*) haſt thou any tydings how that fair one does? I could not go and ſee her, for theſe Gentlemen ſtaid me, and got me into the coach, replies *Carmelin*: yet thus much I have learn'd, that her diſeaſe neither advances nor declines. Let heaven do its pleaſure,

replies

replies *Lyſis*, but as long as ſhe ſhall be bound up, I will be ſo too. This binding makes you *I* know not how more graceful, ſaies *Fontenay*, and yet you are not as yet but half *Cupid*; for you are but half blinde. *By the horns of Pan* thou art ingenious, ſaies *Lyſis*; thou wilt advance; Thy meeting is fortunate, and I dare tell thee, that though I am not *Cupid*, *I* am at leaſt ſuch a one as could give him birth in the world, were he not already.

While *Lyſis* ſpoke this, *Carmelin* twiching him behinde, ask'd him ſoftly, What ſhall *I* ſay to this fair one? Offer her thy ſervice, and go no farther for the firſt time. *Carmelin* preſently thinking his deſigns could not but have a fair iſſue, went and ſaid to *Synopa*, Madam, if you have any occaſion for a ſervant as faithful as any in the world, behold the Shepherd *Carmelin* offers himſelf to you. 'Twere to be known what wages you would have (anſwers *Parthenice* very coldly) but indeed *I* am not at leiſure to think of that now. Having ſo ſpoken, ſhe whiſpered ſomewhat to *Hircan* and *Fontenay*: after which, they left *Lyſis*, and took their way by an obſcure path, ſo that they were preſently out of ſight. *Carmelin* thought they had ſomewhat to do together; but *Hircan* and *Fontenay* being ſoon return'd, they brought not *Synopa* with them; ſo that he took the boldneſs to ask them where ſhe was. *Hircan* told him, he had left her on the brow of a *hillock*, entertaining her ſelf with her own imaginations. He would have gone juſt then to ſeek her, but his Maſter going along with *Hircan* and the Shepherds, hinder'd the deſign. They were come very near the Caſtle of this Magician, when they ſaw a very handſom woman iſſuing out of the grove: She was habited like the Shepherdeſs on a ſtage; and for her countenance, it could not more reſemble that of *Lucida* then it did, for indeed it was ſhe. Yet *Hircan* having ſaid it was a Shepherdeſs call'd *Amaryllis*, *Lyſis* firmly believ'd it. This is the day of Miracles, ſaid the Shepherd; behold here's a Shepherdeſs in my judgement is very like an aquatick Nymph, whoſe image is graven in my minde, though *I* ſaw her only by Moon-light. There is the ſame reſemblances of faces in all your *Romances*; Thoſe which hold them impoſſible, why are they not here now to acknowledge their error?

Hereupon *Amaryllis* came and did reverence to the company; and *Hircan* ſeeing it was time to retire, ask'd *Lyſis* whether he would do him the honor to ſup with him. He thank'd him very kindely for the civiltty; but for this time he muſt decline it, as not thinking fit to keep feſtivals, while his Miſtreſs was ſick. So all the Shepherds bid him adieu till the next day, that they were all to meet again in the ſame place, for to relate their ſeveral fortunes. *In* the return *Carmelin* drew his Maſter towards the place where it was ſaid *Parthenice* was. *It* was a piece of overgrown ground, where there grew nothing but weeds; and there was in the midſt, a great ſtone, which was at leaſt two farthoms ſquare: but as for the Shepherdeſs, ſhe appear'd not any where. Give over thy ſearch *Carmelin* (ſaies *Lyſis*, with a ſcatter'd ſight, as if he had ſpoken like a Prophet) thy *Parthenice* hath clearly chang'd her nature: Seeſt thou not, that the Gods willing to puniſh her cruelty, have metamorphos'd her into a *Rock*? That's not credible, Maſter, ſaies *Carmelin*, ſhe only ſaid one poor word to me, whereat *I* took no offence What ſhe ſaid to thee, was full of malicious deriſion, replies *Lyſis*, when ſhe ſpoke to thee of wages, after thou hadſt profer'd her thy ſervice; ſhe would ſhew thee that thou wert much below her, and that ſhe thought thee fit to be her ſerving-man, and not her ſervant in Love. Thou hadſt not the apprehenſion to make anſwer to it: ſhouldſt not thou have ſaid that thou deſervedſt no other wages then her favour? My minde was taken up in the contemplation of her, ſaies *Carmelin*; and beſides, *I* aſſure you, *I* thought not that that word touch'd me ſo much to the quick; and *I* am ſtil to avow, that not finding it any thing conſiderable in compariſon of the rigors of others, which ſometimes laſt ten years, *I* cannot believe ſhe hath been chang'd into a ſtone for ſo ſmall a matter. Then it ſeems thou haſt not read *Ovid*. *Carmelin*, replies *Lyſis*, all the perſons which that Author mentions as metamorphos'd, have ſuffer'd upon the firſt occaſion they gave the Gods to do it: as for Example, *Apollo* had no ſooner purſued his *Daphne*, nor *Pan* his *Syrix*, but thoſe two wenches ſlighting the love of the Gods,

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the one was chang'd into a *Laurel*, and the other into a *Reed*. You have read more then I have, ſays *Carmelin*; I am very glad to receive your inſtructions, and in amends I will tell you what comes into my mind. It's likely your Magician, of whom I have heard wonders, hath promoted the Metamorphoſis: but when I ſhall believe it, what have I to do? Weep and ſigh night and day, replies *Lyſis*, that's the *diſcipline* befits a Lover that hath loſt his Miſtreſs: And then my company will not be tedious to thee, becauſe if I complain of one ſide, thou wilt of the other. For my part, I ſhall ever ſpeak of the *Command without Command* of *Charite*. And in the mean time, ſays *Carmelin*, I ſhall never ceaſe ſpeaking of the *Metamorphoſis without Metamorphoſis* of *Parthenice*. Thou doſt imitate my language very unhandſomly, replies *Lyſis*: 'Tis very true, *Charite* hath commanded me without commanding me; but 'tis not the ſame thing to ſay, that the Gods have metamorphos'd thy Shepherdeſs without metamorphoſing her. She is really chang'd, and ſee if that ſtone be not white as her complexion and cloaths. In a certain place at the top, which ſhould be the head, ſeeſt thou not certain marks which approach to red, and others which come neer black? They are the places where her eyes and mouth were: There are lower certain peeces which ſeem not to be well joyn'd together; they are the arms, which are not at all faſtened to the bulk of the body.

Carmelin conſidered all this; and though he believed but the leaſt part of it, yet his Maſter having told him, that before he leave the place he muſt do all honour to that ſtone, he was forc'd to go and kiſs it: But becauſe *Lyſis* thought he went not to it with affection enough, he with much fierceneſs ſtruck his noſe againſt it.

In their return to *Bertrand's*, the faithfull Lover of *Charite* ceaſed not to think of the laſt anſwer of that fair one, which becauſe of its obſcurity ſeem'd to him an oracle. But obſerving that *Carmelin* conducting the Flock went along with much indifferencie, What! ſays he to him, weepeſt thou not, poor Lover? haſt thou already forgotten that this day thou haſt as ſoon loſt as found one of the faireſt Miſtreſſes in the world? What would you have me do? replies *Carmelin*; my eyes are not ſo ſoft. Why doſt thou not anſwer me, replies *Lyſis*, that tears are the demonſtrations of light griefs, of great ones aſtoniſhment? I excuſe thee if thou canſt not yet ſhew great teſtimonies of grief: To morrow it will be thy buſineſs, when thou ſhalt begin to remember thy ſelf. Thou haſt ſeen the actions of thoſe amorous Shepherds which we have met; thou muſt not be leſs deſperate then they, but ſhouldſt imitate them in all things.

Carmelin anſwered *Lyſis*, that he would ever think on things preſent, and that on the morrow he ſhould ſee what he had to do. This diſcourſe was their entertainment till they came home, where they hous'd their poor ſheep, which were ſo tired with driving up and down, that they were ready to fall on their noſes. *Lyſis* having ſupp'd with *Bertrand's* people, went to bed with *Carmelin*, repeating ſtill in his mind his ſeveral adventures; and the laſt thing he ſaid before he fell aſleep, was, that he was ſure that *Fame* was ſo deſirous to render him ſtill more glorious, that ſhe was already grown hoarſe with the common cries ſhe had made of him in all parts of the world.

The End of the Sixth Book.

THE

THE Anti-Romance; OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The Seventh Book.

Lysis waking at the break of day, fell presently into consideration of the light of the Sun, that passing through his Chamber-window, shin'd upon him as he lay. How happy art thou bright Star? says he; not because thou guidest the seasons, and causest the fruits to ripen; but because thou hast eyes which throw abroad an infinity of beams, and by that means mayest see two things at once; as now beholding *Lysis*, mayest at the same time take a view of *Charite*. Why have not I the same power, that I may never be distant from the centre of my thoughts and desires? Whilest the amorous Shepherd was a saying this, he perceiv'd that *Carmelin* was still asleep; so that jogging of him twice or thrice, he awaked him. Why dost not thou begin the morning as well as I, with speaking some handsom thing? saies he to him. Why do you not let me alone? saies the other; Do you not see that I attentively listened to you? Ah! fool, replies *Lysis*; am I not certain thou wert asleep? have I not heard thee snore, and have I not seen how thou hadst thy mouth and nostrils open? now you are in the right, replies *Carmelin*; you are to imagine that I opened my mouth to give utterance to some good saying, and in the mean time you have made me lose it, and it's now fled so far out of my minde, that I shall not recover it a good while. Such discourses *Carmelin*, saies *Lysis*, become those that celebrate the feasts of *Bacchus*, or are ready

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to untye the girdle of a Bride, after they have invok'd *Hymen* in a chearful *Epithalamium*: But for thy part, who hast all the reason in the world to be afflicted, I do not think fit thou shouldst jest it away, if it be not to shew thou hast lost thy wits with thy hopes: Were it only to observe a decorum in thy love, thou shouldst ever speak somewhat like a distracted man, and run thy head against the wall, or the bed-posts. It shall be against the pillow, if I do it at all; I believe one as good as the other. That were indeed better then to do nothing at all, replies *Lysis*, for there the ceremony were still preserved; but trouble not thy head any farther about it, put on thy cloathes rather, and return to the place where thy Mistress was metamorphos'd. Thou wilt be more moved by the object of that new *rock*, then by any thing now in thy memory; and I hope that my remonstrances will then have more influence on thee then they have now. Besides that, I have some extraordinary business in that place; so that whatever comes on't, we must make all the haste that may be thither.

Lysis in so saying, being gotten up, *Carmelin* was oblig'd to imitate him; so that they were both in a manner ready together. They had design'd the performance of so many things that day, that they thought not fit to carry the flock abroad with them, but commended it to the charge of their Land-lords son. *Lysis* being thus freed of all care, would in the first place go and see *Clarimond*. He found him in his study writing. Truly friend, saies he to him, I am glad to see thee so industrious; for it cannot be but among so many several things of thy composition, thou must needs remember to bestow somewhat on my adventures. Do me the favour to read to me what thou hast already begun. *Clarimond*, who had not yet troubled his head with writing any thing for him, desired him to have a little patience, till what he had done were somewhat more refin'd, if he would see somewhat. *Lysis* was satisfied, and having caus'd this Historian to lay down his pen, he told him he came to desire his company into the fields, that he might bear witness of the noblest actions in the world.

By that time they had gone a pretty way, they were come to the place where was the rock of *Parthenice*. *Fontenay* and *Phyliris* were there already: and the first thing they did was to embrace the Shepherd, swearing to him they had had no rest in his absence; and that they were gotten up two hours before day to seek him. Having thank'd them for their good will, he told them of a design he had to erect a rural Temple to his Mistress, and that without jesting, that was the occasion of his making so much haste thither. It would not be amiss to build it in this place, saies *Clarimond*, here's a great eaven stone that may well serve for the altar. *Carmelin* would haply be against that, saies *Lysis*: This stone hath sometimes been his Mistress, who yesterday for her cruelty was metamorphos'd: *I* doubt whether it were fit to put upon it the victimes *I* should offer to *Charite*. If it be so, saies *Clarimond*, it must not be touch'd, there's no reason one Divinity should serve another. But is it possible, that this stone hath sometimes been a maid? *I* tell you no lye, replyed *Lysis*; put but your hand on it, and you will finde some reliques of heat. Whereupon *Clarimond* touch'd the stone, and *Lysis* touching it also; nay more then that, saies he, feel it towards the breast, and you will finde the heart beats still. The Shepherd imagin'd all this; and *Clarimond* having put his hand on the place he shew'd him, feign'd a great astonishment, and acknowledg'd he spoke nought but what was true. *Fontenay* putting in among them, would needs know who that Mistress was, and how it hapned she was metamorphos'd. You are to know, replies *Lysis*, that you no sooner appear'd yesterday with *Hircan* and *Parthenice*, but *Carmelin* was touch'd with the beauty of that Shepherdess. His passion was so violent, that it was no sooner conceiv'd then discover'd: so that he proffer'd his service to the fair one, but she disdainfully refus'd it, and went along with you: you, as I believe, left her in this place, but instead of finding her here, we found this stone, into which the Gods have chang'd her.

Fontenay admir'd the imagination of *Lysis*; for he knew well enough what was become of that *Parthenice*, otherwise called *Synopa*. Now here *I* think fit to discover

cover ſome things, which happly have held the Reader in ſuſpence. I have purpoſely imitated thoſe *Romances*, which bring divers perſons on the ſtage, without declaring whence they come, nor what they did before, but by little and little, ſo to cauſe the greater admiration. I have accordingly obſerv'd this order; and I have brought you a *Philiris*, a *Polidor*, and a *Meliantes*, without telling you why they ſeem'd to be *Shepherds*, and that with as much extravagance as ours: But for every ones ſatisfaction, I acquaint you, that they were three Gentlemen, intimate friends of *Hircans*, who were brought to his houſe by *Fontenay*, who had been to fetch them there, to paſs away certain days. They had been already acquainted with the extravagancies of *Lyſis*, which had rais'd in them ſuch a deſire of his pleaſant converſation, that they had diſguis'd themſelves as Shepherds, the eaſier to ſet on him. They conſidered with themſelves, that men do often change cloathes for a Dance or Play, and that they might as well act natural Paſtorals, that ſhould far exceed all the fictions in the world, yet ſhould be perform'd with little pains, and leſs charge. *Hircan*, who began to fall more in love with *Lucida* then *Syncpa*, whom he was weary of, had had ſome quarrel with this former Miſtreſs, ſo that ſhe was reſolved to leave him. Being come out along with her to meet *Lyſis*, there was a Coach attended him at a little diſtance, whereinto ſhe was diſpos'd, to return to her Aunt, who had been ſo ill a guardian of her Neece, that ſhe had ſuffer'd her to be drawn away to naughtineſs. Her houſe was about five leagues thence, ſo that 'tis to be imagin'd ſhe could not get there before midnight. *Hircan* was very glad to be rid of her; becauſe among other his friends, he that acted *Polidor*, being a perſon of a ſevere vertue, was ever quarrelling with him for his looſe life, and ever perſwaded him to marry. Were there any woman in the world could engage his thoughts that way, it muſt be ſhe whom we ſhall name *Lucida*, though ſhe had another name. He had ſtaid her in his Caſtle, under pretence of paſſing away the time with *Lyſis*, but it was indeed for to finde the means to entertain her when he pleas'd. She was of an humor ſo familiar and compliant, that ſhe freely remain'd in thoſe Lodgings he had aſſign'd her; and if you will credit the ſtory, you may be aſſur'd that ſhe carried her ſelf nothing indiſcreetly, though ſhe were in a houſe where there were ſo many men. The free open natures, ſuch as hers was, ſtand out the longeſt. Beſides which, the hope ſhe had of having the company of ſome yong Gentlewomen thereabouts, and the Paſtorals wherein ſhe was to act ſome part, and which could not have been done without her, were ſufficient to excuſe all.

Philiris and *Fontenay* had therefore left her in the Caſtle, with others that were up no earlier then ſhe, deſirous to make ſome ſport with the imaginary Metamorphoſis of *Parthenice*, whereof they had juſt then receiv'd an account of *Lyſis*. If it be true, ſays *Philiris* to him, that there is any heat in this ſtone, and that you feel the motion of the heart 'tis an evident ſign that *Parthenice* is alive within it; wherefore I ſhould think it fit there were hammers ſent for to break it open, that ſo the poor Shepherdeſs may get out. Take heed of that, anſwers *Lyſis*, thou underſtandeſt not what a *Metamorphoſis* is: Doſt thou think *Parthenice* is enclos'd in this ſtone, as if ſhe were in a ſheath, or rather in a ſepulchre? No ſuch matter, that were no true Transformation, and the Gods would but deceive us. Learn then, that each part of her body hath put on the form and the quality of a ſtone: So that if a man ſhould touch the leaſt corner of it, he ſhould hurt it, and haply the blood would iſſue out of her veins, which are viſible enough in divers places.

I muſt tell you, ſays *Philiris*, that this is not ſo eaſily apprehenſible, that there ſhould be life and blood in a ſtone; and yet to ſpeak truth, and not to wrong you, you are not the firſt that ever affirm'd ſuch a thing: but the Poets who have ſaid it, have not ſhewn how it could be effected. Is it not ſufficient to ſay it is done by the omnipotence of the Gods? replies *Lyſis*: Will not that ſatisfie thoſe who will needs have natural reaſons of miracles? All this is right, ſays *Clarimond*, but it hinders not but I may believe that *Parthenice* may by ſome means or other be reſtor'd to her firſt form. And to prove what I ſay, I can alledge, that there were ſometimes

as many ſtones that were chang'd into men, as there were men chang'd inro ſtones: I take the word Man for both ſexes. To give you an inſtance, have you not read that *Pygmalion's* Statue was chang'd into a Woman, and that he enjoy'd her afterwards? I have, replies *Lyſis*; but that ſtone which was chang'd into fleſh had before a humane ſhape, that advanc'd the matter very much. Will you think it convenient that *Carmelin* ſend to *Paris* for a Statuary for to bring this Stone to the figure of *Parthenice*? That's but to return to the diſcourſe we had before; here will be a many blows and knocks given, which will make as many wounds; for there is a ſenſitive ſoul which is in this ſtone, which never was in that of *Pygmalion's* which had never been a woman. I have not yet done with you, replies *Clarimond*; you may remember that *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* being to reſtore the world, caſt ſtones of all ſorts and ſizes over their ſhoulders, which preſently became humane creatures. A brave conceit indeed, replies *Lyſis*, if we have a mind to imitate thoſe Reſtorers of Nature, we muſt caſt this ſtone over our heads. Now to do that, there were neceſſary the ſtrength of *Hercules*, or at leaſt we muſt be as ſtrong as *Turnus* who caſt as big a ſtone as this at *Æneas*: *Carmelin* hath not ſo much ſtrength as thoſe ancient *Hero's*. If you do not believe that this ſtone may be transform'd, ſays *Clarimond*, and that you will not conſent it ſhould ſuffer the leaſt knock of a hammer; it remains that *Carmelin* endeavour to ſoften it. There are thoſe that ſay, that Blood mollifies the Adamant; poſſibly it hath the ſame effect on all ſorts of ſtones: Let *Carmelin* give himſelf a ſtab, that he may bleed on the ſtone. You conſider not that it is only Goats blood that ſoftens ſtones, ſays *Philiris*. Excuſe me, I think on't, replies *Clarimond*: but I ſee no reaſon but an Aſs may have the ſame vertue as the Goat; ſo that *Carmelin*, not miſſing of the or the other, may not fail to do what he deſires. Let us not laugh at the miſerable, ſays *Lyſis*: I ſay without jeſting, that all we can well adviſe *Carmelin* to, is, that to leave a teſtimony of a tranſcendent love, and to make his memory eternal, he would endeavour to obtain of the Gods, that they would diſpoſe of him by ſome noble Metamorphoſis. Some, it may be, would counſel him to be chang'd into a *Rock*, ſo to participate of the ſame nature with his Miſtreſs; but that were not convenient, for he hath not been guilty of the like cruelty. Then to be chang'd into ſome *Tree*, which being planted hereabouts might give an eternal umbrage to his incomparable *Parthenice*, is not that which were convenient for him; for you ſee this ground is ſo dry, that it is not fit for Trees; beſides they are never well neer Rocks, which ever hinder the ſpreading of their roots. But that which I ſhould think the moſt proper, is, that he were chang'd into a *Fountain*; 'tis the ordinary transformation of forſaken perſons, and 'tis often ſeen that water iſſues out of a rock: He ſhall perpetually waſh the root of this, as if he had a deſign to ſoften it; and running cloſe by it, will become the honour and delight of the whole Country: I will conſecrate the ſource to ſome Divinity; and whoever drinks of it ſhall fall in love, by a ſtrange miracle, that ſhall cauſe flames to iſſue out of the water. *Carmelin* ſhould have been metamorphos'd ever ſince I mention'd it; and if he diſpoſe not himſelf thereto, I ſhall ſay he hath neither courage nor affection. How were it poſſible for me to ſatisfie all your ſeveral imaginations? (ſays *Carmelin* very angrily) I know not what belongs to turning *Fountain*, nor am I of opinion there may be any great good done thereby; for I find no great advantage in the water, unleſs it be for to waſh before meat. I will not forbid thee the uſe of wine, replies *Lyſis*, I ſee well thy thoughts run upon the juice of the Vine: but doſt thou not remember that the *Aquatick Deities* which we ſaw one night, were richly furniſhed with the proviſions of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*? Thou ſhalt lead ſuch another life; bethink thy ſelf if it be not pleaſant. Thy water ſhall be as clean as thy ſoul; the *Nymphs* and the *Shepherdeſſes* will come and bath themſelves in it, and it may be *Charite* ſhall be one of the firſt; ſo that thou ſhalt take infinite pleaſure to ſee ſo many Beauties all naked, and in feeling them all over, as thou muſt: I ſhall then be jealous of thee, and ſhall think thy condition better then my own. But if thou art ſo high-minded, that thou wilt have none but humane creatures to drink of thy waters, there ſhall be notice given to all *Shepherds*, *Cow-*

herds, and *Goatherds*; not to bring any of their Cattel thither to water. These are indeed very excellent propositions, says *Carmelin*; but I have told you already that I care not for the company of those people of the other world, I'll never come among them again. Thou canst not receive any more hurt, replies *Lysis*, for thou shalt be of the same condition with them; and being an *aquatick Demy-god*, thou wilt be far otherwise respected then when thou wert a poor mortal: Possibly thou mayst have some authority over the rest; and as to what concerns Men, they shall address their vows and sacrifices to thee; and I, and all those whom thou hast seen in this country, will adore thee. These promises are great, says *Carmelin*: And for to taste them, though I know not what you speak to me of, and that it cannot enter into my imagination that a man of flesh and bone as I am can become water, I assure you that I would gladly be one, if you can make me become so: For I swear to you that I am extreamly curious; and I shall not much stand upon the changing of my condition often, so that in the end I attain happiness: But I pray tell me how I must carry my self for to be what you desire I should, that I may know whether the pains exceed not the pleasure. Thy obedience is commendable, says *Lysis*; since I see thou art so modest, I tell thee there are divers wayes to become a *Fountain*: 'Tis true, I find not in Antiquity any other way then that of weeping abundantly; but it is to be conceiv'd that both the Gods & men are become more subtile and ingenious since that time; for among the modern *Metamorphoses* we find that *Synopa* who was all ice, was melted into water by the *fire* of *Love*; and that *Lucida* who had the Dropsie, hath pis'd so much, that it became a Source. But all this is nothing proper for thee, *Carmelin*: For first thy disposition suffers thee not to weep, and besides thou art not ice, nor yet hast thou the dropsie. We must therefore find out some other way. I have known some men who by violent exercise sweated so, that the water dropp'd down as if they had been Statues of snow exposed to the sun. Go thy ways somewhither, and play at *Tennis* or at *Football* a whole day together, that may be a good means to accomplish thy intention.

You come not neer the mark, says *Clarimond*; why do you not rather bid *Carmelin* go and get him the disease which the *French* call the disease of *Naples*, and the *Neapolitans* the *French* disease? He might then go to *Paris*, and sweat at his pleasure, with some of those that force their Empirick bills upon all that pass by; and then you shall see him better metamorphos'd into a Fountain then the fair *Acis*. Let's not busie our thoughts with mischief, I pray thee: *Carmelin* may be metamorphos'd without making himself infamous by any such filthiness. If there be no more requisite then to sweat extreamly, he need not make use of any sordid receit, but go to some honest Hot-houses; but I will furnish him with so many inventions, that he shall have to choose. The *Alchimists* extract water out of herbs, flowers, roots, and divers other things which are more dry, by putting them into the Alimbeck; it will not be amiss so to dispose of our miserably amorous Shepherd, that he may be distill'd. No such matter, I thank you, says *Carmelin*, I do not intend to be set afire behind, nor do I conceive any goodness can proceed from all your subtilties. What is more, my mind is wholly perplex'd in this business; methinks though all my body were melted into water, as you would desire it, there would not be as much as would fill an hogshead: For, measure me by a Geometrical proportion, you will find that I am but three foot about, and five foot high, all which would not suffice to fill a Fountain-head, and continually supply a brook that should measure the diameter of this ground, or by crooked windings should find a passage into *Morin*, and thence into *Marne*, and thence into the *Seine*, and so into the *Ocean*. There thou hast spoken very learnedly, says *Lysis*; and besides that thy terms are excellent, thy reason is miraculous. I know thou doubtest of somwhat, it is a sign of ingenuity; for I have often heard it said, that Doubt is the mother of Philosophy; and that because when one is doubtfull of any thing, he desires to be more assured of it, and never leaves searching for it till he have found out what was most hidden and secret therein.

I believe, that with a ſerious meditation, thou wouldſt thy own ſelf comprehend how thoſe things I told thee may be effected; but I will ſhorten to thee the path of truth, ſo that thou ſhalt touch it with thy finger. Take notice then, that according to the Metamorphoſes which the Gods bring about, the bodies are either dilated or contracted: it is no more difficult to the ſupreme Powers to make a thing greater, then to make it leſs; and if it be certain, that *Arachne* was chang'd into a Spider, and the Inhabitants of *Licia* into *Frogs*, it is as well poſſible that *Piſmires* have been chang'd into *men*; *Atlas* into a *Mountain*, and ſome others into *Rivers*. *Ovid* never omits to ſpeak of this contraction and dilatation, nor ſhould he: but I know one ſecret, which neither he nor any other ever thought on, which yet if it be not known, a man cannot explain the Metamorphoſes; and this is it, when there is a neceſſity a man ſhould be chang'd into ſomething greater then himſelf, then the Gods cauſe certain winds to enter into him, which ſwell him up to the proportion required; and when another is to be chang'd into ſome little creature, they infuſe a certain drought into him, that conſumes whatever is ſuperfluous: ſo though they do ſome miracles which appertain only to themſelves, and whereof there cannot likely any natural reaſon be given; yet do they not hinder but the ſecond cauſes may operate ſomewhat therein. I have been fain to ſearch the Cabinet of *Jupiter* for to be aſſur'd of this miracle, and who ever underſtands it, may take away the vail of his ignorance. By this thou art to underſtand, *Carmelin*, that it is eaſie for the Gods to change thee into a fountain, and that thou mayeſt ſupply water enough for that end, ſince ſome men who were of no greater corpulence, then thou, have been chang'd into Rivers and Mountains. The Inhabitants of heaven provide for whatever is done here below; and though they could not make the channel of thy current, neither broad nor long, yet would they ſo diſpoſe of thee that thy waters about fifty paces from the ſource, ſhould be receiv'd under ground, and by ſome ſecret conduits ſhould return to the place whence they came, that ſo thou mightſt never dry up. That were nothing extraordinary, there are in the world great Rivers, which finde themſelves channells under ground, nay it is to be believ'd that the ſea it ſelf is ſwallow'd in Abyſſes, that it may reſtore the water it receiv'd, that ſo the earth might not be dryed up. Further, to take things at the worſt, though the Gods ſhould not do thee the favour which they have done to many others, and allowing thee only ſo much water as thou art big; and ſhould leave thee in ſome ditch where thou mightſt be drunk up by beaſts, or haply chang'd to Vapour by the attraction of the Sun beams, yet would I take a courſe thou ſhouldſt not loſe any thing: For I would cauſe thee to be taken up with pails, and thou ſhouldſt be put into a baſin in ſome rich cabinet. There would I have made an admirable engine, whereof I will diſcover the invention for thy ſake. Thy water being in a cyſtern, rais'd up on high, ſhould fall by a ſmall channel upon a little mill, which it ſhould turn, and thence ſhould fall into a Baſin that were under. Now the mill ſhould at one end have a wheel, which ſhould turn another, and that another, and that a beam, about which there ſhould be a pipe made wave-like, or rather like a chevron, whereof one end being plac'd in the water, ſhould be ſtill ſupply'd, and cauſe it by little and little to aſcend, the upper part becoming the loweſt, and then immediately aſcending: Thus the water ſhould be pour'd, as it were into a trough, whence it ſhould return into its firſt receptacle, and be continually ſupplyed, ſo that it ſhould never fail. Now I would take order, that no body ſhould drink of it, no not ſo much as the flyes; and thy water never diminiſhing, but going and returning, thou ſhouldſt be an artificial fountain, portative and eternal, a thing was yet never ſeen, and there were no ſpeaking of thee without admiration, all believing thee to be an enchantment. Beſides, I am to tell thee, that there were no great quantity of water requir'd for this; for though thou ſhouldſt afford but a pailful, I ſhould make it ſerve the turn, by making my engine the leſs: but I doubt not but thou wilt yield a great deal of water; for before thou ſhouldſt be metamorphos'd, thou ſhouldſt put on half a dozen cloaks, and ſo many night gowns, and all that will become liquid as well as thee. The cloathes are ever metamorphos'd with

with the body in *Ovid* (as I think I have told thee before) and as the tail of *Ocyrioes* gown became a horſe tail; ſo the skirts and ſhreds of thy cloathes will melt into ſtreams.

This then is the recompence you promis'd me for my ſervices, ſays *Carmelin*, if I ever ſtand to it, I will here ſwear once for all, that you ſhall ſeek another ſervant, and I will finde another Maſter. You will load me with more cloaks, then if I were ſome boy belonging to the guard. You will have me ſweat in Frying-pans; you will encloſe me in Alimbecks; and at laſt you will diſpoſe me into Baſins, and make me paſs through Conduit-pipes, Mills and Troughs. Where to the Devil runs your wit? ſhall I not be burn'd up, and beaten to pieces after all this? Let me know at leaſt, what I have done to deſerve to be put thus to the Rack, Gibbet and Pillory? Have I maſſacred my Father? Have I betray'd a City? Have I coyn'd bad money? Am I an unconſcionable Seller, or an Uſurer? Thou art nothing of all this, I confeſs, *Carmelin*, ſaies *Lyſis*: nor are there any ſuch puniſhments prepar'd for thee, as thou conceiveſt. When thy body ſhall be all reduc'd to water, thou art no more ſenſible of any hurt, poor fool: There will be much gotten by preſſing thee, thy members cannot be cruſh'd, for thou canſt ſlide away through the leaſt hole. That then in good earneſt is your meaning, replies *Carmelin*; and 'tis worſe then before: Your will is I ſhould not be any thing but water; when I am to eat, where will be my mouth? If any body come near me, where will be my eyes for to ſee him? And if he ſpeak, where will be my ears to hear him? In fine, where will be all my members to execute the ordinary offices for which God hath ordain'd them?

Carmelin having ſo ſaid, *Lyſis* was ready to give him ſome extravagant reaſon for his complaints; and I believe he would have perſwaded him, that after he were chang'd into a fountain, the Gods might eaſily form him a body of ſubtile vapors, according to the doctrine which had been infus'd into him: for he remembred him he had ſeen *Lucida* and *Synopa*, who yet had bodies, though they were chang'd into water. But upon this *Philiris* comes and ſays, Diſpute not any more, Shepherds, your difference is eaſily reconciled. 'Tis true, *Carmelin* hath reaſon to be metamorphos'd into a Fountain, but he muſt ſtay till the Gods out of their full power ordain it ſo: That we muſt expect from them, and not cauſe him to be melted into water by natural inventions; that were to tempt the Divinities, and draw their indignation on us. *Lyſis* acknowledg'd this conſideration to be very excellent; and was angry with himſelf that he had not been the Author of it. So that he promis'd *Carmelin* not to importune him any further as to his Metamorphoſis. His thoughts now returned to the Temple he had a deſign to build; ſo that turning towards *Fontenay* and *Clarimond*, who ſtood amaz'd at his ſubtil argumentations, he ask'd them if they would aſſiſt him to begin his edifice. We are no Maſons, ſaies *Fontenay*; beſides, a ſumptuous Temple cannot be built in a moment, without materials or tools. But after what manner would you have it? Alas! that I am not an *Amphion*, that I might with the ſound of my harp bring together all the ſtones in this Countrey, ſaies *Lyſis*: I would build an incomparable Temple: But ſince that's wanting, I muſt this day ſeek out divers workmen for to be employ'd in it. To ſpare all that coſt, ſaies *Clarimond*, 'twere better you would content your ſelf to dedicate your heart as a Temple to your Divinity. There you may be the victim and the Prieſt together. The fire of your love will there ſhine ever; your ſighs will ſerve for incenſe, and your tears ſhall be the holy-water. That's well imagined, replies *Lyſis*; but it hinders not but I may be much taken with my deſign. To anſwer therefore the Shepherd *Fontenay*, who deſires the particulars of it; I declare, That my Temple being built of the faireſt marble can be found, I will place upon the Altar, the picture of *Charite*, which was drawn by *Anſelme*, with this written above it:

TO THE
METAPHORICALL GODDESSE.

This Propoſition is ſo much the more noble, becauſe it is not common; and that it

it may be judg'd whether my Miſtreſſes picture do not well deſerve a Temple, let the world ſee and judge.

In ſaying ſo, he took out a Box out of his pocket, wherein was that picture encloſed, which he ever carried about him, though it were of a pretty bigneſs. *Philiris* and *Fontenay*, who had never ſeen it before, admir'd the invention; and *Clarimond* who had ſeen it the firſt time he met *Lyſis*, viewing it alſo, found in it ſomewhat he had not obſerv'd before. Methinks, ſaies he to *Lyſis*, that where before the breaſt was repreſented by two *balls of ſnow*, there are now two *Globes*, where may be ſeen the *Æquator*, with the *Tropicks*, and other circles. You are in the right, replyes *Lyſis*, *Anſelme* hath reform'd it ſince you ſaw it, having ſent for colours to *Colommiers*; but this laſt thing is of my own invention, and as time makes us wiſer: I have left the ſnow for *Charite*'s neck, and ſome places adjacent; and as for her breaſts, I thought fit they ſhould be repreſented as two worlds, for to render the picture more delightful by the variety. It is certain your Maſters the Poets do ordinarily compare the *breaſts* of their Miſtreſſes to *worlds*, ſaies *Clarimond*, but very impertinently. You are miſtaken, replies *Lyſis*; and I aſſure you, that if I poſſeſs'd *Charite*'s breaſt, I ſhould think my ſelf happier then any Emperor; for I ſhould be maſter of two worlds, whereas the greateſt Emperor that ever was, could never enjoy one. An excellent fancy indeed! ſays *Clarimond*; becauſe the breaſts are round, therefore they are worlds, Apples and plums, and all things that are round are wordls too. 'Tis a very ſlender reſemblance of a thing, to have nothing of it but the ſimple figure; but yet in this caſe you cannot make good all you ſay, The breaſt of a woman hath but two half bowls, they muſt be put together to make one whole one; ſo that you are ſtill ſhort of your reck'ning; for you can finde but one world, which is divided into two, as the Coſmographers repreſent it in their univerſal Maps: And I muſt tell you, that it was a far neater invention of thoſe who ſay, That *Venus* having obtained of *Paris* the Apple, which was to be given the faireſt of the Goddeſſes, ſhe was ſo taken with it, that having cut it in two, ſhe plac'd it on her breaſt, and wore it for an eternal ſign of her victory, and will'd all thoſe of her ſex ſhould do the like. However, if you deſire that *Charite*'s breaſt have two Globes, *I* grant it you; and *I* will in that ſenſe too teach you an imagination which you never knew; and that is to ſay, that half of each Globe is ſunk into the body, and that there is only what remains apparent; and as for the *nibbles*, it muſt be believ'd they are the *Poles*. Moreover, to render the picture more judicious and rational, it ſhould be my advice to feign that one is a *Terreſtrial* Globe, and the other the *Celeſtial*; but though we ſhould grant all that, yet will there be ſtill ſomewhat to be reprehended; for if they be worlds, they muſt neceſſarily have Suns to enlighten them, and it cannot be perceiv'd they have any, if we do not ſuppoſe the eyes; but they are at too great a diſtance: But if you would take them for two Suns, how can you imagine it, ſince you call *Charite* a Sun, that carries them about? One great ſtar therefore carries two little ones, and that alſo contains two worlds. Thus are all things confuſed among the Poets; and to hope any ſatisfaction from their impertinent imaginations were the vaineſt thing in the world.

Lyſis having heard all this diſcourſe, with an extream impatience; very angerly anſwered thus, I ſhould never have believed *Clarimond*, that thou hadſt ſo little judgement as thou makeſt appear. Thou canſt carp at the excellent deſcriptions of Beauty us'd by Poets, and canſt not believe that one Planet may carry others, and worlds beſides. *It* ſhews thou knoweſt little in *Aſtrologie*, and haſt no great acquaintance with the opinions of thoſe Philoſophers, who hold there are worlds in the Moon and Stars. Beſides, doſt thou think it improper, that the eyes be the ſuns of the breaſt? doſt thou think they are too remote, ſeeing they are faſtned in the face as in their heaven, and that the two Globes which are under repreſent the earth? Thou wilt haply tell me, there is no need of two Suns ſo near one the other. But though there were but one world, yet were there no inconvenience; for I will prove it to thee, that this great world wherein we all live, is not content with one;

and

and that this is true, look into all the *Poets*; both *Greek* and *Latine*, thou wilt finde that when they ſpeak of a man, that hath travelled about the earth, they ſay that he hath ſeen the one and the other ſun. And this is it hath made me conceive there are two ſuns in the world. But the greateſt teſtimony in this caſe is, that it is held for certain, that there are *Antipodes*; and if there be, they muſt have their Sun as well as we ours. I remember, that being at St. *Cloud*, *Anſelme* laught at me, becauſe I ſaid the Sun was going to ſleep in the waters; if I had then known what I have imagined ſince upon reading the verſes of a certain Poet, I had anſwer'd him to the purpoſe. He asked me how it wos poſſible, that the Sun ſhould paſs away the night in the ſea, in banquetting and taking his reſt, and yet be ſeen the next morning in another end of the world, as if he had travell'd all the time. But now I am aſſur'd that there are two Suns which enlighten us one after another, and while one ſleeps, the other perfects his carreer. I will not trouble my ſelf here to make you any demonſtrations; I muſt then have had the compaſs and rule. Finde your ſelf out the reaſon of what I tell you, when you are beſt at leiſure. Then for the ſeveral faces of the Moon, whereof I might be demanded an account; I profeſs to you, that I underſtand nothing of theſe divers aſpects of the Moon, wherewith I have been ſo often entertained, I therefore believe there are three or four Moons in the world; for otherwiſe, how were it poſſible we ſhould ſee it ſometimes round, and ſometimes cut in two. It is to be conceiv'd, that the full Moon and half Moon are two ſeveral Stars.

Such excellent conceptions as yours, are worthy to be admir'd, ſaies *Clarimond*; I confeſs my ſelf overcome, and yet I cannot but ſay, that let things be taken which way you will, the little worlds of *Charis*'s breaſts, have no need of Suns, ſince they can have no other inhabitants then fleas. Thou ſpeakeſt injuriouſly, replies *Lyſis*; thoſe worlds are peopl'd with *Cupids* and *Graces*. I would gladly know what ſort of creatures thoſe are which you name, replies *Clarimond*; for all your *Poets* and Makers of *Romances*, ſpeaking of a *Beauty*, ſay, that the *Graces* and *Cupids* flye about her face. I have a hundred times view'd ſome of the fairеſt, imagining I ſhould ſee an infinite number of little wing'd boys go plant themſelves on her noſe, as it were on a Bulwark; or hide themſelves within it, as in the Loop-hooks, and then go and ſuffer the Strapado in hee hair, but I never could ſee any thing of all this. That is not ſeen but with the eyes of the minde, ſaies *Lyſis*; art thou now ſatisfied? And if thou doubteſt of the dignity of the two Suns of *Charites*'s face, becauſe they remove not out the place, as thoſe which run through the *Zodiak*, learn, that thoſe things which are moſt permanent, are the moſt to be eſteemed.

All theſe fine reaſons could not withhold *Clarimond* from ever pleying on *Lyſis*; ſo that the Shepherd not being able any longer to ſuffer his abuſes, put up his picture in a fury. So, ſo, put up your *Metaphorical Deity*, ſaies *Clarimond*; ſome other time we ſhall lay the foundation of her Temple: I ſhall at the preſent entertain you with a more neceſſary diſcourſe. Let us repoſe our ſelves a little I pray. As ſoon as he had ſo ſaid, all that were preſent ſate them down on the graſs; and he reſuming the diſcourſe, ask'd *Lyſis*, Whether he would give him leave to ſay what he would: The Shepherd anſwered, yes: So *Clarimond* entered into this diſcourſe.

Gentle Shepherd, I am very ſorry to ſee your minde poſſeſſed with ſuch an infinity of peſtilent opinions; and (which is worſt of all) like a contagion you endeavour to communicate them to all that come near you. You talk of nothing but *Metamorphoſes*; and you would make *Carmelin* and the other Shepherds of your acquaintance, believe, that a man may be metamorphos'd into a Fountain, a Stone, a Tree, a Bird, and divers other forms. *I* muſt purge your brains of theſe ſtrange imaginations, and ſhew you, that although you have found them in a many books, yet are they but pure fables. *I* will make it appear to you in what manner they came into credit in the world, that you may perceive your error.

In

In the first place, for what concerns the *Aquatick Metamorphosis*: There was sometimes in *Arcadia* the son of a great Lord, who fell into a fountain and was drown'd in't, his friends were extreamly discomforted at it: But there was a *Poet*, who to comfort them, and get a little money from them, made some verses, wherein he feign'd that the Gods had taken away that childe from amongst men, for to prefer him to a happier condition, and that they had metamorphos'd him into a divine and sacred *Fountain*. That was afterward by the superstitious people taken for truth. A while after that, a certain man whom some theeves had kill'd, having been buried in a field, there grew out by chance a *flower* out of the earth, wherewith they had covered his body; so that it was believ'd, with much appearance, that it was a *Metamorphosis*, which the Gods had made of him. Another having been shot through with arrows in the wars, was negligently cover'd with earth, the shafts not taken out of his body, and being of a green and soon growing wood, they easily took root, and cast out branches; so that it was given out, that that body was chang'd into a *Tree*. There were a sort of Countrey people, who reported the same thing of another dead man, whom they had buried at the foot of an Elm, instead of a dog, for to make it bud forth. A certain traveller going along the fields, a piece of a mountain fell on him, and cover'd him so that he was never seen after. Those who knew which way he was gone, not meeting with him, but finding instead a little mountain hard by the greatone, imagin'd the Gods had bestowed that form on him.

As concerning those whom men have thought to have been chang'd into savage creatures, they were onely some people, who had cover'd themselves with wolf skins, for to be thought wolves; or had put on Lyons skins, or any other beast, for to run about frightning little children, and exercising divers cruelties.

As for the *Metamorphoses* of men into *Birds*, though it cannot be said it was effected by a like disguising, because there is hardly any bird that hath not the body less then a mans, yet it hinders not but the reason thereof may be found out; and to that purpose I shall give you an example, as pleasant as true: There was sometime in the Province of *Greece* a subtle and mischievous fellow, called in his language *Raven*, who having committed a many Felonies and Adulteries, was furiously persecuted by the Magistrates of the place. The Constables having perceived him afar off in a field, made as fast as they could after him; but he was so well footed, that he recovered a little thicket, and being got out of that, he was presently by a rivers side, into which he resolv'd to cast himself for his safety: He immediately put off his cloathes, and got into the deepest of the water, where he might hold out longest, for he was one of the best Divers in the world. The Constables being come to the Rivers side, found nothing but his cloathes, on which by chance a great black *Bird* was rooſted: They came nearer by little and little, and imagin'd, that he whom they came to take, as he was capable of doing all sort of mischief, so was he as well a Magician as a Thief, and that by his charms he had chang'd his first body into that of a Bird; for otherwise they could not conceive in what manner he should come to disappear. But the bird having expected them some time, and looking on them very fixtly, as if he had defy'd them, fled away when they were come within ten paces of it; and 'twas then in vain to think to shoot at it, or by running hither and thither, to get any tidings of it. They never could learn any thing of certain of it; so that they were forc'd to return into their City, for to tell the Judges, how that the Felon was metamorphos'd. Since that time, the Bird whereof he was thought to have taken the form, was from his name called *Raven*; and if that Bird be seen much about Gallows's, and places of Execution, to feed on carcases, people would say, that the Gods, the just punishers of crimes, did ordain, that notwithstanding the change of his nature, yet would he ever be about the place where he had deserv'd to end his life, and that he could not live but he must feed on those like him. As for the Thief, after he had continued some time in the water, he thought that those who sought after him were far enough, but coming to the shore, he found no cloathes; for one of the Officers had taken them away, both because there was no-

thing elſe to be gotten, as alſo that he might ſhew them all the world for a miracle. This wretch being ſtark naked, croſs'd the River; and when he was come to the other ſide, he kept himſelf cloſe in a Wood, where for ſome time he lived like a ſavage, and at length he betook himſelf to ſome Faggot-men that us'd there, and paſs'd over the reſt of his dayes unknown, being very glad whenever he heard any one ſay that he was not reckoned amongſt mankind.

The metamorphoſis which was imagin'd to have happen'd to him, was, to ſay truth, very excellent, and without any relation to the others; for there was no need of his cloaths to bring it about, and the *Greeks* believ'd that he put them off for his more eaſie transformation. On the contrary, *Lyſis*, *Ovid*, and the reſt of the *Poets* will not have the cloaths exempted from the metamorphoſis: If they change a man into any creature, whether his Breeches be of cloth or of ſatten, it muſt be deſign'd for hair or feathers; and if they transform an *Italian* woman into a Bird, the great ſleeves of her *Looſe-gown* would ſerve to make her wings; and as for a Southern woman with her little *Furr'd-cloak*, ſhe ſhould become a Winter-Crow. Were I ſo minded, I could thus find the original of many Metamorphoſes; but 'tis not to be conceiv'd there is any neceſſity of it. *Lyſis* is more then half converted: He muſt now ſhake hands with the error he hath been ſo long in, otherwiſe it is a great hazard he may ſome time or other die of hunger or thirſt: for he imagining that whatſoever he ſaw on the earth had ſometimes been men, he would not preſume ſo much as to drink water, leſt it might be blood; nor dare eat of any birds, or beaſts, or fruit, out of a fear he might be at the buttocks of ſome of his kinred.

Here *Clarimond* ended his diſcourſe: but that it was not ſhorter, was not *Lyſis*'s fault; for not being able to hear him talk after that manner, he was ready to interrupt him at every word, and had done it, had not the Shepherd *Philiris* impoſed ſilence on him as ſoon as he would have open'd his mouth. However in the end he anſwer'd as followeth. Stupid *Clarimond*! I am now at a loſs what eſteem I ſhould have of thee, ſince thou ſtill continueſt thy abuſing of ſacred myſteries, and canſt not credit things that are moſt true. Thou wilt not believe there can be any *Metamorphoſes*, and yet 'tis not long ſince thou ſaweſt me chang'd into a Tree, and beſides thou haſt heard the Hiſtories of the *Hamadryads* and *Fountain-Nymphs* of this Country who came to ſee me. Wilt thou deny this, whereof I have ſo good witneſſes? I tell you once more, that you were no more chang'd into a Tree then I was, ſince you put me to it ſo far, replies *Clarimond*. Cannot *Carmelin* give thee the lye? anſwers *Lyſis*. I beſeech you bring not me into your conteſtations, ſays *Carmelin*, I am too peaceable a man. *Fontenay*, do you maintain to *Clarimond*, ſays *Lyſis*, that I was chang'd into a Tree; and bear witneſs of it alſo to *Philiris* and the reſt lately come hither, that they may not take me for an Impoſtor. I know nothing of that buſineſs but by the relation I had of it, replies *Fontenay*; I was not in this Country when this adventure happened, I was gone to a little Town whence I returned but yeſterday. But I muſt tell you by the way, that there are many that hold the *Metamorphoſes* for *fictions*, and do not believe there are any *Divinities* in the *woods* or *waters*. For my part, I have ſometime believed that there were, and now I know not whether I ought to continue in the ſame opinion. But more particularly I was not perſwaded of any thing ſo much, as that there were *Nayads*: And if you pleaſe, I'll tell you for what reaſon I was poſſeſs'd with that imagination. I ſhall hearken to you very willingly, replies *Lyſis*: Poſſibly there may be ſomwhat in this ſtory may touch the minds of theſe infidels. Nay then, ſays *Fontenay*, I will double your ſatisfaction; for together with it you ſhall have the reſt of my life. That's it *I* deſire, ſayes *Lyſis*, and *I* ſee every one prepares himſelf to hear.

The Hiſtory of *Fontenay*.

" YOU are then to know, dear Company! ſays *Fontenay*, That the Sun had
" not fourteen times meaſur'd the compaſs of the Zodiack after *I* was born,
" when in the moſt intenſe heat of the Summer there ſeiz'd on me a deſire
" to waſh my ſelf in the River *Marne*, which was within a league of my houſe.
" *I* would needs one evening make experience of that pleaſure *I* had before never
" taſted: but in ſtead of being refreſh'd and cool'd, *I* was the more enflam'd. *I*
" was no ſooner gotten up to the reins in the water, but *I* perceiv'd a Maid who
" was alſo waſhing herſelf; and being deſirous to embrace her, ſhe got away ſud-
" denly into an iſle where ſhe hid herſelf, ſo that *I* could find her no more.
" *I* had ſo much fear to be drowned, that *I* durſt not advance ſo far; ſo that this
" loſs was a great affliction to me. *I* look'd all about to ſee for ſome Boat where
" the fair one might haply have got in, but there was none; or if there were, it
" muſt be the other ſide of the iſle. That made me believe that ſhe *I* had
" ſeen was no mortal creature; and calling to mind the different *Divinities* where-
" of *I* heard my Preceptors talk, *I* imagin'd it was a *Nayad*, ſince ſhe ſeem'd to me
" to ſwim as well as any Fiſh. Now though *I* had not obſerved the features of her
" countenance, yet was *I* eaſily induc'd to conceive that ſhe was extreamly fair;
" and that kindled in my heart a paſſion, which *I* thought ſhould never be extin-
" guiſh'd. When *I* had put on my cloaths again, all my comfort was to lie down
" on the Rivers ſide, and to ſhed abundance of tears to encreaſe the waters of my
" Nymph. The Stars were now ready to fall on the other Hemiſphere, and Night
" by little and little drew her curtains wherewith ſhe had hidden the face of heaven,
" when it came into my mind that there liv'd neer this place a *Magician* of whom
" *I* might hope ſome aſſiſtance, if it were poſſible *I* could receive any. All the
" Shepherds in our quarters or neer us, were charg'd to look to their ſheep when
" they ſhould caſt their lambs, for to fley them and bring their skins to him to make
" *virgin-parchment*: the Midwives alſo were in like manner very careful to preſerve
" thoſe thin Cawls wherewith there are ſome children born: The Falconers, who
" made in other Countries all Birds their game, durſt meddle with nothing but
" Dormice and ſome other unlucky birds; and all this for to provide materials for
" the enchantments of *Zenocritus*, that was the name of this Magician. *I* heard ſay
" that he would pull the Gods out of their thrones, and that he broke open hell-
" gates, and that he ſent back Rivers to the ſources, to the great aſtoniſhment of
" their banks. Beſides it was reported, that all the riches he had in the world was
" an Angel in gold; but that it was ſo enchanted, that when he had given it a
" Tradeſman for ſome commodity, it ever came back again into his purſe, a place
" it ſeems it affected better then any where elſe. 'Twas alſo believ'd for certain,
" that if he took a gimlet and pierc'd one of the Poſts of a Table, he would make
" wine come forth; and if they went afterwards into the Merchants Cellar, they
" found the Pipe which had loſt it, for he by his magick would cauſe the wine to be
" tranſported to his houſe. For what concerns the curing of diſeaſes, in that point
" he defied all Phyſicians; and whenever he cured any of his friends, he tranſ-
" planted the diſeaſes into his enemies, that ſo he might not entrench upon Fate,
" whoſe ordinance it was there ſhould ever be ſomebody ſick. 'Tis true, *I* was not
" deſirous to be fully cured of my diſeaſe; *I* took ſuch delight in it, that *I* was
" content only to be a little eas'd. *I* went therefore and knock'd at this Magicians
" door before day; and he, who was already at his ſtudy, came preſently to the
" door. It was an old man whoſe beard was of ſuch a length, that beſides that part
" he had left in the middle, he had twiſted what was on both ſides, and it ſerved
" him for a girdle. That was a thing ſtrange enough to ſee: but *I* was much more
" amaz'd when *I* obſerv'd that he had ſo many wrinkles on his face, whereof ſome

were

" were in direct lines, and others in oblique, that they seem'd as so many magical
" characters that time had drawn there, to make him master of life and death.
" Assoon as he had bidden me good morrow, I shook as a reed on the brink of a
" lake, at the sound of his whizzing voice, which seem'd to issue out of hell through
" some abyss. But at length he spoke more mildly to me, and restor'd me, bidding
" me not fear at all, because I was so much in favour with heaven, that I should find
" the assistance I look'd for; and that he well saw that what I ailed was nothing
" more then ordinary to Youth, that is to say, the disease of Love, for which he
" was stor'd with all sorts of remedies. How well have you already guess'd! an-
" swer'd I: 'Tis true, I am in Love, but 'tis not with a mortal creature, but a
" *Nayad* I saw yesterday in the River, but cannot since recover the sight of, though
" I waited till now: Do me but the favour that I may see her once more before I
" die, and I shall so recompence you, that you will rest as well satisfied as I.
" *Zenocritus* promis'd me to do what I desired; and having brought me into a dark
" chamber, he put off my cloaths, and put them on again, mumbling over certain
" barbarous words. Thence he led me into his Court; where when he had made a
" circle, and lighted three candles about it, he cast a vail over my head, and read a
" while in his Conjuring-book. This done, he took me by the hand, and made me
" go a great way vail'd as I was; then having made me kneel, he took the vail off
" my head, and told me I was where I desired to be, and that it was in my power to
" remain two hours before my Mistress. Upon that he left me, as being unwilling
" to be a witness of my amorous thefts: But the enchantments pass'd had made
" me so stupid, that it was a good while ere I remembred me that I was on the
" *Marne* side. As I cast my sight on the waters, which were very clear there-
" abouts, I saw in them a Nymph, the fairest could be imagin'd: she had on her
" head a dressing of cloth of silver, with small purl-work, and a blew gown. I pre-
" sently conceiv'd it was my *Nayad*, and that I should make use of the opportunity
" to gain her favours, since the charms of *Zenocritus* had come to so good effect.
" Fair *Nayad!* said I to her in an extreme transportation: *I* confess modesty ob-
" liges you to appear so clad to the eys of men; yet *I* must tell you, *I* would rather
" have seen you naked, as *I* did last night; for it being now broad day, *I* should
" have been incredibly satisfied in considering you all over: Since the honour of
" beauty consists in nothing so much as to be seen, why are you so carefull to hide
" your self? Thus did *I* entertain her, thinking she would speak to me: but she
" answer'd me not at all, and was only content to look on me with languishing
" eyes. *I* perceiv'd her lips move, but her voice reach'd not my ears, so that *I*
" thought it might be the water hinder'd it. That made me say to her, Come out
" of the water, my fair Sun! behold the great Sun of the world comes out too:
" Come and enlighten our earth, where all men shall adore you: Come give me
" your hand, that *I* may help you to get out. In so saying *I* kiss'd my right hand
" and presented it to her: At the same time she kiss'd her left hand and presented
" it to me, as if she had been desirous to come to me; but though my fingers
" seem'd to be very neer hers, yet could I not touch them: which making me half
" desperate, I fell to beating my breast. The Nymph did the like for to sympathize
" with my grief; whereat I was so troubled, that it set me a weeping, and me-
" thought she wept too. You suffer too much, said I then; 'tis necessary I come
" to you, my fair one, since you cannot come to me. And in saying so I cast my
" self into the water, which being shallow, I was not so high as my middle: but
" there being nothing but sand and gravel whereever I laid my hands, I came out
" again presently; looking afterward into the water, which was all muddy, I could
" see my *Nayad* no more: whose loss I so much regretted, that I laid me along on
" the ground as if I had been ready to die. At length my grief being somewhat
" abated, and my mind not being taken up with viewing the waters, I look'd ore
" my self. O Gods! shall I tell all! I perceiv'd that I had womans cloaths on, and
" having put my hand on my head, found I had a dressing on like that of the *Nay-*
" *ads*. By that I discover'd the cheat of *Zenocritus*'s enchantments, and I had

" reaſon to doubt that the face I had ſo much admir'd was my own, which being
" diſguis'd I had miſtaken. Thereupon I return'd to the river, leſs ſad then be-
" fore; and there perceiving the ſame figure, I ſpoke thus, There's none but will
" confeſs that this face is handſome; and for my own part, I ſhould think my ſelf
" happy, could I finde a Wench that had one ſo fair. I would to God it were ſo!
" But why do I deſire it, is there any thing more pleaſant then to be Miſtreſs and
" Servant together? I ſhall when I pleaſe, ſee the beauty which hath ſurpriſed me.
" If I ſigh, it will ſigh too; if I laugh, it will laugh alſo; if I deſire any favour,
" it will be as ſoon obtain'd as deſired; if I give my Nymph any thing, there will
" be nothing at all loſt, for I ſhall give all to my ſelf; if I beſtow my endeavors
" to preſerve her, I ſhall preſerve my ſelf with her. I ſhall not fear ſhe will betray
" me, for ſhe will never be guilty of any thoughts which I ſhall not know, and
" jealouſie, which poſſeſſes ſo many Lovers, will exerciſe no tyranny over me. I
" ſee many others much troubled that they have Rivals; but for me to have any,
" I ſhall account it a huge pleaſure: ſo nothing being able to bring me any diſcon-
" tent in my love, I ſhall ever live fully ſatisfied. And if it be objected, that I
" tranſgreſs the ordinary Laws of men, I will ſay, that the faireſt bird of natures
" making, which is the Phœnix, is content to love himſelf, and ſeeks no further
" object for his affection. After this diſcourſe, I paus'd a good while, and as I
" was buſied in viewing my own fair countenance, *Zenocritus* comes and askes me,
" Whether I had not ſufficiently ſeen my Miſtreſs? and if I would not return to his
" houſe? I am fully ſatisfied as to her ſight, ſaid I to him; but I would alſo have
" been glad to have heard her ſpeak, I have not yet been able to make her break
" her ſilence. Ask her ſomewhat, ſaies he, no doubt but ſhe'll anſwer you. I
" had the curioſity to try his skill; ſo turning towards the water, Fair Nymph,
" ſaid I, may I be aſſur'd that you will have a memory for the moſt perfect Lover
" that lives? Then I heard a feeble voice, which ſeem'd to come from a league
" off me; which ſaid to me, Aſſure thy ſelf, that the ſame arrow as hath wound-
" ed thy heart, hath wounded mine alſo. I was ſo aſtoniſh'd at this, that I became
" as inſenſible as a ſtock. *Zenocritus* put the vail again over my head, and aſſuring
" me that his charm was at an end, he led me back to his houſe, I not ſaying any
" thing in the world to him. I could not come certainly to know, whether it were
" a Nymph I had ſeen, or my own repreſentation only; the cloathes I had on
" made me ſuſpect the cheat, but withal, the voyce I had heard made me believe
" there might be ſomewhat more in it. Being in the dark chamber of *Zenocritus*,
" he took off my maids cloathes, and put on mans; but though I perceiv'd all this,
" yet had I not the courage to accuſe him of impoſture. My comfort was, that
" however, he had given me ſome ſatisfaction, by teaching me the invention of
" loving my ſelf; ſo that as I parted from his houſe, to return to my own, I gave
" him a Diamond for his recompence. The very ſame day, *I* ſpoke of him to a
" Gentleman, a friend of mine, who aſſur'd me he was the greateſt cheat in the
" world; and among other ſubtil tricks, he had that of making a voyce proceed from
" the bottom of his ſtomack, having his mouth ſhut, as if it had been another per-
" ſon at ſome diſtance from him had ſpoken, and that by this means he had abus'd
" many, anſwering them to what they deſir'd, as if he had been a ſpirit, or ſome
" departed ſoul. *I* remembred, *I* had heard ſay, that in ancient time there were pro-
" pheteſſes, that ſpoke through the belly, ſo that I eaſily believ'd *Zenocritus*, had
" the ſame power. Yet thinking ever on the pleaſure he had done me, *I* would
" not wiſh him any hurt; and forgetting the imaginary beauty of the *Nayad*, which
" *I* had not clearly ſeen, *I* admir'd none but my own. *I* had at this time neither
" father nor mother, but liv'd at my own liberty. *I* caus'd womens cloathes to be
" made me, which *I* ordinarily wore, and being lockt up into my chamber, where
" there was a looking-glaſs four foot high, and three broad, *I* view'd my ſelf from
" head to foot: *I* was quite raviſh'd in that contemplation, though all my happi-
" neſs conſiſted in the ſuperficies of a glaſs; and *I* wiſh'd my eyes had been diſ-
" poſ'd into ſome other part then my face, that *I* might have view'd that in its na-

tural.

" tural. Yet my faithful ice repreſenting it to the life to me, *I* caus'd the *Idea* of " thoſe beauties to paſs into my heart where it was preſerv'd. And thus was *I* ſur- " pris'd by an extraordinary love; and if you have obſerv'd the adventure that " gave it its beginning, you will conclude, that he that firſt preſum'd to ſay there " were *Nayads*, had ſeen ſome that were ſuppris'd as *I* was.

That may very well be, ſaies *Philiris*, ſome Poet had had a glimpſe of a maid in a River, or elſe ſome Ideot ſeeing himſelf in the water, had believed his own image was another Nymph. As for your part, *I* believe your deſign was to renew the fable of *Narciſſus*, but yet you have done nothing ſo ſimply as he: if you knew not your ſelf, when you firſt beheld your ſelf; and if you took the figure you ſaw for a Nymph, 'twas becauſe you had chang'd your cloathes; but *Narciſſus*, who had no other then his ordinary cloathes, took his own repreſentation for ſome fair Goddeſs. If that were true, *I* ſhould ſay that the yong man were turned fool; but that being falſe, *I* muſt ſay that the Poet who invented it had no judgement: For put the caſe that Looking-glaſſes were not in uſe in the Country of *Narciſſus*, and that in his mothers houſe there were not neither skillets nor baſins, in the bottoms whereof he might have ſeen him ſelf; could he that was a Huntſ-man, and had much acquaintance with the fields, be without ever beholding himſelf in a Fountain? Had he lived to the age of ſixteen, and never met any? And if he had met with any (as it muſt be neceſſarily conceived) why ſhould he behold his own face as a new thing, and imagine there were a Nymph under the water? why had he not rather committed this ſimplicity at eight years of age? then it might have been excuſed. By this it is eaſie to ſee, that for to make the adventure probable, it ſhould have been accommodated like that of the Shepherd *Fontenay*.

I do not grant you that, replies *Lyſis*: for in the firſt place, *I* will not have any thing reformed as to what hath been anciently believed concerning *Narciſſus*; becauſe it may have hapned, that he loved himſelf after one manner, and *Fontenay* after another. The lives of all men are different, and conſequently their Hiſtories are ſo much the more delightful. As concerning the *Nayads*, though *Zenocrite* have deceived this gentle Shepherd, and hath made him ſee his own image in the water inſtead of a Nymph, it does not thence follow that there are none. The fair one he had ſeen the night before was one indeed, and *I* make no queſtion but he knew her well enough ſince: Wherefore let him continue his Hiſtory, and we ſhall ſee what were the end of his loves.

" *I* have acquainted you erewhiles, replies *Fontenay*, that it was in my infancy, " that *I* believed there were *Nayads*; however for the future *I* ſhall be of your opi- " nion, were it but for complyance-ſake with you: And to go on with my ſtory, *I* " am to tell you, that having accuſtomed my ſelf ſo long to dreſs my ſelf like a " maid, *I* never wore mans cloathes, but when *I* was forced to appear publikely; and " then alſo were they heavy on my back. As *I* was one time at my window, there " paſt by a Nobleman of the Country, called *Alcidamas*, who having perceived me, " thought me the greateſt Beauty he had ever ſeen; ſo that he fell furiouſly in love " with me, and came to my houſe with ſome fifty Bilbo-blades, for to carry me a- " way. My people, who were accuſtomed to ſee me diſguiſed, told him he was " much deceived if he thought to finde a maid there, and that there was not one in " all the houſe. He notwithſtanding came up into my Chamber, where *I* was then " ſo buſie at my glaſs, that he had embraced me before *I* perceived him. You " have ſufficiently conſulted your glaſs, my fair one, ſaid he, you have already ſo " many temptations, that you cannot adde any. Trouble not your ſelf to provide " arms to make new wounds, but heal thoſe you have already given.

" Upon this, four of his Lacquays took me away in ſpight of my teeth, and car- " ried me along with him into a coach. All the way I did nothing but weep; and " I remembred I complain'd in theſe terms: Muſt I be taken away, and the deareſt " friend I have, not brought with me? O faithfull witneſs of my Loves! muſt I

be

" be ever abſent from you? muſt I bid an eternal adieu to that fair Miſtreſs which " you made me always contemplate? 'Twas in you that I ſaw her, 'twas in you " that I alſo ſaw my ſelf. Methought I was wholly chang'd into you, and I alſo " thought that I comprehended you wholly in my ſelf; ſo were my thoughts fill'd " with you as their full object. I often repeated theſe words, ſpeaking of my glaſs: " but *Alcidamas*, to whom *I* did not explain them, could take them for nothing " but riddles. He ask'd me ſometimes what cauſe *I* had to complain, ſince *I* might " aſſure my ſelf *I* ſhould receive no hurt with him: yet *I* gave him no reaſon, but " cry'd out thus; Alas! *I* have loſt my Miſtreſs and my Servant together: My " face was ſeen in that of my Servant's, and in mine was alſo ſeen that of my Mi- " ſtreſs; but one moment hath ruined our reciprocal loves. *Alcidamas* hearing " this, thought that the indignation *I* took to be ſo raviſh'd away had made me " talk idly: And when he was come into his caſtle, he brought me to a Gentleman " whom he call'd his Brother, and pray'd him to endeavour to bring me to my ſelf " again. *I* had ſo little conſideration, that being removed from my glaſs, *I* believ'd " *I* was removed from my ſelf, though *I* carried myſelf well enough in all the places " where *I* went: But having caſt my eyes on *Iphis* his glaſs, *Alcidamas*'s brother, " *I* perceiv'd that indeed my face, which by reflection was an object to it ſelf, was " not abſent from that beauty which it ador'd. *I* was upon this ſo comforted, that " *I* ſmil'd, and with my eyes careſs'd my ordinary Miſtreſs, not thinking of *Iphis* " who very ſeriouſly ey'd me. This young Lad ſeemed to be as jovial and vo- " luptuous as his Brother; and it quite amaz'd me to ſee him caſt himſelf ſo amo- " rouſly about my neck, ſaying to me, You diſeſteem me too much, Fair one! to " prefer that Glaſs before me: Am not I as worthy your looks as it? If you " would ſee your ſelf, you may do it in my eyes. Though *Iphis* were very fair, " yet he ſeem'd not to me to come neer my Nymph, ſo that I ſtill thruſt him from " me, that he might not hinder me to look into his glaſs. When it was night, I " would needs behold myſelf in it by candlelight: but becauſe me to go to bed, and " when I thought him gone out of the chamber, he came and lay down by me, ſay- " ing to me as if he had known my thoughts, My fair one! though it were true " that you loved none but your ſelf, yet can you not hate me, becauſe it is you " that I love. I thought *Iphis* had reaſon; and having felt his breaſt, I found he " was a maid. Then without being mov'd at all, I received his kiſſes, as coming " from my Miſtreſſes friend. I did not think there was any hurt in that, as if I had " received the ſame careſſes from his brother, becauſe I thought my ſelf a maid as " well as he, and yet *I* made it ſoon appear to her that *I* was a man, or at leaſt an " Hermaphrodite. *I* ſhall not tell you whether ſhe was aſham'd of it or nō, for " the darkneſs hindered me to ſee if ſhe bluſh'd, but *I* dare tell you ſhe betrayed a " certain amazement by a mild complaint; yet ſhe turn'd all into gladneſs, and " had the confidence to tell me, that indeed ſuch a Lad as ſhe was required ſuch a " Maid as *I* was: She alſo confeſs'd to me, that though her Brother were a very " powerfull man, yet was there a certain Prince who had deſign'd the ſame violence " to her that *Alcidamas* exerciſed towards others; ſo that for fear to be ſtollen " away ſome time or other, either when ſhe were alone in the caſtle, or walking in " the fields, ſhe had thought it her beſt courſe to diſguiſe herſelf like a man. This " diſcourſe ended, ſhe conjur'd me to tell her the reaſon why I was clad like a wo- " man; but I made her believe that I would not reveal that ſecret. In the morning " we put on our falſe habits; and having beheld my ſelf a while in the glaſs, I was " in ſuch a good humour, that *I* went and walk'd into the Garden with *Iphis*: " *I* found a little door which opened into a field where a many cattel were feeding; " among the reſt *I* ſpy'd a Mare, on which as it had been in jeſt *I* got up; but hold- " ing by the mane inſtead of a bridle, and cloſing to her ſides, *I* made her make " ſuch ſpeed away, that *Iphis* ſoon loſt ſight of me. She went to the people at " home, to ſend them to overtake me; but they were not quick enough for me. " *I* know not whether ſhe were much troubled at the loſs of me, or if her Brother " his return were the more: But this *I* know, that *I* was never importun'd any

further

" further by them at my houſe, whither having retired as into a ſanctuary, *I* forti-
" fied my ſelf better then *I* was before. The affections *I* had for my ſelf *I* increaſed,
" and *I* practis'd all the inventions in the world to raiſe the greateſt pleaſure out of
" my ſolitude. *I* had ſome ſeven or eight Gowns of ſeveral fashions, which for
" my pleaſure *I* ever chang'd; and ſince *I* had ſuffered my hair to grow very long,
" I paſs'd away whole dayes in curling and friſling it, as having no need of Per-
" ruques. Sometimes being laid down on a green couch before my glaſs, I playd
" on the Lute, and ſung certain airs which I had compoſed in my own praiſe; and
" *I* was ſo paſſionate, that *I* imagined that the harmony proceeded from the fair
" Chantreſs *I* had ſeen, and not from me. *I* put on no other cloaths but womans;
" and my ſervants who would not contradict my delightfull humours, call'd me
" rather Madam then my Lord. The neighbours who heard no more talk of *Fon-*
" *tenay*, thought him dead, or gone to travel; and as for the fair Lady which re-
" mained in his houſe, ſhe was thought to be his Siſter. When I look'd out at the
" window, there would ever be ſome Gentleman paſſing by, whoſe buſineſs was to
" ſee me, ſo great was the fame of my beauty; nay there were ſome who would
" needs demand me in marriage. Now once above all there came to my houſe a
" young Lady, who told my people that ſhe muſt needs ſee me. *I* did not at that
" time appear much at the window; ſo that ſhe could not ſee me but in my cham-
" ber; a thing *I* ſhould hardly permit; for *I* was afraid it might be ſome man diſ-
" guiſed who came to raviſh me; or elſe ſome woman, who knowing *I* were a man
" came to enſnare me into Love. She was a good while at the door deſiring me to
" open; but *I* would not do it before ſhe had declared to me her deſign. Know
" then, fair and ſolitary Nymph! ſays ſhe to me, that *I* am called *Theodora*; and
" that all the world having acknowledged that my beauty was incomparable, *I* have
" been ſo vain as to have believ'd it till now: Yet the common report having
" taught me that thou hadſt an admirable beauty, *I* ſhall never be at reſt till *I* have
" ſeen whether thou art fairer then a many other whom *I* have excelled. *I* who
" conceived my face the handſomeſt in the world, and believ'd it concerned the re-
" putation of my Miſtreſs not to ſuffer the preſumption of *Theodora* who thought
" herſelf incomparable, *I* promiſed her entrance on condition ſhe ſwore not to ſtay
" with me above a quarter of an houre. When ſhe had taken her oath, *I* opened
" the door: But O ye Gods! what miracles did *I* find in her? ſhe had ſo many
" attractions, that *I* was even dazled with them, and began to tremble out of aſto-
" niſhment, acknowledging *I* had nothing worth the comparing with her. How-
" ever finding in my heart a little obſtinacie, *I* thought it was becauſe *I* remembred
" not my own beauty; and ſo preſently *I* addreſs'd my ſelf to my glaſs: But alas!
" what inequality did *I* find? For beſides that *Theodora's* face was fairer then mine,
" her breaſt was uncovered, where the two Bowls, whiter then Alabaſter, were
" without any thing elſe able to make me periſh, conſidering *I* was not furniſhed
" with any ſuch beauty. That gave me ſuch an aſſault, that *I* kneel'd down before
" *Theodora*, and ſaid to her, Fair Goddeſs! aſſure your ſelf that this day you have
" overcome the proudeſt creature in the world. She preſently lifted me up; and
" believing ſhe were indeed ſomwhat above, ſhe began very inſolently to relate
" how many other triumphs ſhe had already made. Then ſhe made me look on an
" ancient woman ſhe had brought with her, who was to teſtifie to all the world
" that *I* was not ſo fair as her Miſtreſs. After this ſhe left me, though *I* entreated
" her to ſtay with me that day; for ſhe ſaid ſhe would not break her oath. So was
" I ſoon deprived of her amiable ſight through my own fault: but her Idæa re-
" mained ſo engraven in my mind, that I would never any more behold my own
" face in the glaſs. I forgot my ſelf for her ſake; and being weary to be the Lover
" and the thing loved both together, I reſolved to be paſſionate for ſomething
" that were more ſenſible then a ſhadow. Thereupon curſing the Glaſs which had
" enchanted me ſo long, I took a ſtick and brake it into more peeces then times
" I had look'd in it; I burn'd all my womans cloaths, repreſenting to my ſelf, that
" to be loved by *Theodora*, *I* muſt appear as a man. And to ſay true, this change of

humour

" humour fell out very ſeaſonably; for I could not long diſſemble my ſexe, ſince
" my cheeks began to be hairy, and that it was no ſmall trouble every morning to
" get it off. It was ſo long ſince I had gone like a man, that I had much ado to
" bring my ſelf to it again: yet I quitted my ſolitude, and ſhewed my ſelf to all the
" world; ſo that then all the talk was of *Fontenay*, and that it was not known what
" was become of his Siſter. My firſt viſits were to *Theodora*, with whom my buſi-
" neſs was *Love*: but I found her ſo cruel, that I imagin'd ſhe were not to be
" wrought to compliance by any natural remedies. I went therefore to *Zenocritus*,
" whoſe reputation was much encreas'd; and having diſcovered my paſſion to him,
" he promis'd me more effectual aſſiſtance then when I loved the *Nayad*, by how
" much it was eaſier to gain a humane creature then a divine. His cajolling and
" fair tales enchanted me more then his charms; and ſuch a confidence did I place
" in him, that I never dreamt any thing which I did not relate to him, for to have
" the interpretation of it: I ſaw no birds in the air, but I gave him the number of
" them; and made him a regiſter of all my thoughts and actions, that he might
" thence make his preſages. If *I* were to return to *Theodora's*, he lookd ore certain
" books, and caſt certain lots to ſee if the day were fortunnate for me. Notwith-
" ſtanding all this, there was no great appearance that my affairs were any thing
" advanced, and *I* fed my ſelf with nothing but hope. So that calling to mind that
" *I* had a Couſin in theſe quarters who was thought a very able man in Magick, *I*
" reſolved to come and ſee him, and renew that kinred and acquaintance with him
" which my father had neglected. *I* viſited *Hircan*, to whom *I* have related all
" my fortunes. He adviſed me henceforward to beware the impoſtures of *Zenocri-*
" *tus*; and he, who is acquainted with the true and ſound doctrine, gave me an
" herb that made *Theodora* love me, if whenever *I* was to ſpeak to her *I* put it into
" my mouth. To be withall reveng'd of my falſe Magician, and pay him in his own
" coin, by the advice of my dear Kinſman *I* preſented him with a pleaſant little
" Book which treated of the means to find *Treaſures*. He was content with that
" recompence; and leſt *I* might pretend to part of his riches, he is gone out of
" this Province to practiſe his vain ſecrets, which he conceived were above my un-
" derſtanding. *I* have ſince married *Theodora*, to the ſatisfaction of all that knew
" us, who rejoyc'd to ſee the Fair married to the Fair; and we have hitherto liv'd a
" very comfortable life together: And that *I* have now left this dear Spouſe, it hath
" been for ſome buſineſs of very great conſequence which *I* have with my learned
" Couſin. As to what concerns *Charite*, of whom *I* boaſted *I* was belov'd in the
" preſence of her faithfull Lover, he hath no reaſon to be any way jealous; for
" what *I* ſpoke then, was out of error and vanity: *I* believe *Lyſis* perceiv'd it ſo,
" and took it no otherwiſe; and now that we were made friends yeſterday, he will
" not bear me any ill will henceforward.

Here *Fontenay* made an end of his ſtory, which he had related with much difficulty, many times recalling what he had ſaid, as if he had taken a great deal of pains to lye. *Clarimond*, who laught ever and anon, There's an end it ſeems of your Legend, ſays he to him, in good time: *I* never heard any thing more impertinent; and you have only made it appear to us, that you were ſometimes this greateſt Hypocondriack, and the moſt melancholick Fool that ever trod the earth.

Abuſive *Clarimond*, replies *Lyſis*, wilt thou never give over affronting honeſt people? Art thou not to blame to cenſure this Shepherd for loving himſelf, ſince it is well known, that in his youth he was of an excellent beauty: and that *I* my ſelf being clad like a maid at *Orontes's*, was enamour'd of my ſelf. I could not but ſhed tears at the relation of his adventure, ſo was I mov'd with it. There is but one thing troubles me: whereas he lay with *Iphis* who was diſguis'd like a man, *I* ſhould have wiſhed with all my heart, that to make his hiſtory the more perfect, his *Theodora* had been ſo diſguis'd, and that their friends ſeeing them equal in Beauty and Riches had deſired to match them together. *Fontenay* taking *Theodora* for a man, would have abhorr'd ſuch a marriage, and *Theodora* taking *Fontenay* for a maid,

would

would not have been joyned to her, fearing ſhe might never receive any ſatisfaction thereby. Their plaints would have been reciprocal, and yet being diſpos'd into the nuptial bed they would have found that they had wherewith to pleaſe one another, and there was no more to be done the next morning to put all things in order, then for them to exchange cloathes. *Theodora* taking thoſe of *Fontenay*; and *Fontenay* thoſe of *Theodora*. That had gone beyond the Metamorphoſis of *Iphis*, the huſband of *Iantha*. This conſideration is excellent, ſaies *Fontenay*; but lets not think any more on it, ſince what is done cannot be undone. As to the inſolence of *Clarimond*, let us bear with it, as proceeding from a ſpirit of contradiction, which can hear nothing and be pleas'd with it. *I* ſhould be very glad if *Philiris* would alſo take the pains to give us his hiſtory, to ſee if haply there will not be ſo much to carp at. Let him then vouchſafe us that diverſion, ſaies *Lyſis*; *I* conjure him to do it by the eyes of his Miſtreſs. *I* am very tender, as to the refuſing of any thing whereto *I* am preſs'd with ſo much civility, replies *Philiris*; prepare therefore your ears, and you ſhall hear what yeſterday it was my deſire to acquaint you with. While *Philiris* ſaid this, *Lyſis* riſes out of his place, and ſeated himſelf on the other ſide. What would you do, ſaies *Fontenay* to him, do you finde the ground too hard in your former place? or do you think it any ſofter here? There is in this a ſecret, and that no ſmall one, replies the *Shepherd*, *I* ſhould much wonder if you could but conceive what it might be before *I* ſhould tell you: my thoughts are not ſo common, yet *I* will diſcover it, to let you know that ſuch a *Lover* as *I* cannot conceive any thing, but what is rare and excellent. You are then to know, that in the place where *I* ſate before, my back was towards *Orontes* his Caſtle, where is the reſidence of *Charite*; and that was a thing quite contrary to the rules of all civility: And that is the reaſon why *I* have planted my ſelf here, where I think my ſelf ſo well ſituated, that *I* fixtly behold the aboad of my felicity. Had *I* all the mathematical inſtruments in the world, *I* could not place my ſelf better. And that *I* perceive already; for *I* finde the air more delicate here then there; and methinks the *Zephir* brings with it ſometimes a perfum'd ſent, which it took up from the breath of my Miſtreſs. *I* will henceforth turn towards her with as much pertinacy as the Load-ſtone does to the North: Whether *I* be a bed, or at table, or be in a ſhip, or in a Coach, *I* will ever obſerve that. The deſign is noble, ſaies *Philiris*; but there is one thing *I* ſtumble at, and that is when you are far from your *Charite*, ſhe may go from one place to another, and turn her back towards you; ſo that you will be deceiv'd, and you will look towards a place where ſhe is not, and yon never know it. However, *I* believe your good intention will be much conſidered. There's more then ſo in it, ſaies *Lyſis*; do you not ſee that *I* cannot poſſibly be miſtaken, ſince *I* ſhall know by the wind in what quarter my Miſtreſs is. That indeed is a reaſon that ſalves all, replies *Philiris*; its time to diſmiſs this diſcourſe, if you deſire the relation of my amorous adventures. Let the brave Shepherd begin when he will, ſaies *Lyſis*, *I* ſhall not be he will interrupt him. Thereupon *Philiris* related his ſtory in this manner.

The *HISTORY* of *PHILIRIS*.

A Little Village in Burgundy was the place of my birth (ſaies this Shepherd) there my Father and Mother live yet, being perſons more remarkable for their vertues then their wealth: Yet did they beſtow the greateſt part of what little means they had, to bring me up with children of greater houſes, and it was not their fault, if the good endowments I had acquir'd, did not commend me to the attendance of great ones: But while I was at *Paris*, though I wanted buſineſs to look about, yet did I make it my greateſt employment to go wooing up and down. I was the moſt unconſtant thing that ever was known; for when ever I went to give one Laſs a viſit, whom I had choſen for my Miſtreſs, I ſtill went through ſome ſtreet, where I ſhould ſee another by the way, leſt I might have loſt my labour. If I had made verſes for the firſt, I endeavored to ſtart out the ſame occaſion for to preſent them to the ſecond; and as I once had made a ſong in commendation of a brown Laſs, if I had chanc'd afterward to be acquainted with any more of the ſame complexion, I preſented them with it as if it had been particularly made for any of them: So that there were a many finely mump'd, when being in a mask, they confidently gave one another that ſong. I loved the white and the brown, the fat and the ſlender, the great and the little; and when I ſaw one *I* never thought of any of the reſt, and for that time I thought that ſhe were the moſt deſirable: But when I was far from them all, my affection I left as a booty among them, and ſhe that came firſt into my thoughts, had the beſt ſhare of the pillage. The dreſſings and faſhions of cloathes made me ſet a higher eſteem on the beauties; and if I had loved a little wench, while ſhe wore a coif, I was ſometimes more taken with her when ſhe was in her hood. There were ſome Ladies could raiſe no paſſions in me but when they were mask'd; and others, for whom I never ſighed, but when I had a full view of them: of ſome, I affected nothing but the breaſt; of others, only their eyes; of ſome their ſtature and their necks; ſo that to ſatisfie me fully, I muſt have had all thoſe parts taken and compos'd into a Beauty, *à la mode*. The faſhion and the colour of the cloathes of my Miſtreſſes had a certain grace and inſinuation, which another, then my ſelf was not capable to diſcover. The light flaxen hair with a black velvet dreſs, and carnation fancies on the confines of an abſolute white complexion, had ſuch a luſtre, that I am ſtill ſo charm'd with the very remembrance of it, that I can only tell you that I cannot deſcribe it; yet was I in love with all theſe, as if they had been eſſential dependances of the body. When your little girls quitted their cawls and colour'd gowns, for dreſſings and black gowns, my imagination ran on thoſe flowers which grow up by ſittle and little, and when of tender buds they come to be full-blown in their pride, ſometimes change their former colours. But all theſe ſeveral imaginations not onely decreas'd, but vaniſhed when I returned into my Country, where I found a beauty ſo rare, that it ſoon made me change all my inconſtancy into fidelity. Yet had *I* never any thoughts for the raiſing of my fortune; for I was more taken with a *Shepherds innocency*, then any *Court ambitition*; and I thought my ſelf happy to live in ſuch a Country as my own, where *Juſtice*, when ſhe left the earth, had left her laſt footſteps: ſo that the profeſſors of vertue come thither daily to find out her treadings, that they might follow her. This happened, while I walk'd in a Town that was near our Village, where I eſpied at the door a yong *Shepherdeſs*, whoſe attractions were ſuch as raviſh'd away my heart, and robb'd me of my Liberty. My greateſt misfortune was, that I knew not a thing which was ſo well known to me; that is to ſay, I kenw not who that fair one was, though I always ſaw her both preſent and abſent; but at length, after much enquiry, a

Shepherd,

" Shepherd, a friend of mine, called *Valerius*, acquainted me who her friends were;
" and that as for her, ſhe was called *Baſilia*, a name that ſhall eternally remain en-
" graven in my minde. O Heaven! how joyfull am I to know it, and to be ſo hap-
" py as to name the cauſe of my love, that I may accuſe it before the throne of God,
" for all the miſchief it hath done me. What explications did I not invent for this
" name? and what Anagrams did I not endeavor to finde out on it? is there any
" Criticiſm in language which I have not appropriated to it? When I try'd a pen,
" I thought I committed a crime, if I writ any thing but the word *Baſilia*: ſo that
" all my papers are fill'd with it. And if ſometimes I writ and heeded not my hand,
" it would never make any other Letters then thoſe that make up that ſweet name,
" ſo was I accuſtom'd to it. It is not to be asked, if I put it into all the verſes I
" made, and that I thought it added harmony to their cadences; though I may
" ſafely ſay, that they were otherwiſe charming enough, to move any barbarous
" heart; and that Love had taught me more in fifteen days, then the moſt learned
" Profeſſors in the world had done in eight or nine years. *Valerius* alſo thought
" my verſes ſo good, that he learn'd them by heart: and yet he endeavored to di-
" vert me from my love by this diſcourſe; Can it be poſſible, that you who are
" rank'd among the greateſt wits in *France* (ſaies he to me) ſhould ſtoop before a
" little Shepherdeſs, that hath yet ſcarce forgotten her Play-games? when you
" have preſented her with your verſes, do you think ſhe can diſtinguiſh them from
" the Ballad-Ribaldry, which your Ploughmen ſing when they go to work? ſhe'll
" ſhew them to all her companions, and will tell them without any diſcretion, it
" was you made them. I pray God ſhe may not give them the firſt that deſires
" them, as if it were a thing as well made for others as her. Ah! *Valerius*, anſwer-
" ed I, how malicious are you, to ſpeak in this manner? Do you not conſider, that
" *Baſilia* will ſhortly be of age, and arrive to prudence and judgement? and have
" you not told me divers times, that ſhe had already no ordinary underſtanding?
" Now know, that though her words and actions had nothing in them but infancy,
" I ſhould not give over to ſerve her. You cannot believe what pleaſure I ſhall think
" it to talk with her of love innocently, and to have the honor to be the firſt ſhall
" teach her what it is to have fires in the ſoul, and wounds in the heart. *Valerius*
" confeſt then, that he had commended *Baſilia* to me, and that ſhe deſerved it;
" but that he wiſhed ſhe were not ſo exquiſite, that I might not ſeem enchanted
" with a Love, which in his opinion promiſed me nothing but affliction. I prayed
" the Gods they would make him a falſe Prophet, and diſcours'd on with him on
" the ſame ſubject, not indeed being able to take any other. He told me, that five
" or ſix days before I had ſeen *Baſilia* firſt, ſhe was in mourning for her mother,
" and that ſhe was very handſome in a black gown. I cannot tell you the grief that
" I have ever ſince felt, that I ſaw her not in that mourning. O ye mighty Gods!
" why have you not ſuffer'd me to know her ſooner? Had I ſeen her in her
" infancy, I ſhould have lov'd her ſo well as I do now, and by that means having
" the opportunity to ſerve her more then I have, ſhe would have been the more
" oblig'd to me. What a diverſity of thoughts came into my minde, whenever I
" ſaw a picture of hers, that was drawn when ſhe was about ſix or ſeven years old.
" O heaven! ſaid I, one time, why did I not know this pretty Minikin, when I
" my ſelf was but eleven or twelve? even then ſhould I have ſighed for her, and have
" left the company of all other children for hers. How glad ſhould I have been to
" play with her! I would have help'd her to dreſs her babies, and would have ſold my
" books, but I would have every day brought her ſome plums or ſweet-meats. I have
" had a world of other infantine and ſimple thoughts, which witneſs my paſſion:
" and becauſe there was at my fathers houſe my own picture, taken when I was little,
" I have often wiſh'd to ſee them hang'd cloſe to one another, as if they were marri-
" ed together. Methinks two ſuch Children had made a fine couple; but I muſt pro-
" feſs to you, that I wiſh rather the originals were joyn'd then the pictures, if all may
" not be done together. But now I think on't, I vow to you, 'twere one of my great-
" eſt pleaſures to have *Baſilia* pictur'd in all ages; for her beauty at ſix years old, is

" not the ſame at twelve; and that at twelve, not the ſame at ſixteen. When " ſhe was little, her hair was flaxen, now 'tis brown: yet hath ſhe always been " look'd on as the wonder of the age; and though her perfections have been gra- " dually different, yet her attractions and allurements have been ever the ſame. I " very well remember the firſt time I ſaw her, her breaſts appear'd not in their full " beauty, and that thoſe vermilion buds which grow there, have been ſince rais'd " to their pomp, as being to be rais'd on two mountains, which they ſhould com- " mand; But however it be, I cannot but ſtill be of opinion, that ſhe could not " appear fairer then on that fortunate day ſhe made me her captive. Yet can " I not be rid of a fantatical curioſity, to have her painted in all the dreſſes " and faſhions that ever ſhe wore, and I think it would much pleaſe me, had " I but her countenance drawn when ſhe minded to be ſerious, or elſe when ſhe " laught, the time I firſt knew her. But though I might obtain all this, I " doubt not but I ſhould finde the occaſions of other wiſhes, ſo hard is it to ſatis- " fie the humors of an amorous perſon. But for want of all this, I was content " and glad to have a picture of *Baſilia*, ſuch as could be had; and out of confi- " dence on my own imagination I went to a Painter that knew her not; I bid him " draw me the picture of a maid, that had the face ſomewhat long, her eyes and " hair brown, her cheeks not over-colour'd; ſo I gave him inſtructions for all the " parts, and yet he made above twenty draughts, and hit not right in any one. The " next day therefore I went into a place whence I might ſee *Baſilia* at eaſe; and af- " ter I had well conſidered all the Lineaments of her face, I took a large note there- " of, for to give it the Painter, who yet ſatisfied me not, though he went accord- " ing to my directions. At length he began to be angry, and told me, he knew " not why I ſhould put him to ſo much trouble; and it were better I would carry " him into ſome place whence he might ſee my Miſtreſs, and that it was in vain for " me to keep him from knowing her, ſince that if he once drew her well, he might " eaſily call to minde the face ſhould be like that which he had taken. Beſides, he " repreſented to me, how that I ought not doubt of his fidelity; and if I freely nam'd " her to him, he would keep it more ſecret then if I conceal'd it, and he come to " know it afterwards; becauſe thoſe that are too diſtruſtful, ſeem to grant others " liberty to deceive them. Theſe reaſons I thought very pertinent, and baniſhing " all fear, I ingenuouſly told my Painter, that I could not bring him to my Mi- " ſtreſſes houſe, becauſe to ſpeak truth, I had no entrance thither my ſelf; but " that there was one expedient, which was to go to the Church, where ſhe ſome- " times ſtaid very long: So I brought him preſently thither, to ſhew him her place. " He ſaw *Baſilia* that very day, and brought me a rough draught of her, which " indeed had ſomewhat of her air. I met him the next day, coming from Church " running, but he made a ſign to me with his hand, that I ſhould not advance, not " ſo much as looking on me, becauſe he had juſt then ſeen my Miſtreſs, and was a- " fraid to loſe her perfect Idea, before he had taken a draught of it. I had lent " him ſome Love ſtories, to put him into a good humour, and to make him go " through his work more chearfully. I alſo went often to diſcourſe with him, but " I put him to a deal of trouble; for I never thought the picture fair enough. " At laſt he came ſo near it, that I was forc'd to cry out, There's *Baſilia*, ſhould " I deny it! methinks this picture ſhould ſpeak to convince me! After that time, " I comforted my ſelf with that picture; and when I was weary of viewing it, I " muſt needs go to ſee *Baſilia* in the Church. When I went in, I directed my ſight " to that part where ſhe was; and when I came out, I could not refrain turning my " head for to ſee her. *Baſilia* fear'd not the aſſault of an amorous look, as do ſome " maids, who caſt down their eyes when they perceive they are look'd on. She di- " rected her ſight the more fix'dly towards me; and moſt commonly, being ſur- " pris'd, I ſeem'd to be the more baſhful, and drew aſide my eyes from her, till " ſhe look'd off me: Ah fair eyes! what know I whether you did this through " confidence or innocency? but what I pray could my ſoul think to find you ſo con- " fident to commit murthers in ſuch tender age? yet was there a neceſſity to take

all

" all patiently; and it was a far greater cruelty, when *Baſilia* turn'd her back to me, " or kneel'd down to read. I often ſaid to her within my ſelf, that her prayers " were too long, that ſhe ſhould allow ſome of her time to hear thoſe I made to " her; and that the Gods would not hear her if ſhe did not hear others. My go- " ing ſo often to the ſame Church, and placing my ſelf ever in the ſame part, cauſ'd " my friends when they wanted me, to come and look for me there. Thoſe that " paſs'd by, whether of my acquaintance or theirs, made a ſtay there; ſo that there " was no want of good diſcourſe, becauſe they were all very knowing perſons. " *Baſilia* was the cauſe of all our pleaſant conferences; and yet there was none but " my ſelf that knew it. At length heaven willing to be more favorable to me, or- " dain'd it ſo, that *Valerius* made acquaintance with *Baſilia* at a Couſins of hers, " whither ſhe was wont to go, called *Amelita*. I prayed him to queſtion *Amelita* " about many things: and ſee now the fancies of Lovers, I was ſo afraid he might " forget ſomewhat, that I gave him a note of all he was to do and to ſay. I wiſh'd " him among other things, to enquire whether *Baſilia* ever took notice of me; and " whether ſhe had found any verſes, which I had a while before caſt on her win- " dow. I had a very good account of that, and of divers other particulars: ſo " that I was more and more inflam'd in my purſuit; and I conjur'd *Valerius* to " acquaint me what day *Baſilia* went to ſee her Couſin, that ſo we might go " thither together, and that I might there ſpeak to her. At leaſt, ſaid I, if I " may not be ſuffered to ſpeak to her, let me have the liberty to ſalute her, as " often as I ſhall meet her: For it is inſupportable to me, to ſee my ſelf oblig'd " to paſs before her I moſt honor in the world, and not give her any teſtimony " of my ſubmiſſions, which I muſt only do her in my thoughts.

" Let all thoſe Lovers that cannot have acceſs to thoſe they love, conſider this, " and they will confeſs themſelves to be in the ſame affliction as my ſelf, and " that whoever knew the divers imaginations I had in my Love, will know all that " that Paſſion makes us do. 'Twere ſufficient matter of aſtoniſhment, to know " the ſtrange Commiſſions *Valerius* had from me, and in what manner I gave " them him.

" And ſeeing *Amelita*, *Baſilia's* Couſin was ſomewhat a light Houſewife, ſel- " dom found at home, I bid him endeavor to meet with her in the fields or in " the Town; but he could not do it in fifteen days; and yet when he went from " me in the morning, *I* charg'd him to tell her this or that, as if he were infal- " libly to meet her; and in the evening *I* ever went to him to know what he " had advanc'd in my buſineſs; ſo that *I* even perſecuted him (if *I* may ſo ſay) " by my importunities. One time he brought me very good news; for he told " me that *Amelita* had acquainted him that *Baſilia* would be at her houſe the " next day. We fail'd not at the time appointed; and *I* aſſure you, *I* was then " forc'd to put on ſtronger chains then thoſe of my firſt ſlavery, *Baſilia* charm- " ing me as well by her ingenuity as her beauty. *Valerius* and *Amelita* deſirous " to favour me with all the opportunity might be, left us together, and gave " me occaſion to declare my ſufferings to her, who was the cauſe of them. A " Captain that were to joyn battel with a moſt potent Enemy, would not have " been guilty of ſo many diſtractions as *I* was then; and not knowing at what end " to begin, *I* ever and anon chang'd my deſign.

" At length ſpeaking to *Baſilia* of all the Verſes ſhe had found, I acquainted " her they were only deſign'd for her; and if I had ſought the means to ſee her in " divers places, it was that ſhe might ſee ſome experiences of my affection. She an- " ſwered me, That I had not begun that Gallantry, and that I did not purſue it for " any other reaſon then to make my ſelf ſport, as other young Shepherds did. To " that I replied all that I could poſſibly invent, to perſwade her that I lov'd her; " and yet ſhe would never confeſs that ſhe believed ought I ſaid. And 'tis indeed " to be acknowledg'd, that though my cauſe were good, yet had I not many ſtrong " reaſons to maintain it: My mind was not free enough for to bethink it of fine " words, and *I* had much ado to keep my ſelf from vaniſhing away, ſo violently did

my

" my heart beat. *I* was ſo ſurpris'd, and withall ſo fearfull, that my whole body " trembled, and *I* believe *I* had fallen down if *I* had not been ſeated. Methought " alſo, without flattering my ſelf, that *Baſilia* had no greater confidence of herſelf, " for ſhe bluſh'd and fix'd her eyes on the ground, not ſo much as looking on me. " *I* alſo believ'd there had not any Shepherd ſpoke to her of Love before; but " for me who was not an Apprentice in that trade, to be ſo much troubled, was " very ſtrange. Whenever *I* remembred what action we were in, *I* had very ſtrange " emotions; and *I* believe we were rather an object of pitty then matter of delight " to thoſe that ſaw us. *I* do not relate to you our diſcourſe word for word, for my " aſtoniſhment hindred me to obſerve it: Let it ſuffice you to know, that *I* advanc'd " nothing that time; and having met *Baſilia* eight dayes after in the ſame place, " *I* was only ſo happy as to know that ſhe ſomwhat favour'd me. Nay, finding a " Pack of Cards on the Chimney-piece, ſhe was in ſo good a humour as to ask me " whether *I* would play a game with her at *Picquet*. When *I* loſt any thing, ſhe " made ſome little offers to jeer at me, and among other things told me *I* was eaſie " to be overcome. There's no greater glory then to be overcome by you, reply'd I; " and yet *I* ſhould think it better you were not ſo inſolent in your victories as to be " abuſive; if *I* ever come to revenge my ſelf, *I* ſhall have no pitty on you. Upon " that having put on a little confidence, *I* endeavour'd to kiſs her in my play: but ſhe " call'd *Amelita*, & ſaid to her, Make *Philiris* be quiet, *I* pray; ſee you how he treats " me without any reſpect! What are you angry at? ſaid *I* to her: how do you " expect *I* ſhould be wiſe, ſince *I* have loſt my *diſcretion*? This touch was ſo gen- " tile, that the Shepherds laught a good while at it, and in the mean time *I* found " the occaſion to take the kiſs had been refus'd me. The next day I brought a pair " of Spaniſh gloves to *Amelita*, to preſent to *Baſilia*, having thruſt a little Note " into one of the fingers, wherein theſe words were written:

" ***Fair hands, who have ſtollen away my heart, receive the Preſent I make you of theſe Gloves, which I do to be out of your debt. Let your fingers confidently enter into them, and there keep them cloſe; there is nothing more convenient for them, ſince 'tis ordinary for Thieves to hide themſelves.***

" I underſtood ſince from a good hand, that my Preſent was acceptable to *Baſilia*, " and that ſhe ſent me thanks with much complement: Yet my amorous remon- " ſtrances ever met with ſmall refuſals; and the poor Shepherdeſs had not ſo much " boldneſs as to confeſs my ſervices deſerved any recompence. Beſides ſhe ſo little " ſtudied any compliance, that ſhe ſaid all came to her tongues end; whereby *I* " might obſerve, that though her mind was of a ſweet compoſure, yet could ſhe " not on any occaſions but betray ſomwhat of want of age, and diſcover ſome re- " lique of infancie. Yet one thing *I* could not but take notice of, that while *I* ſigh'd " when *I* look'd on her, ſhe would go and play with her little Dog, or a Lamb, " calling it her Minion and her Servant. *I* think *Amelita* pitied me, and that ſhe " could not but pray her Couſin to treat me otherwiſe; for within a little while *I* " perceiv'd that *Baſilia* took ſome pleaſure in my addreſſes, and came to love me " even to jealouſie. So that having deſired her to let me take her Picture, becauſe " that which *I* had caus'd to be taken was not (as I thought) much like her, ſhe " very handſomly refus'd it, telling me that ſhe feared I might be more in love with " that then with her own true face; and that *I* ſhould after a while content my ſelf " to ſee that, and ſpeak to it at my own houſe, in ſtead of coming to entertain her " herſelf. Now if Painting made her ſo ſuſpitious, you may well think ſhe was more " ſuſpectfull of living perſons. She would not have me viſit any Maid; nay, out of a

fear

" a fear her Couſin might tempt me to her, ſhe would not have me make any more
" viſits at her houſe. Since that time, I very difficultly could find the occaſions to
" entertain her: But the firſt time I ſaw her, I told her what I thought. Deareſt
" *Baſilia*? ſaid I to her, You need no more diſtruſt me then your own heart: I
" had rather only think of you, then ſee the faireſt Shepherdeſs in the world; I
" would rather ſee you, then kiſs another; I would value one of your kiſſes more
" then the perfect enjoyment of another; and if ever I have the happineſs to en-
" joy you, I ſhall not believe any fortune equal to mine. The applications you have
" ſometimes made to *Amelita*, replies *Baſilia*, your little reciprocal ſmilings, and
" ſo much whiſpering in the ear, have made me think it not impoſſible you might
" build a new affection upon the ruines of the former. Ah *Baſilia*! cry'd I out,
" will you ever perſecute me thus? Put me upon ſome dangerous adventures, find
" out the moſt ſubtle inventions in the world for to try whether I love you: And
" to the end I may chain my up ſelf the further in the fair priſon wherein I am, I wil
" give you a ſtrange advice: Seek out that which is ſtrongeſt in all Magick for to
" bind the affections, and make uſe of it in my caſe; let me take a *Philter* as power-
" full as you would give an enemy whoſe courage you would abate. *Baſilia* took
" her advantage of this advice; and taking me at my word, ſhe went to an old Sor-
" cereſs who promiſed her a Love-potion: But the old one was not ſecret, but
" went and diſcover'd the deſign to her Father; who not deſiring there ſhould be
" any love between me and his daughter, becauſe I was not rich enough for her, be-
" thought him how to deceive her. He gave a ſum of money to the Sorcereſs, to
" make two Drinks, one for love, the other for hatred: That of hatred was given
" to *Baſilia*, and that for love he took with him. He being gone out of the houſe,
" I had the time to ſee his daughter, for I ever watch'd when he went abroad: but
" he preſently was back, and brought along with him a Shepherd called *Lycaſtus*,
" whom he intended ſhould marry *Baſilia*, becauſe of his great wealth. Though
" this were the firſt time he found me at his houſe, yet did he not look uncheerfully
" on me, but deſired me to drink with him as well as *Lycaſtus*, which familiarity I
" was much pleas'd with. We drank of an excellent wine; and the ſecond time he
" was to preſent *Lycaſtus*, he found the means to put in the Philter. *Baſilia* on
" the other ſide loſt not her time, and taking my glaſs, put in ſome of the Hate-
" potion. So we took off what was much miſ-directed to us. For my part, I was
" above three hours before I felt any change in my body or mind: But as to *Ly-*
" *caſtus*, being return'd home preſently after, he fell ſo ſick, that they knew not
" what remedy to apply. He ſoon diſcover'd to his father and mother, that the
" cauſe of this accident was that he had drunk at *Nerian*, *Baſilia's* father's: So
" that he was call'd to queſtion as a poiſoner. *Baſilia* imagining all the fault might
" proceed from her, went and declared it was ſhe had put whatever there was in the
" wine; and deſirous to acquit her father, ſhe proteſted he was not guilty. For my
" part, having underſtood the trouble they were in, I would needs deliver them out
" of it, And though I felt in my ſelf a new ſlackneſs towards *Baſilia*, yet could *I*
" have deſired to die for her: For that diminution of Love came to me only by
" fits; and Reaſon, which ſtill ſway'd my mind, was a ſufficient admonitor to me
" that *I* ought to be faithfull. *Nerian* was accus'd for poiſoning *Lycaſtus*: but
" *Baſilia* ſwore he had given it him innocently, and that it was ſhe had made the
" compoſure: And *I* came and declared to the Judges, that it was upon my inſti-
" gation ſhe had prepar'd the drink, and that *I* ought to ſuffer for it, and not any
" other. The buſineſs was ſo confounded, that it was not known whether we were
" guilty or innocent: but *Lycaſtus* being ſoon recover'd, we were ſent away ac-
" quitted, not ſo much as oblig'd to tell for what reaſon we had dreſs'd ſo danger-
" ous a drink. *Lycaſtus* having recovered to his perfect health again, the skill of
" our Sorcereſs ſo wrought in him, that he fell paſſionately in love with *Baſilia*,
" and demanded her in marriage of her father, whom a while before he had queſti-
" on'd. *Nerian* ſeeing his deſign effected, very gladly treated with him about the
" buſineſs, to the great regret of *Baſilia*, who ſaw her Magick had not much ope-

rated:

" rated: for though I ceas'd not to love her, yet did I not think on her ſo often as " before, nor did look after the occaſions to ſee her, but very indifferently. How- " ever, at laſt my natural inclination overcame the charm, and two or three of my " Letters aſſur'd her that I would live and dye in her ſervice. On the other ſide, " the drink which *Lyceſius* had taken being to work but fifteen dayes, he returned " to his former humor, which was far from the marriage he had talk'd of; ſo that " the next time he ſaw *Nerian*, he but very indifferently mention'd it to him. *Ne-* " *rian* ſwore there ſhould never be any ſuch thing; ſo was he vex'd to ſee himſelf " ſlieghted; and the ſame day by divine permiſſion, it happened that our Sorcereſs " was caſt into priſon. Among other miſchiefs ſhe had done, ſhe declared to the " Judges how ſhe had ſold potions to *Baſilia* and her father. *Nerian* ſeeing a " ſcandal hanging over his houſe, would thus repair it; having found me out, he " ſpoke to me of beſtowing *Baſilia* on me for my wife: I willingly accepted the " proffer, and my friends were very glad to ſee me preferr'd ſo highly. As for " *Baſilia*, ſhe, as having ever moſt paſſionately lov'd me, was extreamly ſatisfied, " and repented her of the crime ſhe had committed, by truſting to the potions of " an inchantreſs, who robb'd ſome of their lives, and others of their wits. She " hath ſince believed that there needed no other charms then thoſe of her Beauty " and her Vertue for to make me love her, though thoſe of her mutual affection " did nothing contribute; ſo that our marriage was thought the moſt fortunate " that ever happened in our Country. Yet having once the curioſity to ask a For- " tune-teller, if there were any thing I might be further happy in? he anſwered " me there was; and that I ſhould never be abſolutely happy, till I had ſeen the " amiable Shepherd, who feeds his flocks ſometimes on the banks of the *Seine*, and " ſometimes on thoſe of *Adarin*.

" A while after this there came a Carrier out of this Countrey, who told me " that that Shepherd was called *Lyſis*, and that I ſhould profit much by his con- " verſation. I was of opinion I could not reſt while I ſtood in hoſtility againſt the " celeſtial admonitions: So that having diſcovered my deſigns to *Baſilia*, I ſoon took " leave of her, that I might the ſooner ſee her again. She ſhed ſo many tears at " my departure, as ſome fantaſtical Poets would have thought enough to bring me " hither in a boat. Yet I came a foot, and reſted not, till *I* found the incompara- " ble Shepherd of whom my felicity depends. 'Tis you *Lyſis* whom my Fortune- " teller told me of; and the ſweetneſs of your converſation, baniſhes the bitter- " neſs which the abſence of my dear wife cauſes me. Now that *I* am with you, " *I* believe *I* have found the ſoveraign good, which ſo many others are a ſeeking; " and *I* hope *I* ſhall carry into my Country a ſolid knowledge, which *I* ſhall be " fill'd with, when *I* ſhall have heard your Lectures.

Philiris having thus clos'd his ſtory, *Lyſis* began to ſpeak; and ſaid to him, Gen- tle Shepherd, the Gods grant thou maiſt finde with me the ſatisfaction thou hopeſt. There's only one thing troubles me, that being married as thou art, and it being in thy power to bring thy wife whither thou pleaſeſt, thou haſt been ſo much to blame as not to have brought her hither. I have the ſame complaint to make againſt *Fontenay*, this ſecond ſtory makes me think on't: You ſhould both of you have brought your dear Halves with you; ſo you ſhould not have wept for their abſence, your contentments had been never the ſhorter, you ſhould have been in ſolitude and viduity as you are; you ſhould have had Shepherdeſſes to entertain and court as well as others; whereas now you may not preſume to make any ad- dreſſes with civility to any of this Country: Beſides, you would have done us a great obligation, to let us ſee *Theodora* and *Baſilia*, whoſe perfections would have rendred our company more illuſtrious.

As for my dear *Theodora*, replies *Fontenay*, you may aſſure your ſelf I would have brought her along, had ſhe not been ſomewhat indiſpos'd when I came away. And for my *Baſilia*, ſayes *Philiris*, *I* have left her at home to bear her Father com- pany, who is an ancient man; beſides that, I thought that having for a while ſuf-

fered

fered the rigors of abſence, I ſhould at my return receive more infinite pleaſure. However, I am not void of comfort here, for the image of my fair Shepherdeſs is ever before my eyes. *I* never ſee *Lillies* nor *Carnations*, but *I* am put in minde of her *complexion*. I never ſee the ſtars, but *I* think on her *eyes*, which are my two *Planets*; and if *I* ſee the *Moon* ſhine, *I* am extreamly chear'd up, becauſe at our parling, *Baſilia* and *I* mutually promiſs'd to behold that Planet at the ſame hour; ſo that when *I* contemplate it, it joys me to know that my Shepherdeſs doth the ſame, and that we do both the ſame action. Nay, *I* believe, that ſometimes the fair *Diana* wiſhes me ſo well, that ſhe carries news to *Baſilia* in what condition *I* am, and that ſhe can alſo give me an account how *Baſilia* does, as if her viſage were a *Looking-glaſs*, wherein by ſome ſecret ſcience things might beſeen at diſtance. Theſe are indeed moſt excellent entertainments for a Lover, ſays *Lyſis*; *I* proteſt to you, that the hiſtory of *Philiris* hath given me ſo much content, as poſſibly could be receiv'd from it; there's nothing in't but what is ſweet and natural. Nay, *I* do not think the Critick *Clarimond* hath found any thing in it to carp at. *In* my opinion *Philiris* is no more in the right then *Fontenay*, replies *Clarimond*; there are alſo a world of abſurdities in his ſtory. Theſe ſhittle-headed Lovers are pure extravagances; and when *I* think on the many deſires he had about her picture, *I* believe his fidelity hath not yet reſtor'd him to his wits. Above all, *I* could not but laugh at his concluſion, when he ſpeaks of the abundance of *Baſilia*'s tears; for after the ſweetneſs of her ſtudied diſcourſes, he makes her fall into the loweſt degree of folly. And though he hath made over his intereſt to that conceipt of the *tears* and the *river* to fantaſtick *Poets*, yet *I* doubt not but he will be glad to keep it for himſelf, and will own it whenever it ſhall be father'd on him. Beſides, both he and *Fontenay* are both as jealous as ever was *Baſilia*. That they have not brought their wives hither, was for fear they might not be only for them, having heard ſay, that there are thoſe who marry for them and their friends too. Thou art deceiv'd, ſaies *Lyſis*, they know well enough that every one here hath his Shepherdeſs, and that it is in this Country that *Fidelity* hath eſtabliſh'd her Kingdom; we are all ſcandaliz'd at the raſhneſs of thy language. *If* there be any point of their diſcourſe that can offend us, 'tis more then *I* have yet obſerv'd, but the fault is not theirs but Fates. You all know, that in *Romances* the Love-ſtories you meet with never come to any end; they are never fully accompliſh'd till the end of the book: ſee in the mean time *Fontenay* and *Philiris* are married already, and conſequently have no famous adventures to run through, whereas their marriage ſhould have been at the ſame time as mine, according to the ordinary method. There muſt be diverſity in the world, elſe it were not delightful, ſays *Philiris*, if you have heard the ſtories of two married men, you will happly hear anon thoſe of two Batchelours. That's my comfort, ſaies *Lyſis*, there's enough ſpoken to that ſubject. There is now nothing troubles me, but that *I* conſider that *Fontenay* hath not quitted his name, which is the name of a *Lordſhip*, more proper to a *Souldier* then a *Shepherd*. Yet ſince the word is derived from *Fountain*, which is a thing ruſtical and *Paſtoral*, it ſhall not be chang'd. As concerning *Philiris*, *I* have only one doubt as to his condition. He mentions his father, his Father in Law, and himſelf as Shepherds; 'twas a thing *I* knew not before, that there were any famous Shepherds in *Burgundy*. You may be aſſur'd there are a many, replies *Philiris*; and they are not ruſtical perſons, but perſons of quality, that have renounc'd the pomp of the Court. I am very glad of it, ſaies *Lyſis*; *I* hope one day to ſee a wonderful advancement of the *Paſtoral* life: Should *I* not accommodate my ſelf here, *I* would go into your Country, which *I* had not yet ſo much as thought on.

While *Lyſis* ſpoke thus to *Philiris*, there came one of *Hircans* Lacqueys, who ſaid his Maſter expected the company to dine with him. Upon which they all riſe up, and took their way towards his Caſtle. *Clarimond*, who had ſome ſecret talk with *Fontenay*, learned of him who the new Shepherds were, whom he had ſeen the day before. When they were come to *Hircans*, *Polidor*, *Meliantes* and *Lucida* (who was now called *Amaryllis*) came and receiv'd the company: and the Magician ask'd

them what they had been doing all the while. We fel from one diſcourſe into another concerning a Temple which *Lyſis* would build to the honor of *Charite*, replies *Clarimond*. I now acquaint the Shepherd *Lyſis*, ſaies *Hircan*, that beſides the Temple which he hath erected to his Miſtris in his own ſoul, if there be need of a material one, ſhe hath one already, and that the moſt magnificent that can be imagin'd. All the earth is her altar, the water is to waſh her victims, the ayr is fill'd with nothing but the prayers and ſighs of her adorers, the elementary fire ſerves for her ſacrifices, the heaven is the roof of the building, and the Planets are the lamps that hang in it. I will not contradict thee in ſo noble an imagination, replies *Lyſis*, I will think no further of building little Temples to *Charite*; But thou art withal to know, that we have had other diſcourſe erewhile: we have had a great conteſtation about *Metamorphos'd* perſons, and *rural Divinities*, which there are divers that cannot believe are at all. I will cure them of that error, ſays *Hircan*; put me in minde of it. This diſcourſe ended, *Fontenry* made a brief relation to his Couſin of the *Metamorphoſis* of *Pathenice*; and after that they were all ſate at table, not forgetting the Shepherd *Carmelin*, whom they made ſpeak in ſpight of his teeth, that he might pay his reckoning in good diſcourſe; but *Lyſis*, who could ſpeak of nothing but *Charite*, engag'd the company on that ſubject; and ask'd *Philiris*, if he had ever ſeen that Shepherdeſs. The queſtion was impertinent enough, becauſe *Philiris* was but newly arrived into *Brie*; and yet to ſee what *Lyſis* would ſay, he anſwered, That he had ſeen that fair one, as he paſt by, ſtanding at *Orontes's* door. I am glad of that, ſays *Lyſis*, for that is a ſign ſhe is not ſick. If ſhe had continued ſick ſtill, I ſhould not ſo eaſily have been gotten abroad, I ſhould have kept my chamber as well as ſhe out of conformy. That I have come abroad while ſhe was ſick, I have committed a fault, of which I repent me. But without jeſting, Shepherd *Philiris*, is it then poſſible that thou haſt ſeen her, and doſt not relate the ſtrange aſtoniſhment thou wert then in? did ſhe not make thy eyes twinkle, leſt her great luſtre might dazzle thee? did ſhe not make thee forget, at leaſt for one quarter of an hour, the beauty of thy *Baſilia*? But without diſſembling tell me, hadſt thou waſh'd thy eyes that morning, for to purifie them, and take away the pollution which they had contracted from prophane objects, ſo to make them worthy to contemplate that incomparable countenance? Though *Clarimond* quarrel with my tears, ſaies *Philiris*, yet ſhall I not forbear ſpeaking of them; and aſſure you, that it is with them that I ever purifie my eyes, when I am abſent from *Baſilia*. Doubt not but I have ſeen your *Charite*, and that ſhe hath put me into that admiration, which is forc'd on us by all things incomparable. Let me ſee thy eyes, ſaies *Lyſis*, looking on him; thou lyeſt not, beloved Shepherd, thou haſt indeed ſeen that Shepherdeſs. I obſerve in the apples of thy eyes certain little fires, which proceed from hers, and ſhe hath alſo left there certain touches of her image. There would have been much more, had not her face been bound up, which muſt have hindred thee to have a full ſight of her. *Philiris* ſaid nothing to that, for he knew not what to anſwer to that particular. *Lyſis* thought by that, he granted *Charite* to be ſtill bound up; ſo that he was well content to be ſo too; for he had not yet taken of his handkercher from off his left eye, and he was of opinion, it was rather an ornament to him then an inconvenience.

The End of the Seventh Book.

THE

THE Anti-Romance; OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The Eighth Book.

WHen the *Magician* and his guests had din'd, they went their way into a little Thicket hard by the Castle, where they found *Orontes*, *Florida*, *Leonora*, *Angelica*, *Anselme* and *Montenor*, who had had notice that the assembly of the Shepherds was to be there. *Angelica* presently acquainted *Lysis* that his Mistress was well: whereat he was so joyfull, that he knew not how well to give her thanks to his mind for bringing him so good news. But to oblige him the more, she sent for *Charite*, who by her presence put him almost out of himself. When he perceiv'd her face was not bound up, he immediately pluck'd the handkerchief off his, which was ty'd over one eye; and cry'd out, *I am no longer sick, since Charite is in health! I must ever be conformable to her: I knew well my eye ailed nothing, as soon as ever she appear'd. Now you are to know, dear company, that there is such a sympathy between her and me, that I am not well but when she is so: I would to God the resemblance were yet greater, and that I could be chang'd into her! 'Tis a thing I passionately wish, and endeavour to attain to: 'Tis the supreme degree of Love, to be changed into the thing lov'd, according to the opinion of the Philosophers. Now that this thought is come into my mind, I value not my former metamorphosis: Oh how much better is it to be chang'd into Charite, then into a Tree!* But alas, *I* cannot be changed into my

Shepherdeſs, if ſhe alſo be not changed into me: I muſt firſt ſoften her rigor, and ſuffer incredible afflictions. Do but imagine, ſays *Anſelme*, that your wiſh is already effected; and that though you ſeem to be a Shepherd, that you are indeed the Shepherdeſs *Charite* chang'd into *Lyſis*; and that this Shepherdeſs here, is the Shepherd *Lyſis* chang'd into *Charite*. But *I* know well enough *I* am not *Charite*, replies the Shepherd; for *I* reaſon in my ſelf as *Lyſis* was wont to do, and I find in my ſelf my former mind. There's your miſtake, fair *Charite* (ſays *Anſelme* to *Lyſis*) you are indeed fully and perfectly chang'd into that Shepherd, ſo that you want nothing which he had: *Lyſis* hath undergone a reciprocal change, now he ſeems to us to be *Charite*. This ſubtilty pleaſes me, though I ſuſpect it to be falſe, replies the *Shepherd*; for though this change were real, yet is it certain I ought to be nothing elſe then what I am.

Had this diſcourſe been any while continued, it would have gravell'd the Shepherds wit. But theſe ſtarts being over, *Hircan* had a mind to ſome other diverſion; and when he had made them all ſit down on the graſs, he ſpoke thus: Knights and Ladies, and you Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes! Since we are ſo fortunately met here, let us make good uſe of our time: I think it convenient that thoſe who have run through any remarkable adventures in their life, relate the ſtory of them to the reſt; there will be as much profit as pleaſure in it. Every one thought his advice very ſeaſonable: And though *Fontenay* and *Philiris* had in the morning related their ſtories, yet they ſtood not to begin the relation again to thoſe who had not heard them. They ſaid nothing which was not pleaſant, whether it were truth or falſhood. *Fontenay* ſet out his diſcourſe with a many freſh thoughts; as when he came to ſpeak of the viſit of *Theodora*, he very naturally repreſented the tranſportation he was in: He ſaid he plac'd himſelf between his Looking-glaſs and her, and that he endeavour'd to ſee *Theodora* with one eye, and his own Figure with the other, not knowing which of them he ought to love. At the end of his ſtory, *Lyſis* propos'd again how that they ought to regret, in that *Theodora* was not clad like a man, to make their adventures more remarkable. But inſomuch as the more there are in a place together, the more different opinions will there be, ſo there were a many that contradicted him. *Anſelme* came neereſt the mark: For ſays he to him, ſince you are troubled that *Theodora* was not diſguis'd, ſhe ſhould not have been in the ſame manner as *Iphis*, who had only put on mans cloaths for fear to be raviſh'd; ſhe ſhould have been diſguis'd out of the love ſhe bore herſelf, that ſo her hiſtory might have been more perfect, and more relative to that of *Fontenay*, there being a conformity of Adventures, as is ſeen in *Romances*: But it is to be known whether a woman that lov'd herſelf, would be forc'd by her paſſion to go clad like a man, and renounce her ſex? It's to be thought ſhe would never do it; for Beauty hath its principal ſeat in womens faces, and they will much the rather admire it in themſelves then in mens countenances: That's contrary to *Fontenay*, who was forc'd to ſeek that in a diſguiſe which naturally he had not. *Lyſis* would have replied to this, but the Ladies cauſed the diſcourſe to be given over, as relating to a matter that were too ſubtile and too amorous. Upon that *Philiris* began to ſpeak, ravishing all by the naturalneſs of his conceptions. *Polidor* and *Meliantes* were deſir'd to honour the company with the like diverſion; and *Hircan* ſaid to them, I know well that your afflictions are ſo great, that you will not of your ſelves be couragious enough to relate your own ſtories: But here will I make appear the power of my Art, and ſet your tongues at liberty to declare your paſt ſufferings: Speak without fear one after another. As ſoon as *Hircan* had ſaid ſo to them, they put off their extravagant faces, and put on milder looks, as if really ſome charm had had its effect on them. And *Polidor*, ſeeing that *Meliantes* gave him the honour to ſpeak firſt, began his ſtory thus.

The

The Hiſtory of *POLIDOR.*

" THe faireſt City in the Kingdom of *Perſia* was the place of my birth: Nor
" is it to be much admir'd if I ſpeak *French* ſo well; for my father, whoſe
" name was *Cleon*, was of this Country, and had been taken with a Couſin
" of his call'd *Luthydemus*, by ſome Pirats, who had ſold them to their King, in
" whoſe attendance they were brought up and advanc'd. Having learn'd of my
" father the language and cuſtoms of *France*, and divers other perfections, I was in
" hopes one day to become a great man with our Maſter. But O unhappineſs! I
" fell in love with *Rhodogina*, who is ſo cruel that ſhe deſerves to be the Queen of
" Hell. 'Tis true, there are ſo many lillies and roſes in her complexion, that they
" have not elſwhere to go for to adorn the portals of all the Temples; it is as cer-
" tain that her body is made up of pearls, diamonds, and threads of gold, ſo that
" there falls nothing from her which is not enough to enrich the moſt inſatiable
" Miſer in the world: but who is permitted to enjoy theſe treaſures? Her priſons
" are ſtronger then thoſe of our King; her attractions are ſo powerfull, that ſhe
" draws all to her, and by their graſpings, if a coach ſtuck faſt in the mire, would
" draw it out at one pluck. Her eyes have in them ſo ſtrong a fire, that one day
" looking through her window, all the lead melted, and the glaſs fell down to the
" ground. Thence ſhe caſt her beams on a gutter that was over againſt her, and the
" lead thereof being alſo melted, fell upon a Gentleman that paſs'd by, and enter'd
" his head, wherein if ſhe did him any courteſie, 'twas, that whereas his brains before
" were light, now they were heavy enough. And theſe are the ſtrange qualities of
" *Rhodogina*, which indeed ſhe might employ well, but perpetually does the worſt
" that may be: And whenever I went to ſee her, I muſt have ſtood in a poſture to
" run away, leſt I ſhould have been impriſon'd; and annointed my ſelf before
" with whites of eggs and Mallows-water, for fear I ſhould be burnt up by her.
" When I had declared to her the love ſhe had rais'd in my heart, ſhe nothing but
" laught at it, and aſſured me ſhe would never have any compaſſion on me but on
" certain conditions ſhe would make with me. In the firſt place, having heard that
" a certain Courtier call'd *Oſthanes* had a certain Ring that made him inviſible,
" ſhe told me I muſt bring her it. That I thought a hard task; for what means is
" there to take away a thing from a man one ſees not? 'Twas reported that *Oſtha-*
" *nes* had the pleaſure to go into the womens Stoves, there to contemplate the fair
" Ladies ſtark naked, and ſometimes to enjoy them, without being perceived by any
" body: He would be in the Kings Cabinet, when the moſt important affairs of
" State were in debate: He filch'd up and down whatever was neceſſary for his en-
" tertainment, yet was not puniſhed for his felonies, becauſe he could not be taken
" in the fact; and if they would have carried him to priſon, he would have vaniſh'd
" away like a ſpirit. Yet I bethought me to cloath my ſelf like an outlandiſh Mer-
" chant, and take a little ſhop neer his houſe, being ſomwhat in hope to get away
" from him what I deſired. I had a Cheſt wherein I had put ſome Knives with han-
" dles made of *Remora's* teeth, a Fan of Phenix feathers, and ſome other trifles:
" But all about it I had ſo diſpos'd certain ſmall wyres, wherein the hand that did
" but touch it was preſently caught and ſecured. Now my hope was, that *Oſthanes*
" would be caught there; and that if he were, he ſhould give me his Ring to be let
" looſe. Having therefore given him notice that I had ſome rare merchandiſes to
" ſell, he told me he was ſick, and that till two dayes were over he could not come
" and ſee them. But this was only that I might not ſuſpect him of the intended
" knavery. I much doubted his intentions; ſo that I was ſo fearfull he might come
" into my ſhop, that I kept always abroad, though I had been aſſured he could make
" himſelf inviſible when he pleas'd. He came that very day to ſee my Cheſt; and
" ſince it was not only neceſſary to have his Ring on his finger, but that, to blind
the

" the eyes of the world, he muſt alſo put the Stone to his mouth, he thought at firſt " to put but one hand on my ware; yet ſeeing himſelf alone, his avarice counſell'd " him to put them both: That with the Ring, to his ſorrow, was put out firſt, for " it was preſently caught in the gin. *Oſthanes* not able to diſengage his hand, drew " the Cheſt to him for to carry it away, but that was well chain'd to the wall. He " bethought himſelf, that if he were taken in that poſture, he ſhould ſuffer ſome " ſhamefull death; ſo that he was ſo deſperate as to lay hold of a knife that hung " at his girdle with the hand that was looſe, and to cut off that which was faſt at the " wriſt. I ſaw him afterwards run away, but I look'd not after him, as being con- " tent that his hand and Ring was in my cheſt. I therefore pack'd up my baggage, " and went to preſent *Rhodogina* with the Ring ſhe deſired. She told me I had not " yet ſufficiently demonſtrated my ſervices, and that I muſt find her whereever ſhe " hid herſelf. Having therefore put the Ring to her mouth, ſhe became in- " viſible; and I began to cry out to her, How now, perfidious one! will you now " fruſtrate me of the recompence you promis'd me? I have brought you what you " deſired, and you give me not what *I* deſire: I have therefore gotten nothing but " my own ruine. I ſhall fall into deſpair, if you ſhew not your ſelf: I will break to " pieces all your houſhold-ſtuff, I will ſlay all creatures both man and beaſt, nay " I will not ſpare the very inſects. While I ſaid this, I heard *Rhodigina* laugh ſome- " times here, ſometimes there; and I went about in vain with my arms ſtretch'd out " to be ready to embrace her if I met with her; if *I* ſaw a little ſmoak any where, " *I* ran thither thinking to have her, becauſe *I* imagin'd it was her breath; but my " arms would cloſe again at my own breaſt without graſping any thing. This put " me into ſuch a fury, that *I* rudely took hold of a little Girl whom *Rhodogina* call'd " her Neece, though ſhe was thought to be the mother of it, and made as if *I* would " caſt it into a Well. This made *Rhodogina* come preſently to me; and her affecti- " on telling her that both hands were not too much to recover the Child, ſhe took " out of her mouth the hand that had the Ring, and took from me the poor little " one, that cry'd moſt pittifully. *I* then embrac'd my Miſtreſs, and forc'd her to " confeſs ſhe was overcome. But beſides that, this trick confirm'd me that the Girl " was her own daughter, which ſhe had had by a more fortunate Lover then *I*: For " the pains ſhe took to ſave the Child ſo ſuddenly, ſpoke a motherly tenderneſs. " Yet *I* took no notice of it, only was content to entreat her not to be any longer " cruel towards me: But all *I* could obtain was, that in conſideration *I* had brought " her *Oſthanes* his Ring, ſhe would not make uſe of it againſt me, and would never " be inviſible to me. But ſhe provided me another torment in amends of this; and " having brought me to the entrance of a Deſart, told me *I* muſt paſs through it to " fetch her of a water, which caus'd ſuch a good memory to thoſe that had but once " drunk of it, that they remembred all they ever ſaw in their lives, even to the leaſt " particulars. My miſtreſs gave me a veſſel to bring that liquor in, and ſome arms " for to defend my ſelf if any one aſſaulted me, and beſides nine loaves for my *viaticum*. You will find, ſayes ſhe, a many little Fountains in your way, before you " come to the *Fountain* of *Memory*, which by its beauty is eaſily diſtinguiſh'd; and " that's the reaſon *I* give you no water: But as for bread, you muſt take ſome a- " long with you, for you are to paſs through places where you will not meet with " any. If you are couragious, your journey will be over in nine dayes, and one loaf " a day will be enough: but if you are a coward, it will require a great deal more " time, and you will dye for hunger ere you return. For my part, *I* will get nine " torches, and will light one every night; and if you be not return'd by that time " they are all burnt, *I* ſhall think no more of you, but think you loſt. *Rhodogina* " having ſaid this, *I* took leave of her; and after *I* had ſuffered many inconveni- " ences by the way, *I* came in four dayes to a certaine River, which I had heard " ſay, was to be paſſed, to goe to the *Fountain* of *Memory*. *I* found very " opportunely on the Rivers ſide a Tree cut down, on which *I* got, and by the mo- " tion of my hands and feet *I* croſs'd to the other ſide. *I* was no ſooner there, but " *I* perceived the Fountain, which fell into a Baſon of white marble: but with the

ſame

" ſame ſight there appears a furious Dragon, which opening a throat like an abyſs,
" made towards me for to devour me. I had a club, which I ſent down ſo far into
" his throat, that it was not poſſible for him to bring his jaws together to do me
" any hurt. So that I confidently went to the Fountain, where I fill'd my veſſel,
" and expected the Monſter with ſword in hand. He ruſh'd upon me ſo violently,
" that had I not given way, he had caſt me to the ground: But that he might not
" do me any hurt, I caſt my ſelf on his back, where I ſate as if I had been on horſe-
" back. He to rid himſelf of me, caſt himſelf into the water: but I gave him ſo many
" blows on the tail, that he thinking to eſcape from him that ſtruck him behind,
" ſwam over the river and ſet me aſhore very fortunately, for the current had car-
" ried away my Tree. I then got off him and took my way, leaving him half dead.
" I was ſo afraid I ſhould not be return'd to *Rhodogina* time enough, that I traveſt'd
" day and night; and one evening was ſo dry, meeting with no fountain, that I
" was forc'd to drink half the water I was to bring her; and thence it came, that I
" now have an incomparable memory. The next day I bethought me to fill up my
" veſſel with ordinary water; but I was afraid *Rhodogina* might diſcover the im-
" poſture, ſo I brought it her but half full. Yet ſhe was content, and commended
" my diligence, for I was back in a little more then eight dayes; and I had one of
" my loaves left, and ſhe one of her torches. I then thought I could not hope any
" thing from her which I ſhould not obtain: But when ſhe ſaw I was ſo confi-
" dent, ſhe laugh'd at me, and told me I ſhould not hope ever to enjoy her, if I
" brought her not a piece of ſome member of a *Shepherd* that had ſometime been a
" *Tree*. Having not met with any ſuch Shepherds in *Perſia*, I took ſhipping and
" landed in this Country, where I met with *Hircan*, who hath related to me the
" Hiſtory of the Shepherd *Lyſis*. I have put on the habit I now wear, that I might
" the more freely converſe with this noble company; and having yeſterday met
" with *Lyſis*, I was extreamly glad, hoping he wonld give me what I fought for.

You are come too late to do any thing in that deſign, ſays *Lyſis*; you may ſee that I am no *Tree*; and that if your Miſtreſs hath any occaſion for wood, ſhe ſhould furniſh herſelf out of the Forreſts of her own Country. If you owne any thing of courteſie, replies *Polidor*, you will not deny me ſome piece of of your body ſuch as it is; it may be *Rhodogina* will be content with it, and you will be the cauſe ſhall make her love me ever hereafter. You would make us believe that *Rhodogina* is a *Canibal*, a *Crocodile*, or a *Tigreſs*, ſince you ſay ſhe would have a man cut in pieces and brought to her, ſays *Lyſis*: ſhe only ſpoke to you of a Tree. Let's not fall out, ſays *Hircan*, I'll preſently decide your controverſie. Let for the preſent *Meliantes* ſpeak: See you he's ready to relate his ſtory. Whereupon *Meliantes* having caus'd ſilence to be made, began thus:

The Hiſtory of *MELIANTES.*

" YOu are to know, dear Troop! that this *Enthydemus* whom *Polidor* ſpoke
" of, is my own father. He brought me up after the *French* mode, in the
" midſt of the *Perſian* Court; and taught me ſo many exerciſes, that I
" thought the faireſt Ladies of the world would be too happy to have me their ſer-
" vant. Yet was I forc'd to make my addreſſes to the fair *Pamphilia*, inſtead of
" receiving any from her, though my ſubmiſſions could not obtain me her favour,
" ſo high was her diſdain. My only comfort was to ſee, that greater perſons then
" my ſelf were no better treated; For the King himſelf who was call'd *Sirammes*
" was of the number of her miſerable captives, becauſe the deformity of his face
" rendred him very diſacceptable. He would no more be anſwered with delayes
" as he was wont, and his deſign was to make her be brought into his chamber, and
" there to force her. *Pamphilia* having had the news of it, was much amaz'd; and

after

" after ſhe had made her remonſtrances of it in particular to ſome of her Lovers,
" ſhe went and ſecur'd herſelf with *Chryſotemis* her mother in the Caſtle of *Nu-*
" *maſia*, which her father had built by the ſea-ſide. 'Twas not long ere *Alicantes*
" her brother came thither; and *Arimaſpus*, *Nicanor*, *Hippodamus*, and I, who
" were Servants to that Beauty, went alſo to the ſame place to defend her againſt
" all enemies. We were preſently declar'd Traitors, and *Syramnes* ſent two thouſand
" men to beſiege our Caſtle, in caſe we ſhould not in time ſubmit. *Pamphilia* was
" now forc'd to make uſe of her Servants, though againſt her will: For her Brother
" having ſlighted the Summons had been ſent him, there was nothing now to be
" look'd for but fighting and ruine. We were ſo ill munition'd, that in the very
" firſt aſſault *Nicanor* having ſpent all his bullets, drew out three or four of his teeth
" and charg'd his muſquet. *Barzanes*, Lieutenant to the Kings troops, had brought
" no Canon; but not having the patience to ſtay the coming of any, he would
" needs one day ſcale the caſtle. His people came off very ſadly; for we had unpaved
" all our Court, and having beaten the ſtones to pieces, we had made them fiery
" hot for to caſt on our enemies as they came up the walls. That being ſmall, in-
" ſenſibly got between their ſhirts and their skins, and did them a world of miſ-
" chief; ſome of it falling into their eyes, immediately blinded them, ſo that they
" were forced to retreat without doing any thing. That night we heard a little Bell
" that rung at a good diſtance from us: We all thought there might be no deſign
" in that, except *Alicantes*, who made all be ſilent, and told us he was much de-
" ceived if it were not ſome ſignal that were given us. When there is no convey-
" ance of Letters (continued he) to perſons beſieged, their friends ſpeak to them
" by other artifices: If they come to any eminent place, they ſhew them by
" lighted torches, by the number whereof they ſignifie the Letters one after an-
" other; or for want of that, they have a Bell, whereon they give ſo many tolls as
" the diſcourſe they intend requires Letters, and ſo they may ſpeak at a leagues
" diſtance: This ſecret I learn'd long ſince, and now it comes very ſeaſonably to
" mind. *Alicantes* having ſo ſaid, hearkened to the ſeveral ſounds of the Bell;
" which when he had done, he cries out, Let's be merry, friends! there will relief
" come very ſuddenly: *Cyniphus*, who ſeems to be of the Kings party, promiſes
" me to betray him: I am very much given to believe it, for he ever profeſs'd a
" ſingular friendſhip to me. All admired to ſee that *Alicantes* ſo well underſtood
" the language of Bells; and ſince that we had none, he took a Kettle, and having
" gotten on a Turret he beat within it with a ſtick to anſwer *Cyniphus*. We had no
" anſwer; for as I heard ſince, the Kings Sentinels diſcoverd the plot, and ac-
" quainted the Generall. He impriſoned *Cyniphus*, and having put him to the rack
" he confeſs'd that he was in love with *Pamphilia*, and that his deſign was to have
" reliev'd her, that he might have enjoyed her afterwards at his pleaſure. This be-
" ing reported to *Siramnes*, he would ſeem to appear gracious; and conſidering
" that *Cyniphus* only had a deſign to betray him, and enjoy her he had deſign'd for
" himſelf, but had effected nothing, he thought it enough to puniſh him in ap-
" pearance. They told him, that the King did him the favour to give him the choice
" of his death. He would have his veins opened; and when they went to blind him,
" that (as they told him) he might not be troubled with the ſight of his own blood,
" he deſired to be at liberty, that dying he might behold a picture of *Pamphilia*.
" The Executioner anſwered him, that it was the Kings pleaſure he ſhould not any
" longer behold his Miſtreſs, and that he was commanded to blind him. Being in
" this extremity, he ſaid it could not but be permitted him to ſweeten the pangs of
" death ſome other way. He cauſed to be plac'd neer his noſtrils the Perfume he
" moſt was taken with; he had in his mouth the Sweet-meats he beſt loved: He
" cauſed to be read a moſt pleaſant Love-diſcourſe, and at the ſame time had a
" Muſitian to ſing an aire, which raviſh'd him above the reſt: And all this, that
" he might dye voluptuouſly. He knew not which of all theſe pleaſures he ſhould
" moſt intend, when having his eyes blinded, they pinch'd ſomwhat hard the veins
" of his arm and foot only with their nails, and ordered water to fall abundantly
into

" into Baſons neer him. He believ'd his very veins were opened, and that it was his
" blood that ran down; ſo that his imagination was ſo ſtrong, that weakening by
" little and little, he died within half an hour. *Siramnes* was ſorry for it, becauſe
" this man had been all his Councel in love-affairs, and there was not any of us
" which he could not have wiſh'd in his room. Some ſmall Field-pieces being come
" to the beſiegers, they would batter down our walls: but we, to ſtrengthen the
" leſs fortified places, laid over them our Straw-beds and Feather-beds, and a many
" baskets of rags, that ſo the violence of the ſhot might be ſmothered, and we ſe-
" cure as to the artillery and arrows. Yet all could not hinder the making a breach;
" which done, the ditch being fill'd, the enemy came up to us. Whereupon we four
" that were the ſervants of *Pamphilia* took a generous reſolution: We ſwore that
" *Barzanes* ſhould never enter *Nomaſia*, if he paſs'd not through our bellies; That
" ſince the ſtones could not any longer ſecure *Pamphilia*, the pikes and the ſwords
" muſt do it, and men muſt ſerve for walls. We therefore plac'd our ſelves in a
" rank on the breach, being faſtened one to another at the waſte with chains, having
" alſo faſtened to the two ſides of the broken wall thoſe which were at the two
" ends. Thus were we oblig'd to fight, though there were no advantage to be ex-
" pected; and we took away all means of flight, for to make good the breach a-
" gainſt the enemy. They who made towards us felt our valour to their ſorrow,
" and were forced to retreat. The worſt on't was, that we could not purſue them;
" but *Alicantes* who was looſe, made bold with half a ſcore ſouldiers to ſee them
" back again. He went ſo far from the Caſtle, that he found *Barzanes*'s company
" ſo heavy on him, that he was forc'd to lean againſt a Cypreſs-tree; upon that
" *Barzanes* run him through with a lance, and faſtened him to the tree. Our ſoul-
" diers ſeeing their Captain ſo ill handled, made haſte into the Caſtle, and with us
" made good the breach, and help'd to beat off the enemy; who ſeeing the night
" approach, were minded to reſt, there being no need they ſhould be ſo haſty in a
" thing which they muſt needs carry. In their return they ſaw *Alicantes* who was
" nail'd to the Cypreſs; and as it happens that in the agony of death a man holds
" a thing faſteſt, he had ſtill in his hand a javelin wherewith he ſeem'd to menace
" them, expecting them in a quiet poſture. His countenance it ſeems had ſomwhat
" of horror in it, that ſo frighted *Barzanes*'s ſouldiers, that they took him for a
" Devil, and ran away; but their Captain convinc'd and reaſſur'd them. As the
" Birds, when they have ſome time conſidered the Scarcrow that's plac'd in the
" middle of a field and ſeems to threaten them, perceiving at length it is no man,
" do not then think it enough to fly about it, but having reaſſum'd their confidence
" come neer it, light on it, nay leave their ordure on it, and eat the grain it guard-
" ed: So *Barzanes*'s ſouldiers having diſcovered that *Alicantes* was no more then
" a poor maſs of earth, made him a But for their arrows, and ſhot at him ſo many
" as would have kill'd him, had he not been dead before. After that they did him
" a many indignities, whereof we ſaw ſome part; and yet we could not think him
" unfortunate, ſince he had the honour to die ſtanding, as became a brave Captain.
" Only *Chryſotemis* and *Pamphilia* bemoan'd him; yet were they fain to quit their
" mourning, and provide for their own ſafety. We had not men enough to make
" up the breaches which might be eaſily made any where in our walls; and if we
" had had, they would have been a burthen to us, for we wanted all manner of am-
" munition. We had already made away all our dogs and all our horſes, we were
" ready to make pottage of the leather of our bucklers, and ſome parchment-books
" we had found in a ſtudy; ſo that there was no further means to make good the
" place; and if we intended to avoid the Kings fury, we muſt needs quit a place
" ſo unfortunate to us. We therefore got out all in the night at a ſally-port, and
" having buried *Alicantes*, we embarqu'd our ſelves in a veſſel that was a Knights
" a friend of *Nicanors*, who was very willing to put that obligation on him. We
" had put fire to part of the Caſtle of *Nomaſia*, that it might be all burnt, and that
" *Barzanes* might not be the better for the riches in it, which having ſharpened his
" avarice had made him ſo reſolute to ruine us. When we were gotten into the ſea,

" we ſaw the flames, which encreaſed ſtill, and enlightned all the coaſt, whereat " we were ſomewhat ſatisfied, conſidering we left nothing for our enemies, whereof " they might triumph. They ſeeing the Caſtle afire, knew not whether it were " ſome of theirs had put it afire, or we our ſelves through negligence or deſpair; " and they were troubled moſt, to know whether we had ſtaid in it to be conſumed. " I know not whether ever they came to know any thing. But I have been told " ſince, that having quench'd the fire, they beſtow'd a whole moneth, to look for " what gold and ſilver was melted.

" In the mean time we ſail'd very proſperouſly, being bound for *Greece*, to avoid " the Tyranny of *Syramnes*: But when we thought we were not far from ſome har- " bor, there riſe a wind that quite croſs'd our deſign, and was withal ſo churliſh, that " it ſoon made away with ſail and tackling: One while our ſhip ſeem'd to be in the " clouds, another ſhe would be ſo low, as if ſhe had been ſwallow'd down into hell. " The Maſter called one way, the Marriners another; every one commanded, " and no body would obey. The Veſſel had gotten ſo many leaks, that there came " in more water then could be pump'd out; and at laſt having met with a rock, e- " very one catch'd at what he could, that might aſſiſt him ought to ſwim. There " the men were ſeen floating with the pack of merchandize, and ſome had their " ſides gall'd with meeting with boards full of nails. No body had any other friend " then himſelf, and every one preferr'd his own ſafety before that of another. *Chry-* " *ſoternis*, and all my companions, were drown'd in my ſight; but as for *Pamphilia*, " I kept her faſt to a piece of the ſhip, that ſaved her from ſhipwrack; and the " tempeſt being over, I ſaw great fiſhes that thruſt forward our wretched Veſſel, " and kept it up, as if ſome God had put them on that employment. We at length " arriv'd at an Iſland, which ſeem'd to be a deſart; and we had not gone a league " in it, but we ſaw a Fortreſs, with a fine proſpect: Thither went we for ſuccour " in our affliction; but inſtead of that there iſſued out two Gyants, who taking " *Pamphilia*, carried her away more rudely then ſhe expected. I thought to have " gone in with her, but the gate was ſhut againſt me, and I went a little way off for " to diſcharge my ſelf by weeping, as being uncapable of any comfort, for having " been ſuch a daſtard as to ſuffer my Miſtreſs to be taken away from me. As ſoon " as I turn'd my back, the gate was open, upon which I put my hand to my ſword, " thinking to recover what I had loſt; but when I came near the Fortreſs, the " gate was faſtned again. So was I abuſed for a many times, till there came out an " aged man; who ſaid to me, Trouble not thy ſelf, *Pamphilia* is in a place where " ſhe muſt remain ſome time, if thou deſireſt ſhe may not fall into the hands of " *Siramnes*. If thou wouldſt recover her again, get the aſſiſtance of the *French* " *Shepherd*, who is he alone that can one day reſtore her to thee. I asked the good " man, where I might finde that valiant Shepherd, who telling me he would effect " my deſire, gave me a drink, which made me ſleep along time. When I wak'd, " I was near *Hircans* Caſtle, where I met my Couſin *Polidor*, who told me what " Country I was in; and we came together, and made acquaintance with this know- " ing Magician, who hath caus'd us to be cloath'd as we are, and hath told us won- " ders of the Shepherd *Lyſis*, and aſſur'd us that it is only through his means " that our misfortune muſt come to any Period.

Meliantes having ſpoken thus, *Orontes* and ſome others of the more diſcreet of the company, eaſily diſcovered by certain actions, that the extravagancies of theſe new Shepherds were meerly perſonated and feign'd, and that they were conſiderate perſons, who as well as *Hircan*, had a deſign to make ſport with *Lyſis*. However, they diſſembled it, and referr'd it to another time, to be acquainted with them.

Clarimond, who was reſolv'd ever to contradict *Lyſis*, only to have ſomewhat to diſpute on, and to make ſport with him, jeer'd at the Hiſtory of *Polidor*, and that of *Meliantes*, though all the reſt ſeem'd to admire them. He ſaid they were two ſummary examples out of the moſt impertinent *Romances* in the world; and

that

that the one was a fooliſh tale, ſuch as old wives tell children; and the other a Fable dreſs'd in the form of a true relation, yet full of paſſages far from any probability. *Polidor* and *Meliantes* ſeem'd to be angry, and ſaid, that *Clarimond* was an ignorant fellow, for to doubt of any thing they had related before *Hircan*, who was ſo learned, that he knew the moſt ſecret things, and could convince them of falſhood, if they were guilty of any ſuch thing. The Magcian thereupon confirm'd what they had ſaid; and *Lyſis*, not able any longer to bear with the perpetual contradictions of *Clarimond*, was implacably angry with him. Aſſure thy ſelf, ſaies he to him, that if thou continue ſuch a life as thou haſt begun, I will chaſtiſe thee as thou deſerveſt. Thou ſhalt not have the honor to write my hiſtory, thou ſhalt be no longer the treaſurer of my imaginations. I have already caſt my eyes on *Philiris*, whoſe humor is milde and complaiſant, and his diſcourſe moſt eloquent. He'll be a better author then thou. Lets not do any thing haſtily, ſaies *Hircan*, *Clarimond* will be more diſcreet. He ſhall not henceforth miſemploy his engenuity. Lets talk of ſome other things that preſent themſelves.

Clarimond at that held his peace, as ſeeming to put on more modeſty, and *Hircan* continuing his diſcourſe, Gracious Shepherd, ſays he to *Lyſis*, we muſt needs ſatisfie theſe two *Perſian* Knights, that have come ſo far to ſee us; and as for *Polidor*, methinks ſince *Rhodogina*, hath requir'd of him but the wood of a Shepherd that was chang'd into a Tree, or if you will, a bough of a tree that ſometimes was a Shepherd. She will haply content her ſelf with that of a tree, whereinto a Shepherdeſs was ſometimes metamorphos'd, as there are enough in this Countrey. You remember well that you have converſed with *Hamadryads*, ſome one of them ſhall give us what we deſire, either by fair means or foul. It comes into my minde, that a while ſince you complain'd to me of the incredulity of ſome, who deny that a humane creature can be chang'd into a tree; I promis'd you to bring them out of their error, and ſince there are ſome of them here preſent, I am content for their ſakes to do a miracle, and to ſhew you even in broad day, a Divinity which never appears to the eyes of men, if my charms do not force it. You will oblige us all infinitely, replies *Lyſis*, begin your enchantments when you pleaſe, you never had a fairer occaſion to make uſe of them.

Upon this *Hircan* riſes out of his place, and taking out of his pocket a High-Dutch Book, he began to read a loud ten or twelve lines. The Ladies, who knew he was no Magician, were yet ſomewhat afraid to hear him pronounce ſuch a ſort of ſtrange words, which they all took for the names of Devils; and they were ready to run away, had not *Orontes* reaſſur'd them, by whiſpering ſomewhat to them. No body therefore ſtirr'd, except *Carmelin*, who for very fear began to take his way. *Clarimond* and *Philiris* ran after him, and brought him back to the company, telling him he muſt ſtay and ſee if *Hircan* could make a *Hamadryad* appear, ſince he was one of thoſe that did not believe there were any in the world. *I* will not ſee any of thoſe creatures, reply'd he, *I* had rather grant my Maſter that there are abundance in this very Country; and that *I* have ſeen but too many to my ſorrow one night that *I* was in his company: But if you will force me to ſtay here to ſee ſuch ſhe-devils, give me firſt leave to go ſomewhere and get ſome ſalt: for *I* remember that my great Aunt talking to me one night by the fire ſide when *I* was little, told me, how that a certain man, being gotten into an aſſembly of Witches, where there was good chear enough, ask'd of thoſe that ſerved, for ſome ſalt, ſeeing there was none, and that the feaſt ſeem'd to be imperfect without it; beſides, you know well enough, that in ſome houſes, when the ſalt-ſeller is wanting among other neceſſary things at meal, they bid the men or maids take a ladder, for to ſee what is wanting at the table. Now they brought to this man a ſalt-ſeller full of the crum of bread; ſeeing which, he cry'd out, O my God! ſhall *I* have no ſalt? which done, all that were preſent vaniſh'd. By this it is known, that the Devils hate ſalt, and that they will not ſtay in the place where there is any, nor where it is ſpoken of, becauſe they are ſpirits of diſcord, and that ſalt is an embleme of concord, witneſs the proverb, which ſaies, that to know a man well, a man ſhould

eat a buſhel of ſalt with him. Now there is no body can know ſo fraudulent a beaſt as the Devil, for a man never eats any ſalt with him: Since I know 'tis a thing he hates ſo much, I would have ſome to make him fly away; I preſently ſtart away aſſoon as there is any mention of thoſe black Angels. *Carmelin* is ſo learned to day, that a man cannot confute him, ſays *Clarimond*; he draws conſequences from every thing; and yet I will not ſuffer him to go for any ſalt at preſent, nor ſeek for any other ſubtilty that might make the *Hamadryad* vaniſh, ſince it is our deſire to ſee her, and that there is no danger to ſtay. She'll come alone, and we are a great many to reſiſt her, if ſhe were minded to do us any miſchief; and beſides, there's no ſuch fear of Spirits in the day as in the night.

I know not whether theſe reaſons prevail'd with *Carmelin*; but he was forc'd to ſtay, for *Philiris* and *Clarimond* held him faſt by the arms. *Hircan* in the mean time reading his book, made ſome figures on the ground with a rod he had; and at length he with a loud and cleer voice cries out, *Fair Hamadryad! fair Cherry-tree Nymph! I conjure thee by* Horta *Goddeſs of the Gardens, and by* Pan *God of the Fields, immediately to appear here in a viſible and delightfull form, ſo that thou frighten no body.*

Every one then look'd about, not knowing what would happen; and *Hircan* having iterated his conjuration three times, there iſſued a monſtrous ſhape of a Woman out of the thickeſt part of the Thicket. She was coif'd with green moſs; her face was nothing but flat bark, wherein there were holes, two for the eyes, and one for the mouth, without any appearance of noſe. All her body was in the ſame manner cover'd with barks of tree, which were diſpos'd like the ſcales on a fiſhes back; ſo that this *Hamadryad* cauſing them by her friſking to knock and beat together, made no ſmall noiſe. By this ſtirring to and fro, a piece of bark broke off, and *Hircan* very carefully taking it up, Be of good comfort, ſays he to *Polidor*; ſee here the *Hamadryad* grants your deſire. This wood I eſteem very excellent; for to obtain which I doubt not but your Miſtreſs hath made you undertake this great journey: When ſhe hath it once, ſhe will make handles for knives with it, or haply ſhe will ſtamp it for to make a drug of it for ſome ſecret receipt. Now you that are preſent, conſider well the *Hamadryad*, and henceforth give credit to ſacred myſteries.

The noſeleſs *Nymph* danc'd all the while he ſaid this, and at laſt having taken a turn about the company, ſhe went away the ſame way ſhe came, leaving all much aſtoniſht at the ſubtilty of *Hircan*. It was a Servant-maid of the Nymph *Lucida*, who was lately become the Shepherdeſs *Amaryllis*. The Magician had cauſed her to be ſo diſguis'd, becauſe *Lyſis* had ſpoken to him of *Clarimond's* incredulity. They had made her a Mask of Bark, and a Gown of a many pieces of the ſame ſtuffe faſtened together; and *Hircan* having made ſign to ſome of his people to make her be ready, ſhe came juſt in the nick.

Here was *Lyſis* as prettily cheated as ever he was in his life; and the Nymph being retired, there was only one ſmall ſcruple that troubled his mind. I pray you tell me one thing, ſays he to *Hircan*; why hath this *Hamadryad* appeared now with ſuch a rough face and groſs body, whereas when I was a Tree I ſaw her every night in a form fair and favourable enough. That fault is only to be imputed to your eyes, replies *Hircan*; you were then a *Demy-god* of the Forreſts, but now you are a man, and cannot ſee through the veils which cover the Deities. Now that none of all that are here preſent may doubt of the greatneſs of my power, I will reſtore to this Hamadryad her humane nature which ſhe ſometimes had; nor indeed is it the will of Fate ſhe ſhould alwayes live within a tree. *Hircan* having ſaid this, read ſomwhat in his book, and then call'd, *O Hamadryad! I command thee to become a Maid, and that immediately there appear* Amaryllis's *Maid in her ordinary cloaths.* Behold her that ſometimes was an *Hamadryad!* cries out *Lyſis*; I know her well enough again: Oh how great is the power of *Hircan!* You ſee, anſwers the Magician, that this *Cherry-Nymph* hath been very eaſie to transform; ſhe hath not been ſo obſtinate as you, who put me to ſo much trouble, that I was forc'd to

conjure

conjure the winds to come and bring you down. I was afraid to loſe any thing of my felicity by change of form, replies *Lyſis*; you know it better then my ſelf.

This diſcourſe was interrupted by the arrival of the Nymph, whom all called *Liſetta*. When ſhe was come neer *Polidor*, he fell on his knees before her and humbly thank'd her for the wood ſhe had beſtowed on him. She knew not how to return his complement, and was buſie to hearken to *Lyſis*, who ask'd *Hircan* if there were no means to reſtore their former ſhapes to the *Cypreſs* and the *Apricock-Nymph*. He anſwer'd, that Fate had ordain'd it otherwiſe; but the reaſon was, becauſe the Youth that plaid on the Violin was gone from him, and the other *Hamadryad* was gone with *Synopa*, whom the evening before ſhe waited for in the coach, while that Nymph ſpoke to *Lyſis* and *Carmelin* under the name of *Parthenice*, and when ſhe parted from them without bidding them farewell, to ſhew the more indifferencie in the vexation ſhe was then in.

Carmelin in this mean time was perpetually pulling his Maſter by the ſleeve, which the other took no notice of; but at laſt being forc'd to turn his head, he ask'd him what he would have. My maſter! ſays he to him, Methinks this *Liſetta* is as good as another; tell me whether it will be convenient for me to fall in love with her. Ha! *inconſtant* wretch, replies *Lyſis*, I ſee thou wouldſt be perpetually agitated among the divers ſighings of the Nymphs, like a leaf by the breathings of the winds: Know that *Fidelity* honours men with eternal renown, and that thou ought'ſt to love thy *Parthenice* to the death, if thou deſireſt to be recommended to Poſterity.

Carmelin was much troubled at this anſwer, for he could not be content to have a ſtone for his Miſtreſs, whoſe kiſſes were cold and rough. Yet had he not the leiſure to reply, becauſe *Philiris* came and told him he muſt do what his maſter commanded him. And in the mean time *Lyſis* viewing all the company one after another, ſpoke to them to this purpoſe. As for *Orontes*, *Florida*, and *Leonora*, who have already gone through the ardors of youth, they are not oblig'd to relate their Loves; they are here only to judge of ours. As for *Anſelme* and *Angelica*, I know ſomwhat of their affairs. *Fontenay*, *Philiris*, *Polidor*, and *Meliantes* have already related their ſtories. I know well enough that of *Liſetta*, otherwiſe called the *Cherry-Nymph*: *Hircan's* life is well known: *Clarimond* hath nothing worth the telling us. Therefore there remains none but the Shepherdeſs *Amaryllis* that can entertain the company: We muſt entreat her to let us have her ſtory; I believe there muſt be very brave things in it; for having the countenance like that of *Lucida*, divers beſides my ſelf both Gods and men might have taken her for that Nymph. Now 'tis certain theſe miſtakes cauſe ſtrange adventures, as may be obſerv'd, if it be conſidered what misfortunes *Lydamon* ſuffer'd being taken for *Lydian*. Fair *Amaryllis*, ſays *Orontes*, will you ſatisfie our deſires? I humbly beſeech you and the reſt of this honorable company to excuſe me, reply'd ſhe; for I have made a vow never to diſcover my Loves till they are more fortunate, and that I therein effectuate my expectations. If my Shepherd ſhould turn his love from me, I ſhould be too much troubled it ſhould be known I ever bore him any affection: There's nothing more inſupportable then diſdain, and ſo much the more when it is publike. We muſt not take away modeſty from women and maids, ſays *Lyſis*, we ſhall withall rob them of their honour. There are in all companies ſome diſcreet reſerv'd perſons, who are willing to know the affairs of others, but will not diſcover their own. That is practis'd in all good *Romances*, when the Authors endeavour pleaſure by variety. I willingly excuſe *Amaryllis* for not relating her Loves to us; yet muſt ſhe at the leaſt acquaint us with ſomwhat of her condition. In this I ſhall eaſily ſtudy your ſatisfaction, ſays *Amaryllis*: I am a Gentlewoman of good birth, and ally'd to *Hircan*; but this learned perſon being come to viſit me at my houſe which is not far hence, hath perſwaded me to put on the habit of a Shepherdeſs to live more contentedly. Your intentions are ſo good and ſo juſt, ſays *Lyſis*, that I believe heaven cannot but proſper them: For my part, I ſhall do whatever lies in my

power

power for you. *Amaryllis* thank'd *Lyſis* for his courteſie, and was very glad to be pardon'd the relating of her ſtory, for ſhe was not prepared for it; beſides, that ſhe was ſomewhat high-conceited, and would not finde ſport for the other Ladies, if they did not the like to her. She would very fain have had *Angelica* relate a ſtory as well as ſhe; and in this renowned company, ſhe was much more reſerv'd, then with *Synopa*, whom ſhe eſteemed not ſo much, when they perſonated the *Nymphs* of the *Fountains*.

Orontes perceiving ſhe had no minde to ſpeak any more: The beſt is yet to come, ſays he; every one hath been commanded to relate his ſtory, and none hath ſpoken to *Carmelin*, who is a gallant perſon. He muſt not ſcape without telling us of his noble adventures: You'll pardon me, ſaies *Carmelin*; for I ſee my Maſter will not have me appear among honeſt people, no more then if *I* were ſome Renegado or Rogue redeem'd from the Galleys. Thou wrongſt me to think ſo of me, ſaies *Lyſis*, for in caſe thou maiſt be now aſhamed to ſpeak, I give thee free leave to do it: But what will you have me tell you? replies *Carmelin*; *I* am not of theſe amorous people that fall into Tranſes, who have already ſpoken: what Loves have *I* to relate to you? 'Tis true, thou haſt not much to ſay, as to the love of *Parthenice*, replies *Lyſis*: but take the ſtory higher, and relate to us thy whole life ſuch as it is. And if thou haſt any knaviſh conceits, ſo much the better; for after ſo many ſerious things as we have heard, it will not be amiſs to hear ſomewhat more facetious, and it will be as good as if we had a Mask after a *Tragicomedy*. Very well, you take me then for ſome *Hocus Pocus*, ſaies *Carmelin*; do *I* look like one that could make others laugh? Thou art already worthy to be laught at for ſaying ſo (replies *Lyſis*) but in the worſt way; for thou art ignorant what a glory it is to play the fool handſomely; and that if thou couldſt do it, thy jeſting were honorable: Be not therefore angry, but acquaint us with thy life as thou pleaſeſt. *If* thou wilt not fill it with Gallantry, let it be ſtor'd with Doctrine, and ſhew us that thou art indeed ſo well qualifi'd, and of ſo good parts as thou art, and that thou oughtſt not to be liſted among fools. *Carmelin* having upon that a little bethought himſelf of what he ſhould ſay; thus began his ſtory, putting himſelf into a more chearful poſture then before.

The Hiſtory of *CARMELIN*.

" SInce it is deſir'd *I* ſhould relate my life, *I* am to endeavor to go through
" with it to my credit, as *I* have done in all things *I* have ever undertaken:
" and that my Auditors may the better comprehend all *I* ſhall ſay, *I* ſhall ob-
" ſerve ſuch order in my diſcourſes, that they ſhal be link'd together like pearls. That
" *I* may ſpeak of my Father and Mother, before *I* ſpeak of their childe, *I* muſt tell
" you, they were born and bred in *Lyons*; and that it was in the ſame fair City
" they forg'd me; my Father was called Goodman *Alleaume*, and my Mother
" Goodwife *Paſquet*, people without reproach, who ought neither God nor the
" world any thing, and liv'd upon what they got by making of Canvas: They were
" ſo well known in the City, that when they walk'd out on Sundays, a man could
" hear nothing here and there, but Goodman *Alleaume*, and Goodwife *Paſquet*;
" and they met not an Alehouſe where they took not their ſtage, though they drank
" but a pinte. They received ſo many preſents from all parts, that when they re-
" turned home, the belly was ever full, and the back loaden: Alas! they dyed
" too ſoon for me, and *I* have only known their great proſperity but by hear-ſay.
" At ſeven years of age was *I* an Orphan, and was forc'd to go and live with an
" uncle of mine, who would have kept me with ayr, had it been poſſible. His
" caitiff-life was ſuch a plague to me, that *I* ſoon had a deſire to put my ſelf to ſer-
" vice with ſome good Maſter that could afford me better chear. *I* was but eleven

year

" year old, and was not very tall, nor very ſtrong, and yet my uncle made a ſhift " to get me a ſervice: He plac'd me with a pretty little man, that liv'd upon his " rents; and one that would not keep a Lacquay any bigger then *I*, leſt he might " beat him. 'Twas a miracle how nature had been able to make a man out of ſo " little matter: nor indeed do *I* well know whether *I* may aſſure you it was one, " for he was not ſo tall as *I* was then.

" *It* was reported in the Town, that his father, when his mother was half gone " with childe, was gone to travel; and that having not the wit to cauſe the work " to be finiſh'd by another, ſhe had brought forth an imperfect thing. For my " part, when I follow'd Mr. *Taupin* (that was his name) I was ſomtimes in much " fear leſt the wind might carry him away as a ſtraw; and if he were to croſs ſome " kennel, I had the ſame fear he might be drown'd, and that it were as hard a task " to look for him, as for pins. He had no great minde to go a foot, for the avoiding " of all theſe misfortunes; ſo that he caus'd a little coach to be made, drawn by " one little horſe, and driven by a Coachman proportionable, that all might be in " a conformity. When I was gotten up at the coach tail, our equipage was lookt " on with admiration; and there was a certain Citizen ſaid very pleaſantly, that " there was no need to go to Cabinets for Rarities, to ſee a ſhip cover'd with the " wing of a flye; or a box compleat in all its parts, that weigh'd not in all the " weight of a grain of Turky wheat; when that without any trouble *Taupin* was " to be ſeen, with his Coach, his Horſe, his Coach-man and his Lacquay, that " weigh'd but a Muſtard-ſeed. My maſter was not a little vex'd that he was ſo low, " and a man could never pleaſe him better, then to tell him that there were leſs then " he in the world: but thoſe that told him that lye, would have been ſomewhat " puzzled to tell him the place where they had ſeen any ſuch, if they meant not " your Puppets in Fairs; for as for your Princes Dwarfs, they were Gyants in com- " pariſon of him. Yet would he take ſome heart, when any body would tell him " that he was a man of a middle ſtature, and that all might ſo eſteem him: when " he walk'd the ſtreets, he would take it where it was higheſt; and if he were in a " Chamber, he ever got up on a ſtool.

" To ſum up his miſery, the fates ordain'd he ſhould fall in Love with the great- " eſt and biggeſt woman in all *Lyons*, as if out of a hatred to littleneſs, he had " ſought for nothing but height, and would not marry one proportionate to him- " ſelf, leſt they might have gotten children too little. He had already been mar- " ried to a woman of a middle ſtature, who had not carried her ſelf over honeſtly, " but he had taken order with her; for having known how that her private friend " came to her every night into an arbour, which was at the end of the garden, he " caus'd the floor of it, which was but of wood to be un-nail'd and looſen'd; ſo " that the firſt time they met there, they ſtirr'd ſo much about, that at laſt down " they fell, and were kill'd with their fall, cruſhing a poor Grey-hound, that be- " long'd to the houſe, and had follow'd the woman. He eaſily obtain'd his par- " don, and it was generally thought the whore and the knave were well ſerv'd, and " that all the hurt was done, was to the poor dog, who had not deſerv'd it. Though " the great woman, which *Taupin* was a ſuitor to, knew all this buſineſs, yet did " ſhe not fear the ſubtle deſigns of ſuch a husband, becauſe ſhe was a woman lived " as honeſtly as another. I know not whether it were againſt her will, but the " truth was, that in the memory of man it was not known ſhe was otherwiſe called " then Miſtreſs *Radegonda*: now this was her true name; and for thoſe baſe names, " which out of reſpect to the Ladies I ſhall not here mention, they had never " grated any skin off her ears. I know well enough, that there are ſome malici- " ous people would perſwade us, that it was the worſt you could ſay to her to call " her by that name, being the moſt known name ſhe had, was that of an ill-liver; " ſo that another woman would have been angry to be called ſo, and that it were " not to be ſpoken, without reverence uſed before. However, let us not hearken " to calumny, and let us believe *Radegonda* had no hurt in her, but that ſhe was " ſuſpected.

" As for *Taupin*, Love ſo blinded him, that he thought not of any thing but how " to get into his Miſtreſſes favour. He wore Galloches and a high-crown'd Hat, " that he might appear tall; but he muſt have had Stilts, had he been only to reach " the knees of his fair one. Nay, the day they were married, the Prieſt unwilling to " be at ſo much trouble as to caſt down his eyes towards him, and perceiving he " could not poſſibly reach the Brides hand unleſs he was rais'd higher, he was by his " order ſeated upon the Poor-mens Box. Every one ſaid, that *Radegonda* would " hide ſuch a Husband in her pocket; and that it was to be fear'd, leſt being " abed with her, ſhe might cruſh him between her nailes in ſtead of a " Flea.

" For to find the Town more work to laugh at, it happened that the next day " after the wedding, *Radegonda* would bring all her houſholdſtuff to her husbands " houſe; but her equipage was ſo much too big, as his was too little. There was a " great Couch, great Chairs, and a great Table; ſo that they were fain to enlarge " *Taupin's* doors for to bring them in: But that was not only requiſite as to that " end, but alſo to receive in *Radegonda* herſelf, who would have been forc'd to lie " in the ſtreet, had things continued as before. About this time a new deſign came " into *Taupin's* mind, which was, that he thought it ſufficient to be little only in " regard of his Body, without making himſelf ſo otherwiſe, as having but ſmall " houſholdſtuff: He therefore gave order to make every thing great, deſiring, as " he ſaid, to imitate *Alexander* King of *Macedon*, who had been called the *great*, " though he were but little; and had us'd no other invention to make poſterity be- " lieve he was of an high ſtature, but by leaving at the ends of his Conqueſts ſuch " Arms as ſhould ſerve a Gyant, as if they had been his own. *Taupin* accordingly " thenceforward made himſelf great Doublets, and great Breeches, and long Cloaks, " which he ſeldom wore, but laid them up in his Wardrobe for a Bravado, that " thoſe which ſaw them might think he was no ſmall perſon. He ſtudied nothing " ſo much as to ſeem rich, that ſo it might be ſaid he were ſome *great* man; and " out of a deſire not to be mentioned without ſome imagination of *grandeur*, he " thought it would not be amiſs to make his name up from two ſyllables to ſix or " ſeven, and to be call'd *La Taupiniere* inſtead of *Taupin*. For my part, I was no- " thing pleas'd with this change, but in as much as I hoped there might alſo be " an increaſe in the houſe-keeping as well as in the other things; for a great Body, " ſuch as *Radegonda's*, doth neceſſarily require more meat to nouriſh it then a little " one, ſuch as her husbands; and thence did I propoſe to my ſelf that my belly might " fare better then it did before with my maſter, who when he fed alone caus'd but a " very ſmall matter to be provided, thinking his ſervants had been as ſmall feeders " as himſelf.

" The advantage which beſides came to me by this marriage, was, that his wife " being a charitable woman, put me to learn to read and write, hoping to bring me " to ſome good. As for *Taupin*, I know not whether he had any deſire to put me " forward: But one thing I muſt ſay for him, he ever kept what he promis'd; " but let me explain my ſelf, I mean that if he promiſed you any thing, he kept it " ſo well that he would never give it you. And this is the reaſon I did not much " ſtick to anger him divers times together. One day above all, being in his Country- " houſe, and having ſent me to *Lyons* to buy ſome proviſions, he asked me at my " return, what they ſaid in the Town when I came out? They ſaid Evening-prayer, " Sir, ſaid I to him. He inſtead of laughing at my ſimplicity, was moſt furiouſly " angry with me, ſaying I did nothing but abuſe him; and two dayes after he diſ- " miſs'd me. I have underſtood ſince, that the greateſt reaſon he had to put me " away, was, that he ſaw I grew up daily, and that he grew not as well as I. I was " at that time couragious enough and ſtrong enough to deal with him, if he would " have beaten me. He thought it not beſt to keep ſuch naughty boys, 'twas enough " to have a naughty wife, who had now left off her good conditions, and did no- " thing but ſlight him. When he thought to cry, it ſeem'd to be a Chick that had " the pip; but *Radegonda* had a voice that fill'd his ears as if it had been the ſound

of

" of a bell. She by way of abuſe would ask him, Who's that below? or elſe ſhe " would ſay to him, How's this, that I hear you ſpeak, and cannot ſee you? I have " been told, that one day being in a fury, ſhe look'd for him all the houſe over for " to whip him: He ſometimes hid himſelf in a Rats neſt, and ſometimes in a pen- " nard; but at laſt ſhifting from one place to another, he was found in a corner " of the Study which the Maid had forgotten to make clean, and there had he ſo en- " tangled himſelf in a great cobweb, that he was taken like a bird in the net. *Rade-* " *gonda* came to him, and having under ſome pretence diſentangled him, ſhe brought " him to the beds-poſt, where one hair was enough to tie him; and when ſhe had " done, ſwept his buttocks. He would after that be ſeparated from her as to body " and goods, as I believe he is now, whether he be dead or alive.

" When I parted from him, I went and liv'd with a Doctor of Phyſick, who " took me for to be his Groom, and to dreſs his Mule, and to follow him up and " down: But being one evening in the ſtable, methought the beaſt was not well. " I went and told my maſter that his mule had caught a cold, and had a cough; I " ask'd him what he thought fit I ſhould do to her. Put my night-cap on her head, " anſwer'd he. I preſently believ'd that the Doctor was ſo skilfull, that all that he " preſcribed muſt infallibly be done: beſides that, I thought it not amiſs to keep " the Beaſt warm. But her head being too big for the cap, I came and told my " maſter that his cap was too little, and that but one ear could get in. He was much " taken with the ſimplicity of my youth, which hath furniſhed him with ſtories to " divert his Patients; for he cured them as much by his merry Conceits, as by his " Receits. His Mule having afterwards been well dreſs'd by a Farrier, I wondred " to ſee that a Phyſitian could cure men, and not cure beaſts. The pleaſant humour " of him I ſerved, was indeed enough to make me love him. 'Twas he, who having " ſeen the urine of a ſick woman which was brought him by a Country-fellow, ask'd " him twice as much as he was wont to take. Why do you ask me ſo much, Mr. " Doctor? ſays the Country-man. Becauſe I have ſeen two urines, friend, anſwered " he; I have ſeen that of your wife, and that of your dog that hath juſt now piſs'd " againſt my carpet.

" In as much as at that time I was of an humour jovial enough, I was much " pleas'd with theſe pleaſant rencontres, and I was ever very proud to learn ſome " good word. But all that did but ſatisfie the mind and not the body: I could eaſily " perceive a decay as to the good condition of the ſheath of my ſoul, and the mould " of my doublet grew leſs and leſs. The Doctor ſo peſter'd my head with his pre- " cepts of Abſtinence, and he would needs have me content my ſelf with one meal a " day, ſo to rid my ſelf of my fatneſs, and be more nimble to run after him. Could " his Mule have ſpoken, ſhe would have complain'd of his niggardlineſs as well as I; " and as for her being ſick, it was purely for want of meat. The Doctor never went " into any houſe, but coming out he brought away ſome old piece of Mat for to " give his Mule, who ſometimes had not broke her faſt at five in the afternoon. " For my part, I ſo much pittied the languiſhing condition of the poor creature, " that I had not the heart to be her Governour any longer, ſince I had more will " then ability to do her any good. I thereupon left my Doctor; and having made " acquaintance with one of his Patients, I engag'd my ſelf in the honorable quality " of a *Lacquay*, as I was thought deſerving. This Patient was a Gentleman whoſe " name was *Triſtan*, one very eaſily ſerv'd: For being in a quartan Ague, which " had now ſtuck to him a year, he never went out of his chamber, and I had no " other work to do but to reach him the glaſs and the chamber-pot, and ſome other " neceſſaries. His converſation was very pleaſant: *Melancholy* and *Soliſude* had " half made him an *Ideot*. He had gotten meaſures of Parchment, ſuch as Tailors " have, wherewith he meaſured himſelf every day all over his body, to ſee if the " ſwelling were nothing diminiſh'd. He had a meaſure for every toe, another for " each leg, another for each thigh, another for the waſte, another for the breaſt: " And when he found that any of thoſe parts grew leſs, he accordingly ſhortned his " meaſures. I was the faithfull guardian of thoſe meaſures, all which I lock'd up

" into a Drawer before him, taking an oath not to lengthen nor ſhorten them.

" This humor found me a great deal of ſport; but I'll tell you of another, an " admirable one, which was of ſome advantage to me: *Triſtan* having no other " employment all day long, but to conſider what he found in his cloſe-ſtool, won- " der'd to finde there ſometimes yellow matter, ſometimes green; ſometimes hard, " and ſometimes ſoft. He would needs know whether that proceeded from his in- " diſpoſition or no, and finding me as he thought ſufficiently in health, he reſolv'd " I ſhould eat of the ſame meat that he did, to ſee if I ſhould void the like mat- " ter. To ſatisfie this humor, I had brought me in the morning a broath, which I " took at the ſame time he took his. We afterward together took a jelly made of " Knuckles and Marrow-bones, and then eat a boild Capon, and at night we had " ſome tame fowl roaſted; I never had made ſo good chear, the change of meat " put me into ſuch a looſeneſs the firſt day, that *Triſtan* was almoſt perſwaded that " his diet was not wholſome; but the ſecond day, having recovered my former " temper, and he on the contrary having done nothing but clear water, he deſpair'd " of imagining himſelf extreamly ſick. At laſt he bethought himſelf, that to make " better experience, I muſt be gotten into bed as well as he. There was preſently " made ready a pallet in his chamber for me, where I was to continue a long time; " and this *I* took no pleaſure in, but my felicity was now a burthen to me. I had " rather have been at liberty, then have made ſo good chear, I was ſo ſtrictly look't " to, that though I ſhould have dyed for hunger or thirſt, yet would they not " give me any thing to eat or drink, but at my Maſters hours; and that if I were " to go to ſtool, it muſt be alſo near about the time that he went, and that in a " baſin that was at his beds feet, leſt in caſe I went aſide to do it, there might be " ſome falſification in the matter. He kept a memorial of the quantity and colour " of my ſtools and his own, and all he wanted, was to know the weight and the " taſte. But let that paſs: I ſhould not have car'd, if when he took glifters, or any " phyſick, I had not alſo been oblig'd to take the ſame, to ſee the difference of " the operation; and to make a ſhort end of me, he had a deſign to have a diet " preſcrib'd, to ſee if the change of diet would change the diſpoſition. At certain " times I muſt have faſted as he did, to my great indignation: but at length, God " took compaſſion on us both, and my Maſter having recovered his health, gave " me leave to be well too, that I might wait on him on all occaſions: Yet there was " ſtill a relique of folly in his head, which did ſome injury to his feet. However, I " lived peaceably with him, and in all the precipitate journeys he put me upon. I " reſolutely attended him to *Paris*, where being adviſed by ſome wiſe and conſide- " rate perſons, I begg'd of him that he would put me out to ſome Trade, whereby " I might get my living: in conſideration of my aſſiſtance when he was ſick, he " bound me Apprentice to a *Joyner* in that brave City, where I choſe rather to live, " then in my own. I was not now ſo fooliſh as when I was yong, when it being " propos'd to me to be bound to this or that, or the other Trade; I ſaid, I would " not be any of all thoſe, why do you not tell me of a great many others that " are better? It is better I were *Apprentice* to a *Councellor* or a *Gentleman*, I " thought that for to be a *Judge* or a *Councellor*, 'twas enough to be a *Clerk* or a " *Serving-man*; and to be a *Lord* or a *Gentleman*, there were no more then to be a " *Lacquay*: but *I* was now grown wiſer.

" *Triſtan* returning to *Lyons*, left me with the Maſter where he had placed me, " of whom I thought in a little time to have learned the Trade: and when he " ſometimes beat me, becauſe my work was not to his minde, *I* was ſo ingenious, " as to go and perſwade the Carriers of our Countrey, that if my Maſter was rough " to me, was becauſe it vexed him to ſee me already a better workman then him- " ſelf.

" *I* will tell you one remarkable thing that hapned in his houſe: This Joyner was " a good big fellow, and none of the worſt faces, and had been choſen Corporal " of the Trained Bands in his quarter; and in that quality had appeared in ſeveral " muſters, and had with his company guarded one of the gates: This ſervice had made

" made him ſo proud, that he imagined himſelf deſcended from one of the *Nine*
" *Worthies*. When ever he had on the ſcarlet ſuit with gold lace, which he had made
" him for his days of Triumph, I muſt have doubled the accuſtomed honors and
" reſpects.

" Having made acquaintance with a yong man, a Painter, he would needs be
" drawn in that fine ſuit (which he was mightily taken with) with a Gorget, a
" gray Hat on his head, with a great Feather, a Sword by his ſide, booted and
" ſpurr'd, and having one hand on a little table, wherein there was to be a Head-
" piece, and two Gantlets. The Painter having done this rare piece, brought it
" to my Maſter, and received his money. There was no fault in it, but that the
" colours had not luſtre enough. 'Tis true, the Painter told him, that when the
" picture were dry, there were no more to do then to take a wet napkin and rub it,
" and that would make it the faireſt thing in the world; but that he ſhould not put
" himſelf to that trouble, unleſs he were to ſhew it to ſome people of good rank.
" The Joyner believ'd it, and a while after, he invited ſeven or eight Citizens, kinſ-
" folk and friends, to dine at his houſe, and as it was on purpoſe to ſhew them his
" own fine picture. When they had quaff'd it to ſome purpoſe in the Parlour, where
" they had ſtaid a while, becauſe of the coolneſs, he told the gueſts, that he would
" ſhew them a picture he had caus'd to be drawn. He brought them up into his
" chamber, where hung this Maſter-piece, which every one look'd very ſtrangely
" on. They ſaw it was very poorly done, yet no body durſt ſay any thing, becauſe
" of diſpleaſing him. But my Maſter thinking they eſteemed not that picture as they
" ſhould, becauſe they ſaw not all the perfections of it, was reſolv'd to make uſe of
" his ſecret to make it look fair. You ſhall preſently ſee what miracle there is in
" this picture, ſaies he to the company; I'll make it look far otherwiſe. Boy, bring
" hither a napkin, and a pail of water. I obeyed his command, and the Joyner
" having wetted the cloath, rubb'd the picture all over: But O the ſtrange Pro-
" digy! Was not this one of the Metamorphoſis whereof the Shepherd *Lyſis* hath
" ſo often ſpoken? inſtead of having a plume of feathers on the hat, there was one-
" ly a huge pair of horns; inſtead of boots, a high pair of Countrey ſhoes; in-
" ſtead of a ſword, there was a compaſs; and upon the table a plank, and a ſmoothing
" place, inſtead of the head-piece and gantlets. O the great ſcandal there was!
" my Maſter having received ſuch an affront, before people that could not but laugh
" at it, ſwore he would make the Painter repent it, and that without any more ado,
" he would indict him, but he had left *Paris*, and was gone to travel. It was ſaid
" he had in the firſt place drawn in oyl the picture of the horned Joyner, and that
" afterwards he had made the Gentleman Joyner upon the other in diſtemper, ſo
" that the water might eaſily wipe out this laſt draught. This Painter bore a ſpight
" to my Maſter, becauſe that being once on the guard, he had ſuffer'd him to ſtand
" ſentinel longer then his time; beſides, that he could not brook ſo great an inſo-
" lence, as that a Joyner would be painted like a Gentleman. And this was the
" reaſon of the cheat; but that which troubled my Maſter moſt, were the horns,
" for to threaten him with thoſe, was to make him utterly deſpair, who had a yong
" woman to his wife.

" All the misfortune fell on my head, there being no other he could quarrel with:
" he was angry that I had brought him the water ſo ſoon, and it was not enough to
" excuſe me, to tell him I had done nothing but by his command. He never bore me
" good will ſince; and yet when my time was out, I was a long while Jorneyman
" with him, but I have nothiag to tell you as to that. I am only to acquaint you,
" that at length a famous Doctor, in whoſe ſtudy I put up ſome ſhelves, taking no-
" tice of me, entertain'd me, for to make me a knowing and learned man. Since
" that I ſerved a Stationer that made Almanacks, as you have already heard; and
" now I am in ſervice with the Shepherd *Lyſis*, where if my condition be good, I
" appeal to this honorable company. 'Tis well known, what I have done ſince I
" came to this Countrey; ſo that I may here end my diſcourſe, and crave your
" pardons if it have not pleas'd: As for example, if I have ſpoken of a buſineſs

too obſcene in the hiſtory of my Maſter *Triſtan*. I beſeech you not to to be offended; for as the ſpeaking of oyl and greaſe doth not ſpot our cloathes, ſo I conceive my words ſtink not.

Aſſoon as *Carmelin* had given over ſpeaking, the whole company gave him a thouſand commendations, ſwearing they never had heard a more pleaſant ſtory. 'Twas the opinion even of *Clarimond*, who preferred his eloquence before that of *Philiris* and the other Shepherds, and told him there was nothing he could be tax'd for, ſaving that he ly'd a little when he ſpoke of *Taupin*, whom he made ſo little and weak, that he ſeem'd to relate a fable. Yet have I ſaid nothing of his ſtature which divers of his acquaintance will not affirm, replies *Carmelin*; if I have added any thing, it hath been for the ornament of the diſcourſe: but if you had given me time to prepare my ſelf, I had ſpoken more bravely, and would have diſplayed all my ſcience, whereof I ſhould have ſcattered ſome hints up and down. 'Tis a ſad loſs you have not done it, ſays *Orontes*, we have loſt much by the bargain, you muſt make us amends ſome other time. He ſhall not fail, ſays *Lyſis*: But there's none of you all conſiders what he ſaid of the Joyners picture; He almoſt believes that the change that hapned therein was a Metamorphoſis, like thoſe whereof I have given ſo many examples. And to be ſerious, he were better be of that opinion, then to go and imagine that the Painter put one colour on another. I do not believe there can be any ſuch ſubtilty uſed. It will be a thing more noble, and withall more probable, that all here preſent who are aſſured of the power of the Divinity, ſhould imagine that the Picture of the Gentleman was metamorphos'd into that of a Cuckold, by a celeſtial miracle, to puniſh a Knave that would appear what he was not. To avoid quarrelling, I'll believe what you pleaſe, ſays *Carmelin*: Then, as for the humour of this Corporal, was it not ſuch as it ſhould be, as I have already made appear? He was not any thing liberall; and I forgot to tell you that he never made any proviſion for his houſe, for he never bought neither bread nor wine, but as much as would ſerve at the meal; becauſe (ſaid he) if he had a great Loaf, or a Pipe of wine, and ſhould die and leave any thing behind, his heirs in their merry humours would ſay, That there was a great Fool indeed, he hath taken the pains to buy a deal of wine, and hath not drunk it up: We'll never do ſo. I ſee then, ſays *Orontes* to *Carmelin*, that you will ſtill remember ſome paſſages of your ſtory, which you paſs'd by unmentioned. But where are our wits all this while, that we have made you and the reſt ſpeak, and have forgotten the Shepherd *Lyſis* your Maſter, as if he were not of this aſſembly? He, who is one of the moſt conſummate ingenuities of the world, will entertain us with nothing but miracles; and we have no need to importune the Shepherdeſs *Charite* to relate her ſtory, ſince there can be but one between them both, and the adventures of the one depend on thoſe of the other.

While *Orontes* ſaid this, *Charite* thought that they were minded to abuſe her; and being of a ſimple Cockney-humour, ſhe riſe out of her place, where ſhe was as 'twere on the rack, as being ſet neer her Miſtreſs, and ran home without any ſtop. *Lyſis* would needs go after her; but *Angelica* told him, that for that time he muſt let the diſdainfull Gentlewoman take her courſe, and that when ſhe came home ſhe would chide her for it. Am I not the moſt miſerable of all the Lovers that the Sun ever ſhone upon? replies *Lyſis*: My Shepherheſs, becauſe ſhe ſees me going to relate my ſtory, runs away: It is becauſe ſhe is afraid to underſtand my amorous torments, and will not be oblig'd to ſuccour me by the prayers and perſwaſions of this honourable company, as if there were not Gods that ſaw and knew all, and would condemn her as guilty, though her crimes were hidden from men. But muſt the abſence of *Charite* be a reaſon why we may not have your ſtory? ſays *Leonora*. I have not the courage to tell you any thing, Madam, replies *Lyſis*; but there is a remedy for that. There's *Clarimond*, who hath every where taken Notes of my actions paſt, and is reſolv'd to make a Book of my Loves; let him tell you what he ſhall be able; I ſhall be very glad my ſelf to ſee in what manner he hath ſet himſelf to work in it: Though I quarrell'd with him erewhile, he muſt forget what is paſt.

I ſhall not relate much, ſays *Clarimond*; for I have not my papers here, which I ſhould want very much, becauſe my memory is at this time very ſhort and deceitfull. Yet I ſhall endeavour to come as neer as I can to what I have written.

All being very attentive to what *Clarimond* ſhould ſay: He began thus;

UNder the happy Reign of the moſt invincible King of the* Flowerdeluces, *there flouriſh'd at* Paris *the Son of a Silkman, whoſe Vertue paralel'd the Antiquity of his race, and whoſe Antiquity of race was far below his Riches.

Let's have no more, I beſeech you, ſaies *Lyſis*; if my Hiſtory be made in that manner, it will not pleaſe me. When I hear that word of *Flouriſhing*, methinks 'tis the life of ſome *Saint*: That's the ſtyle of your *Martyrologies*; you do me a greater honor then *I* deſerve. If you will have me make it better, replies *Clarimond*, give me what directions I muſt obſerve. My hiſtory muſt begin in the middle, (continued *Lyſis*) that's the way of all your famous *Romances*: A man muſt enter by degrees into the body of the hiſtory, and not diſcover the deſign to the Reader till the very laſt. It ſeems then you would have your ſtory compos'd like that of *Polixena*, ſaies *Clarimond*. There are two or three have imitated that way, and they have done very handſomly. I ſhould in the beginning have mention'd, that when *Charite* had underſtood by *Lyſis*'s Letters, the extream affection he bore to her, her minde was charg'd with ſundry maginations, or ſome ſuch thing. After I had a while purſued the narration, I ſhould bring my Shepherd to *Anſelme's*, to whom he ſhould relate his firſt adventures. That's your meaning, is it not? but for my part, I am not of that opinion. 'Tis a pretty impertinence, to bring in this man or that man, without telling the Reader who they were, or naming the Countrey where the things related were done. Were not this to diſoblige an underſtanding man, who through this means ſhould finde our relations ſo confuſed, that he would make nothing of them. I know well enough, that he who firſt obſerv'd that method, made uſe of it in *Chariclea*; and having heard ſay, it was a fine thing to begin a *Romance* in the middle, hath done what he could to begin his his ſo; a way, which diſcovers leſs then any other the matter he was to treat; but ſee how well he hath imitated the *Æthiopian* Hiſtory, which ſo many others have taken for their patern; that ſaies, *That it began to dawn, when there met a ſort of Robbers upon a mountain, near a certain mouth of the Nyle*; and ſo of the reſt. Here you have the *time*, the *perſons*, and the *places* ſet down; and *Heliodorus* would not ſpeak to us like a mad man, relating things we ſhould not at all underſtand; as if he ſhould ſay, *Chariclea knew not as yet whether* Theagenes *were dead or alive, when ſhe fell among a company of robbers*. That would have been a fine put-off; would it not have been thought, that this were the ſecond Book, and that there muſt needs go ſomewhat before? But this Author is not ſo ſimple, and you ſee he names not thoſe yong people whom the robbers met with, becauſe it would have been an impertinency to have done it, if at the ſame time he had not alſo related a good part of their life: ſo that to conclude, 'tis to be thought that there is certainly ſome grace to begin a Romance in the middle, but it muſt be done with ſuch artifice, that that middle may ſeem to be the true beginning. It muſt be confeſs'd that thou explaineſt this buſineſs as handſomely as may be, ſaies *Lyſis*; and ſince I ſee 'tis thy principal deſign to beſtow all thy induſtry to adorn my hiſtory, I allow of thy opinions, but thou muſt promiſe me to reform what thou haſt already done, and to make *Heliodorus* thy preſident, ſince thou art of his opinion, as to what concerns the order of the narration. For the preſent thou ſhalt ſay nothing of me, nor needs it, ſince there are few here but know my ſeveral Fortunes.

All

All the preſence was troubled, that *Lyſis* had interrupted *Clarimond*, of whom they expected a pleaſant relation; yet *Hircan* having ſent for ſome kinde of Banquet, it was thought fit to make a little ceſſation of diſcourſe: but *Lyſis* being intreated to eat, there came into his minde the late flight of *Charite*, and the *command* without *command* he had received from her a while before: That put himſo much out of humor, that he of a ſudden cry'd out, Muſt I enjoy my ſelf among others, being ſo uncertain of the ſtate of my affairs? Alas! no, this is the ſeaſon for me to weep, and to live in ſolitude. Farewell then, dear Company, I muſt ſeparate my ſelf from you a little, that I may not diſturb your enjoyments.

Having ſaid ſo, he went his way into the thicket, and would appear no more. No body ran after him, and he that had leaſt maw to it was *Carmelin*, who was grown very dry with telling his ſtory, and would gladly have drunk with the reſt. Becauſe he was there, they ſaid no hurt of his Maſter, for they would give him no occaſion to leave his ſervice, and there was only *Clarimond* preſum'd to tell him, that his hiſtory was very remarkable, in that he ever had the happineſs to live with *Hypocondriakes*, and that all his Maſters had *Chambers to let* in their heads; but he was interrupted to make way for another diſcourſe, that there might be no ill ſpoken of the abſent.

The Sun being near ſetting, they all retir'd: Thoſe of *Orontes's* company went with him, and the reſt with *Hircan*, who at his return found *Lyſis* in his Caſtle. To live with *Shepherds*, ſuch as theſe are (ſaies *Lyſis* the firſt word) I am well content, and will do it; but as for any enjoyments of my ſelf with *Knights* and *Ladies*, its a thing *I* muſt diſclaim, while *I* continue unhappy as *I* am.

A while after he ſupp'd with the reſt, without any appearance of mirth or ſadneſs, and his minde was employ'd in making divers obſervations on the hiſtories he had heard related. All being riſe from Table, *Carmelin*, who was a perſon of much curioſity, goes into *Hircans* ſtudy, which by chance he found open; and being come again in a maze. O the horrid cruelty (whiſper'd he to his Maſter) that I have now ſeen! This Magician hath pluckt off the heads of ſome of his enemies, and hath them in his ſtudy, to behold at his pleaſure: Come along with me, and ſay nothing, I'll ſhew it you. *Lyſis* went ſoftly with him to the place, and *Carmelin* having opened a Preſs, wherein the key had been left, ſhew'd his Maſter three or four great blew periwigs, which had each a long beard. Mad fellow! ſaies *Lyſis*, doſt thou not ſee here is not any head at all; and that there's nothing but hair, where are the eyes, the noſe and the ears? I cry you mercy, replies *Carmelin*, *I* had but a glance of it, and fear made me forget it preſently. But hear'ſt thou, ſayes *Lyſis*, here is ſomewhat that's ſtrange; for methinks they are the ſame beards which the *Gods of the Waters* had laſt time we ſaw them. That which methinks is an ell and three quarters long, was the God *Morin's*. 'Tis the ſame and no other. *I* muſt know the ſecret of this buſineſs.

Having ſo ſaid, he and *Carmelin* went out of the ſtudy, and coming to *Hircan*; Ha! ſaies he to him, what wonders have *I* ſeen, learned Magician. *I* have found in thy ſtudy the periwigs of the *Aquatick Divinities*; how cameſt thou by them? *Hircan* was here ſurſpris'd, for they were indeed the falſe periwigs which he and his companions had on, when they perſonated the Gods of the waters. *It* troubled him that he had been ſo careleſs as to leave his Preſs open; but he yet found a means to cheat *Lyſis*, who himſelf gave him the occaſion. Thou muſt know, gentle Shepherd, ſaies he to him, that having reſtor'd thee to the form thou now haſt, the *Aquatick Gods* with whom thou didſt converſe when thou wert a tree, have ever ſince bore me a grudge, for having depriv'd them of a converſation ſo pleaſant as thine, ſo that by a treacherous plot they took me, and would have carried me into a river and drown'd me: they had done it, had I not betaken me to my charms, by the means whereof *I* made them as immoveable as rocks. Then thinking *I* could not any way be better reveng'd of them, then by making them deformed, becauſe 'tis their greateſt deſire to be beloved of the Nymphs, *I* made them bald, as if their hair had fallen away, and having rais'd up the skin a little above the ear, *I*

pull'd

pull'd ſo long, that *I* brought away all their hair and beards. I afterward let them go whither they pleas'd, to be the laughing-ſtock to all the rural Divinities. Ah! Raſcals, ſaies *Carmelin*, how glad am I they are ſo ſerv'd! they'll never frighten me no more with their blew horſe-hair beards. Peace thou, replies *Lyſis*; 'tis not for us to ſpeak ill of the Gods, we are not ſo powerful as *Hircan*, for to reſiſt their revenge.

Hircan after this, carried all the other Shepherds into his ſtudy, to ſee the *divine* beards; and they beheld them with a feign'd admiration and aſtoniſhment. However, the Magician ſpake thus to the company:

I Have ſhewn you this, leſt it might have been too great grief to you, not to have ſeen it as well as Lyſis *and* Carmelin, *but had they not ſeen it by chance, never any other eyes but my own had beheld it; for prophane perſons muſt not ſo much as enter into this place: Wherefore I give you notice, that hence forward none preſume to ſet foot into this place without my leave.*

This diſcourſe ended, the Shepherds went out of the ſtudy; and *Lyſis* talking of returning to his ordinary lodge, to look after his flock; they told him, his Landlord would have a care of them, and that he muſt accept the lodging that *Hircan* proffer'd him. 'Tis true indeed, ſaies *Philiris* to him, that the ſheep you yeſterday kept, are troubled that they are depriv'd the conduct of ſo illuſtrious a Shepherd; and that as in the ancient Roman Republike, the earth brought forth better when manur'd by a *Triumphant* Labourer; ſo that poor beaſts would extreamly thrive, had they the perpetual conduct of a Sheephook guided by the hand of ſo rare a perſon as you are; but conſider with your ſelf, that you have another flock to govern now. There is that of your amorous thoughes, which muſt be continually carried abroad to graze, nor muſt you carry them far from this place, which is more proper for them, then the place whither you intend to go, becauſe you are here near *Charite*. O God! how elegant art thou? ſaies *Lyſis*: I wiſh it had coſt me ſome money, ſo that I had had that conceipt. Why came it not into my minde as well as into thine, ſince it wholly concerns me? I ſhall be troubled at it as long as I live. To remedy my misfortune, Gentle *Philiris*, *I* pray thee beſtow on me that rare and incomparable conceipt. *It's* a very common one, replies *Philiris*, yet if you deſire it, it is at your ſervice, and all thoſe *I* ſhall have this moneth. *I* humbly thank thee for thy good will, ſaies *Lyſis*; bnt now *I* think on't, 'twere not handſom at the preſent *I* ſhould pretend to that conceipt, for that were to be done ſecretly. Here are ſo many that hear us, that when *I* ſhould make account *I* were Maſter of ſome thing, and had made a fair purchaſe, *I* ſhould be amaz'd to finde *I* had nothing at all; and that it would be reported, that all the ware in my ſhop were thine. What do you mean by all this? ſaies *Fontenay*, are you of thoſe people that *Traffique* in *Conceipts*? Have there been any to be ſold this year at St. *Germans Fair*? *I* tell thee once more, that that is not publikely ſold, replies *Lyſis*; yet know, there is a trading in them all manner of ways: They are bought, they are lent, and they are barter'd; and *I* may ſay, there is ſuch a one, who having occaſion for ſome in a buſineſs of ſome haſte, as it may be for ſome Ball, that were to be dane'd the next day, would be glad to take up, upon great intereſt, though they were found on the Exchange. *I* know no reaſon, why the Scriveners cannot give us directions where to finde any, it would be no mean gain to them. *I* am of opinion, that ſometimes they may be alſo ſtollen, ſays *Clarimond*; and a certain author having had one taken away from him, as he paſs'd in the night over the Newbridge with his bag of Conceipts under his arm; all his friends went one after another to comfort him in his affliction. For my part, *I* muſt tell you, that when any ſuch accident happens to me, *I* ſhall not need any of the *Capuchin* fathers to keep me from deſpair: *I* am ſo liberal of this merchandize of conceits, that *I* be-

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ſtow them on all the world: yet I modeſtly hit them in the teeth that have committed the theft. As for example, a certain Poet having ſtollen an Humour out of my *Banquet of the Gods*, whereof a many Copies have been ſcattered abroad, I could not, when I ſaw his Verſes, but ſay, that it was like ſomwhat in my Book. 'Twas anſwered, that however it were, the Poet ſays on his credit he hath ſtollen nothing from you. He hath not indeed, ſaid I, he hath not ſtollen it; for take but the pains to look into the *Banquet of the Gods*, and you will find it there yet.

That's hugely good, that's hugely ſubtle, cries out *Hircan*; what a natural rencontre it was! let me die if I ever heard the like, and if it be not beyond all *Eraſmus*'s *Apothegmes*! The wittineſs of this reply proceeds from this, that commonly things which are not ſtollen, are ſtill in their places: But contrary to the generall maxim, if this conceit be in its right place, it's a ſign it was ſtollen. One might ſay this were very ſtrange: But certainly a man that ſpeaks of the loſs of a conceit, by another handſom conceit, is never to be pittied, for he invites the thieves to come and ſteal from him again. I confeſs *Clarimond* ſpoke there unhappily enough, ſays *Lyſis*; nor am I ſo unjuſt as not to believe he hath a good wit when he pleaſes, and that 'tis his own fault if he quit not thoſe errors that poſſeſs him. All this is good, ſays *Philiris*: but give me alſo leave to ſpeak to this point concerning the Thieves of Conceits. I was a while ſince in a company, where one who pretended to be an able Poet, told me that he endeavoured to be maſter of two things which ſeldom met together, *Youth* and *Continence*. I thereupon calling to mind that I had ſeen that conceit in a certain Author of the time, which I will call *Saluſt*, I anſwered him, Pardon me, Sir, thoſe two things are in *Saluſt* as well as you. You ſee well, I would have rather ſaid that the ſame Conceit was in that other Author, then either Continence or Youth. That was very covertly and ſubtilly ſpoken, ſays *Lyſis*; I ſhould never be weary to hear ſuch excellent things. You muſt therefore ſtay here, ſays *Hircan*, if you would enjoy the pleaſant converſation of thoſe that are here. Are you now not fully perſwaded, Shepherd? ſays *Philiris*: there is now no going hence, for it is too late: *Night*, who is now in her turn to come into her *Empire*, hath brought with her an *Army* of thick *Clouds*, who have *defeated* the *Light*: The great *Winds* which now blow, ſeem to be in the *purſuit*: The God of *Sleep* with his Regiment of *Dreams* brings up the *Rear*; and though it be arm'd with nothing but *Poppies*, yet doth it hope to overcome all the World. What excellent imaginations are theſe! ſays *Lyſis*; I am charm'd with them, I confeſs it; it ſhall be in this houſe that I will be overcome by ſleep. After he had ſo ſaid, they aſſign'd him a bed by himſelf, and to *Carmelin* alſo, ſo that they ſlept at their eaſe.

They were no ſooner awake the next morning, but they were acquainted that *Orontes* had ſent to invite them to dinner with the reſt of the Paſtoral aſſembly; and there came into their chamber a Lacquay that did the meſſage. *Lyſis* knew not whether he ſhould promiſe, or deny to go, becauſe he thought it not ſo convenient to mind his enjoyments while *Charite* continued cruel towards him: But conſidering on the other ſide, that to obtain her favour he muſt preſent himſelf to her, he would not neglect the occaſion to go to the houſe where ſhe liv'd, as alſo that he was loth to procure the ill will of his Fellow-ſhepherds in caſe he forſook their company. He therefore promiſed the Lacquay that he would dine at *Orontes*'s; and preſently after *Hircan* and the *Shepherds* came and fill'd up his chamber, diſcourſing with him about ſeveral things for to make themſelves ſport. There was only *Meliantes* that ſeem'd to be ſad: He was gotten into a corner, where he fetch'd ſuch deep ſighs, that they ſeemed to hear the bellows of a Forge. *Carmelin* who was of a very pittifull nature, was the firſt took notice of it, and ſpoke thus to him: Do not refuſe to tell me what thou aileſt, brave Shepherd! Is it ſome ſtitch in the ſide, or the tooth-ach that makes thee groan; or is there ſome kinſman or friend dead? If thou wilt tell me the cauſe of thy griefs, thou mayſt aſſure thy ſelf thou haſt met with a man, who as to what concerns the ſuccouring of the afflicted, is as good as four. 'Tis very certain thou canſt aſſiſt me much, Compaſſi-

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onate and generous *Carmelin!* anſwers *Meliantes*; And therefore I muſt not conceal from thee, that it is thy Maſter who is the cauſe of my grief. Alas! Maſter, come hither, cries out *Carmelin*, will you ſuffer a poor miſerable man that implores your aſſiſtance to languiſh? *Lyſis* hearing his voice, turn'd towards him; and ſeeing that *Meliantes* did nothing but ſigh, Come hither, ſays he to him, what ails thee Shepherd, that thou art not merry as well as the reſt? Alas! how will you have a wretch as I am, of whom there is no regard had, to be merry? replies *Meliantes*. Others find aſſiſtance from you, but I cannot, though I need it ſo much to bring my Miſtreſs out of captivity. I am forgotten, and there hath been no ſpeech of aſſiſting me, ever ſince the relation of my Hiſtory.

We are certainly to blame, ſays *Hircan*; and you *Lyſis* are not the leaſt guilty: For having heard that the *French Shepherd* muſt deliver *Pamphilia* out of the enchanted priſon, you ſhould have enquired whether it were not meant of you. But I now aſſure you, that it is not to be thought of any Shepherd but your ſelf: For by naming only the *French Shepherd*, as it were by way of excellence, 'tis not to be queſtion'd but that it is meant of the moſt illuſtrious Shepherd in that Country. But though that were not apparent as it is, yet by my deep knowledge I ſhould certainly know it to be you, *Lyſis*, who by your incomparable force muſt reſtore to *Meliantes* his *Pamphilia*. You will do that which the moſt invincible Knights could not do, and your Arms ſhould bring down the pride of Monſters and Devils.

I have ever given you equal credit with the oracle of ſome God, ſacred Magician, replied *Lyſis*; and yet at preſent I am to confeſs to you that I am in ſome doubt whether you ſpeak the truth or no: For what appearance is there that I ſhould do any great exploits in matter of Arms, and that I ſhould take in a Fortreſs garriſon'd with Monſters and Spirits? What likelihood is there, I ſay, that I ſhould do theſe things, who know better what it is to conduct *Sheep* then *Souldiers*, and who never intend to fight againſt any man, unleſs it be for to ſing the beſt and moſt amorous Songs, or who ſhall give the ſweeteſt kiſſes?

Let incredulity be convinc'd, (ſayes *Hircan* with the geſture of a man furious and out of himſelf) *there will come the day that the Dove ſhall be covered with the feathers of an Eagle, and ſhall deſtroy the Falcons: The Country-mans Coat ſhall be turn'd into a Corſlet; the ſtring whereby the Scrip hangs, into a Belt; and the Sheephook into a Half-pike. Let thoſe that are wiſe credit things ſo true: And eſpecially let* Meliantes *give over ſighing; for it will be for his ſake that theſe miracles ſhall be done.*

Every one admired the prophecie of the Magician, and *Lyſis* among others was much troubled to find out the true interpretation of it. He deſired it of *Hircan*; but he told him, it was not yet time he ſhould know it, and that in the mean while he might enjoy himſelf without thinking on it. All the Shepherds invited him, thereupon, not to trouble his mind with any diſquiet imaginations; and he ſeeing that *Meliantes* was no longer ſad, he thought he ſhould not be ſo neither, finding withall in himſelf ſome great preſages of a future proſperity. *Carmelin* muſing on what had paſt, imagined, that ſince his Maſter was deſign'd for to deliver out of priſon *Meliantes*'s Miſtreſs, he muſt make great journies, and that haply he would carry him with him, whereto he knew not whether he ſhould conſent or no: And upon this incertainty of what was to come, he had many pretty imaginations concerning the life he ſhould lead in thoſe remote Countries; ſo that he could not withhold ſaying to *Lyſis*, My maſter, do me one favour; Tell me, I pray, when *Meliantes* is return'd into his Country, whether he will continue a Shepherd, and whether you would do ſo too, in caſe you went thither with him. There's no queſtion but we ſhould, replies *Lyſis*. But that is not all, replies *Carmelin*; would you alſo keep the Sheep of that Country? They have, it may be, other cuſtomes then thoſe of *France*; and then I believe they bleat in a ſtrange language, which you would not underſtand.

Every one laugh'd at *Carmelins* conceit: but his Maſter remonſtrated to him, that the language of dumb Creatures was not more underſtood in one Country then another; and that it was not given to any to underſtand it at all, except ſome Magicians, whereof there was no great number. 'Twas a doubt whether *Carmelin* had put this queſtion out of knavery, or ſimplicity: 'Twas a thing could not be diſcovered, becauſe of the inequality of his Naturals, which ſometimes paſs'd from ſubtilty to childiſhneſs. He had not continued much his diſcourſe, which was like that before, but it being dinner-time, *Hircan* and his company went their way cheerfully to *Orontes*'s, taking along with them the Shepherdeſs *Amaryllis* and the Maid *Lyſetta*.

The End of the Eighth Book.

THE

THE Anti-Romance; OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The Ninth Book.

Orontes desirous to make a solemn feast for the most pleasant Shepherds that ever were in *Brie*, had prepar'd a long table, upon one of the beds of his garden, that the entertainment might be the more *Pastoral*. There was a general astonishment to see him and some of his house clad like Shepherds: 'Twas such a satisfaction to *Lysis*, that he went and embrac'd them all with extream joy. But he was quite transported, when he saw *Florida*, *Leonora* and *Angelica* appear in white, clad like Shepherdesses: He told them, that he never fear'd to be miserable, now that he had seen such exquisite persons choose that kinde of life which he had chosen himself: Yet could he not but break off his Complement, for to ask where *Charite* was. We must not conceal the truth from you, saies *Angelica*; your *Charite* was so proud, that she would change neither condition nor habit for all the entreaty we could make. Our perswasions she took no otherwise then importunities, till she at last brought the business to a quarrel; so that she swore she would not come with us one way nor other.

Lysis firmly believed this, though it were only an abuse; for that *Charite* appear'd not, 'twas that being but a servant, she sate not at table with her Mistress. Must this company then be imperfect? cry'd out the amorous Shepherd, will *Charite*

never quit this ſevere humor which makes her ever keep at a diſtance from other people?

Angelica perceiving that *Lyſis* began to be troubled, ſent for *Charite*, but ſhe would by no means appear; and *Laſetta*, who was ſent for her, ſtaid with her. This however hindred not, but that they were about ſitting down, when there comes in two unknown Shepherds: They were two Gentlemen of *Orontes*'s acquaintance, diſguis'd, who having ask'd for *Lyſis*, were ſhew'd him they look'd for. They very courteouſly ſaluted him; and the more ancient of the two ſpoke thus to him:

ILluſtrious Shepherd, We are ſent to you on the behalf of a many perſons of quality, who having ſeen the Letter and Bill that you ſent to Paris, *are extreamly deſirous to come to you, for to learn that admirable art of being happy. There are above two hundred, both yong men and maids upon reſolution to come hither, and put on Shepherds habit. As for our parts, we have already taken it, that we might not appear before you in a habit disbecoming our Ambaſſage. The charge and Inſtructions laid on us, is to preſent you with the ſervice of our Companions; and to aſſure you, that they will wait on you aſſoon as they ſhall be aſſur'd of a reception from you, upon ſuch terms as they ſhall deſerve. They would have already been here themſelves, but that conſidering there was much abuſe in the world, it might haply be ſome Impoſtures had put up the Bill, and not you.*

Lyſis being overjoy'd at this Legation; made this Anſwer to the Ambaſſadors:

GGentle Shepherds, I cannot diſapprove the intentions of our brave Pariſian *Shepherds, they have done well to ſend you hither, to ſee if it were true that there was a Shepherd* Lyſis, *who had undertaken to reſtore the world to its former felicity. You ſhall ſee what I know; and ſince you are come ſo ſeaſonably into this good company, you ſhall taſte of our pleaſures, that you may give your Companions a faithful account of what you finde.*

The Shepherd having ſaid this, every one fell a queſtioning the Ambaſſadors; one ask'd them the names of the moſt famous Shepherds of *Paris*; another ask'd, how they found out *Lyſis*, ſince he had not lyen at *Bertrands* the night before. They anſwered all the beſt they could; while in the mean time *Anſelme* and *Montenor* came in. We only ſtaid for you, ſays *Lyſis* to them, but you come not ſo clad as to pleaſe me: Will you be like that *Clarimond*? who is ſo obſtinate in what he believes, that he would think it a diſhonor to be clad like a Shepherd? *Anſelme* and *Montenor* perceiving that *Orontes* and divers others were cloath'd like Shepherds, were ſorry they were not ſo too, that it might not be thought they ſhould have made any diſparity in the Aſſembly: Yet they were more inquiſitive after the news of the Ambaſſage which *Lyſis* had receiv'd, then how to excuſe themſelves; when in the mean time one of theſe *Pariſans*, who would be called *Silvian*, hearing *Clarimond* divers times named, ask'd him before all that were preſent; Are you that *Clarimond*, whom I have heard ſo much ſpoken of in the *City*, and that hath made a little book called the *Banquet of the Gods*, which is ſcattered up and down in writing? I am without doubt the Author of that Book, replies *Clarimond*; I will not diſown what I have done. Then I have a deal of news to tell you, continued *Silvian*: Know then, that *The Banquet of the Gods*, and ſome other pieces of yours, which tax ſome Authors, hath rais'd you ſo many enemies, that I did not think to finde you alive. One threatens to beat you, another to ſtab you; there are ſome almoſt reſolv'd to ſell their beſt cloak, for money to give ſome Aſſaſſins; and as for thoſe that have relation to the Court, they aſſure themſelves on the authority of their Maſters, and believe that by their means they ſhall abſolutely ruine you.

Clarimond neither knew *Silvian*, nor his companion *Menelas*, who ſwore, that all

all the other had ſaid was true. He knew not whether he ſhould believe them; but whatever were in it, there being nothing in all this could move him; he made this cold anſwer: You are come a great way to tell me things which I knew before: I never queſtion'd, but what I had ſaid would procure me the hatred of thoſe againſt whom I have ſpoken. A man need not be very cunning to gueſs at that; and you are to know, that there's nothing hapned to me, which I deſired not. It's better to be hated of fools and impertinent people, then to be lov'd by them; for to comply with them, a man muſt be like them, a thing I ſhall ſhun as much as I can poſſible. And as for their menaces, they trouble me not, for I do not think my ſelf leſs powerful then they; and ſuppoſe the worſt, though their hatred were mortal, I know a way to appeaſe them; 'tis but to dine them once, or give them a glaſs of good wine, and they are my intimate friends. Theſe are your mercenary Clerks, the pillars of Taverns, Paraſites, and infamous Sycophants, who are for him that gives them moſt. I would fain ſpeak with one of the Crew, before ſome ſuch brave people as are here, you ſhould ſee how I would confound them. But tell me I pray, Have they no deſire to turn Shepherds at the entreaty of *Lyſis*? They have read his Letter very ſeriouſly, reply'd *Silvian*, but they ſaid it was your ſtyle; and laughing at your invention, would not believe there were any Shepherd *Lyſis* in the world. How am I ſlighted by thoſe that ſhould reſpect me? interrupts *Lyſis*; what do the *Poets* and *Romanciſts*, whoſe *qualities* I have ſtudied to advance, do they, I ſay neglect me? where could they have found a greater ſupport then I? with whom have they obtained more credit? Ha! I renounce the protection of their perſons, though I continue it towards their doctrines; and ſince *Clarimond* is reſolv'd to diſpute with them, I freely permit him. I would they were already met, that we might have the pleaſure of their controverſies. Be not angry, I pray, ſays *Orontes* to *Lyſis*, ſee here my ſervants have brought in the meat, that will be cold, while you enter into a heat.

Having ſo ſaid, he made all waſh, and aſſigned every man his place, according to the quality he pretended to, not forgetting the Seignior *Carmelin*. *Lyſis* deſirous to gain a good opinion with *Silvian* and *Menelas*, and to make them believe the life he led was very pleaſant, had quitted much of what troubled him, and thought by that means to win them, that ſo they might ſay nothing to their companions, that were diſadvantageous to him. He was not one of the laſt to ſet upon *Clarimond* concerning the menaces of the Writers of the Time: and *Clarimond* ſeeing every one made it his buſineſs to bait him about it; made this reply, I muſt needs confeſs I have not gotten much from our *Poetlings*, by telling them of their Fopperies; for they are ſo obſtinate, that it is impoſſible for a man to make them ſee the truth; and I have done nothing elſe but provoke a ſort of fools, with whom there is no glory to conteſt. However, my labour is not loſt, ſince I have in their tongues found that perpetual motion, which many Philoſophers have ſo much ſought after, and have diſcovered, that in their brain might be found that emptineſs, which was thought impoſſible in nature. Beſides, I have oblig'd a many honeſt people, who are glad *I* have help'd them out of the errors whereinto theſe *Idiots* endeavor'd to bring them. As for the fear they think to have put me in, by telling I have to do with thoſe that have leſs to loſe then my ſelf, and affront all thoſe they hate; *I* anſwer you, it is impoſſible for them to do me any hurt that way: for though they ſhould catch me, *I* do not think it would be any more prejudice to my reputation, then if one of the mad people that walk up and down in *Paris*, ſhould quarrel with me; and as for their railing, I make as much account of it as the braying of an Aſs.

Clarimond would have ſpoken many other things to the contempt of his enemies; but *Orontes* interrupted him, ſaying, There muſt be no more quarrelling, ſince it hindred the tranquility of their *Paſtoral* life.

The company on that, began to give it ſelf over to mirth; and *Lyſis* being in a deep conſideration of the variety of the meat, ſaid to *Orontes*, *I* think, O magnificent Shepherd, that thou deſireſt to ſatisfie our eyes, as well as our bellies: The greateſt part of the fowl I ſee on the table, are methinks alive ſtill; *I* think they

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are readier to eat, then to be eaten. As for thoſe which are in ſawces, or in broths, methinks they ſwim there, as they did in the ponds before; and as for the reſt, which are otherwiſe diſpos'd, I finde them ſo lively, that its to be fear'd they'll fly off the table. To hinder this from flying away, ſaies *Orontes*, cutting up one, there's a wing, which I pluck off and preſent to you. *Lyſis* accepted it, but having obſerv'd what pleas'd him better on another part of the Table, which he could not reach, I am ſomewhat skill'd, ſaies he very confidently, in the flight of Birds; I have learn'd the Profeſſion of the *Roman Augurs*. All theſe common fowl that are before me, are unfortunate; but if thoſe I ſee there at ſome diſtance could paſs this way, I ſhould make ſome good preſage for my affairs. The preſage will be worth nothing if they are made to fly towards you, replies *Clarimond*, for it muſt be chance, and not of ſet purpoſe. It matters not for that, ſaies *Orontes*, let the Soothſayer do as he pleaſe; and with theſe words he ſent *Lyſis* ſome of the choiſeſt, wondring at the invention he had us'd to bring it about: but the amorous Shepherd ſhew'd himſelf ſo civil, that he refus'd it, ſaying he had ask'd in jeſt, and to try how they would anſwer him; and beſides that, he was not ſo ill bred, as to ſhew himſelf a glutton in ſo honorable an Aſſembly, he, whoſe principal nouriſhment were amorous imaginations.

After this, he freely fed on all, and in the mean time *Orontes* urg'd the Shepherds to drink one to another: Shall we not drink to our Miſtreſſes? ſaies *Philiris*; ſhall we not take ſo many glaſſes as there are letters in their names? I never fail drinking to *Charite's*, though I ſay nothing, reply'd *Lyſis*; thy invention is not new to me. I have already drunk thrice to the three firſt Letters of the faireſt word that can be pronounc'd. No body hath ſeen it, replies *Philiris*; 'twas ſecretly done: Begin the game again. Thou doſt not underſtand the ſubtilty of it, ſayes *Lyſis*, Knowing that if I began again, I ſhould commit a great fault, becauſe the glaſſes I have already drunk, ſhould be counted, and being added to thoſe I ſhould drink with thee, would amount to a greater number then the letters of the name of *Charite*: So that *I* ſhould trangreſs the vow I long ſince made to do all things in the number of ſeven.

So the Shepherd *Lyſis* made it appear, that nothing could make him quit his former deſigns; ſo that the reſt making a party by themſelves, ſuffer'd him to do what he pleas'd. As for *Carmelin*, every one drank to him, and he was of ſo good an humour, that he ſwore he would make all thoſe lyars, who ſaid he had no reaſon, and that he would do it to all the world. He had ply'd it ſo well, that when he was riſen from the table, he ſtagger'd at every ſtep; and *I* aſſure you there were others that were not much behinde him, whether they were drunk indeed, or that they feign'd it. *Lyſis* began to laugh, having a long time obſerv'd how they ſtammer'd, and juſtled one another. Theſe are good youths, ſaies he, they are not content to be poſſeſt with two furies, that is to ſay, that of *Poetry* and *Venus*; but having read there was a third, which is that of *Bacchus*, they would needs be poſſeſſed of that too. *I* ſhall not think it much amiſs, ſo that they commit not over great inſolences. *Bacchus* is an amiable, and a pleaſant God, and requires our devotions at leaſt once a moneth, when a man hath his friends about him. *I* ſhall by no means forbid any man to converſe with him, ſince *I* finde that the ancient Poetry is as ful of good-fellowſhip as loves; and that *I* know by experience, that there are ſome Poets who can never compoſe any thing, but when they are drunk. Gentle Shepherds, weep now for having drunk too much, to morrow you will weep for your loves, that your lives may be diverſifi'd.

Lyſis ſpoke this out of his ordinary judgement; for though he had taken his ſeven cups, he had not drunk much at a time, as being of thoſe that are not much given to wine. *Clarimond* was not well pleas'd to ſee him ſo reſerv'd and temperate; for he would gladly have known what extravagancy he would have committed, if there had been a mixture of drunkenneſs with his Extravagance. As for *Carmelin*, he had eaten and drunk ſo much, that he went a little aſide and return'd it; which his Maſter perceiving: Ah! villain, ſaies he to him, muſt thou offend ſuch a preſence

with

with thy beaſtlineſs? I allow thee to be merry and to drink, but I would not have thee forget the quality of a man and a Shepherd, and participate in brutality with the beaſts.

Orontes, who heard this diſcourſe, came and ſaid to *Lyſis*, You are to blame to find fault with ſuch an honeſt man: Conſider, if that which he caſts out be a thing ſo foul, that it is a loathing to you to ſee it, he hath reaſon to disburthen himſelf of it, for how do you think he could ſuffer it on his ſtomack? What thou ſayſt ſalves the matter well for the preſent, reply'd *Lyſis*: but why had he before ſo little diſcretion as to ſwallow down what ſhould hurt him? I will allow him to be drunk ſo far as to be frolick, but not to be ſtupid. I am not drunk, my ſweet maſter, ſays *Carmelin*; 'twas only my drinking out of a great glaſs, that hath made me ſo ſick at the heart, that I was fain to vomit as you ſee. This diſcourſe was interrupted by three or four hickocks, which brought out with them wine and broth, which a dog of *Orontes*'s did aſſoon lick up, lifting up his noſe every foot to ſee if there were any more.

Lyſis approv'd the ſpecious reaſons of his faithfull *Carmelin*, and ſo return'd to the reſt of the company to know what they were reſolved to do. They had notice of a Wedding hard by, ſo that they reſolved to go thither to paſs away the time. At the end of *Orontes*'s houſe there was a Hamlet of five or ſix houſes, in one whereof there was a Country-Laſs that married a Husband-man of the next village. They had brought from *Coulommiers* the great Muſick-Company, which conſiſted of a Baſe, a Tenor, and a Kit which ſerved inſtead of a Violin. The gueſts having already din'd, had paid their Reckoning, and made their Preſents according to the cuſtom: whereupon the Muſick began to cheer up the Company, and there was not any ſo wretched Lobcock but took his Sweetheart into the dance. Our courteous Shepherds being come thither, would not ſtand out; but ruſhing in among the Country-people, they danc'd together, where every one ſhew'd what he could do, though there were ſome whoſe paces were very circumflexe, and whoſe capers were not above half an inch from the ground. The Peaſants ſeeing ſo many Gentlemen of quality in ſuch ridiculous poſtures, and in ſuch extraordinary habits as they had on, thought they did it out of ſome deſign to abuſe them, ſo that they were not well pleas'd at it.

When *Orontes* was weary of dancing, and the reſt too, he would needs have them do ſome of your childiſh ſports. Shall we go to *Blind Cupid*? ſays *Lyſis* to the company; it is a very *Paſtoral* ſport; it's uſed by *Amaryllis* and her companions in the *Faithfull Shepherd*, and methinks 'tis much like that which all the Children know, which they call *Blind-man-buff*. But to be more ingenious yet, I ſhould deſire we might not fix on any ſport, but that which Sir *Philip Sidney* makes the Shepherds of *Aacadia* recreate themſelves with, in that long Proeme which is as I take it in the firſt Tome of his incomparable Work; but it is ſo ſubtle, that nobody can make any thing of it.

Every one gave his voice for *Blind Cupid*; and being retired a little diſtance from the place where the Wedding was, there was none but voted *Carmelin* to be the *Cupid*. They blinded him with a foul napkin; and every one being gone out of his way, *Lyſis* taught the reſt the words of the game. But inſtead of courteous treating the poor *Cupid*, they pelted him with clods of earth, which fell on him of all ſides ſo unmercifully, that he was forc'd to unblind himſelf and run away, ſwearing that as long as he liv'd he would never meddle with ſuch a ſport. Having taken ſanctuary among the Country-people, he thought better to be merry with them; and having perceiv'd *Liſetta*, whoſe fair eye had deeply wounded him, he would needs dance a Coranto with her. The Gentlemen-Shepherds return'd within a while to make up their ſport with him: They ſaw that *Carmelin* was not any thing ſick, and that he danc'd it ſo well, as would have bred a mortal jealouſie in the moſt illuſtrious Dancers of all the villages thereabouts. *Leonora's* Kitchin-maid chanced alſo to be in the place; and *Lyſis* having ſpoken to her, made account to know of her a many particulars concerning his Miſtreſs. It came into his mind, that

when

when he was let blood, it had ſeem'd to him and *Clarimond* too, that there might be ſeen in his blood the Figure of *Charite*. He would have gladly known, if in like manner there was not ſeen his Figure in hers, or whether there appeared the countenance of ſome other Lover. He thought that by that means he might diſcover whether he were belov'd or no. He therefore put the queſtion to the Maid, thinking ſhe had been preſent when *Charite* was let blood three or four dayes before. She told him he was an idle jeering Companion; that ſhe underſtood nothing of his fine talk; and that for his full ſatisfaction, ſhe could only tell him, that no body employ'd himſelf ſo vainly as to obſerve *Charite's* blood, and that it was caſt into a ſink the very day it was let. Ah! what imprudence was that, and what impudence both together! cry'd out the Shepherd: Ought not ſo precious a thing to be preſerved? What would you have had done with it, replies the maid, would you have had puddings made of it? Do not ſcoff, fair one! replies *Lyſis*: It troubles me that *Carmelin* did caſt away my blood, for it was as worthy to be preſerved, ſince it bore the image of my Miſtreſs. You may tell us of this another time, ſayes the Maid, but for what is done there is no remedy.

While this diſcourſe paſſed between the Shepherd and the Maid, *Carmelin* was not ſatisfied to have drawn *Liſetta* once into the dance, but he muſt have her twice more: And there coming afterward a young Country-fellow to take her in, he thruſt him back, and diſdainfully told him that ſhe was not meat for his birds. This Clown perceiving himſelf wounded in his honour, gave *Carmelin* a good blow on the breaſt, and was ready to ſecond it, when *Lyſis* coming between them cry'd out, Hold, hold, my Lads! will you have this Wedding ſo full of butchery as that of *Andromedes*, wherein *Perſeus* transform'd the raſh *Phineas* into a ſtone, after he had kill'd all his companions? Would you renew the marriage of *Hippodamia*, where the *Centaures* fought againſt the *Lapithæ*? I here interpoſe my Authority; give over theſe outrages, I pray.

Notwithſtanding theſe words, all the Clowns came about *Carmelin*, ready to revenge their companion. But *Lyſis* raiſing his voice, continued thus: Vile rout! infamous Clowns! dare you commit theſe impudences before me who am the greateſt Shepherd in the world, and before *Hircan* who is the moſt knowing Magician of this age? Do you not fear our diſpleaſure? The Country-people of *Lycia*, for having offended *Latona*, were turn'd into *Frogs*. Learn to be modeſt by the example of your Predeceſſors; for we could as eaſily metamorphoſe you into poiſonous toads, or into hiſſing ſerpents.

While he thus cry'd out, *Orontes* went and roughly thruſt back the Clowns, and made them retire. Yet did they not give over their deſign to be reveng'd, when they could, of *Carmelin* and his maſter, who had done them ſuch injury. The tumult being in appearance appeas'd, the Muſick, who were fled leſt in the charge their Inſtruments might have been broken, came back and cheer'd up the company with the merry *Jigs* of *Poiſton*. See now the diſorder is over, ſays *Lyſis*, I am glad of it, for it might have been of ill example, and a very unlucky preſage for the married couple. This muſick cheers me up; 'tis to be conceived they are ſent for to weddings, to put us in mind that the husband and wife ought to live in perpetual *concord*, and obſerve ſuch a harmony as that of muſical Inſtruments. They are alſo to acquaint the gueſts that they ſhould live in good intelligence one with another, at leaſt for that day, to the credit of thoſe that have invited them.

This diſcourſe ended, *Lyſis* will'd his company to leave the Clowns dance, and not meddle with them any more. And having call'd *Silvian* and *Menelas* to him, he thus ſpake to them. You are ſo diſcreet, *my Lords*, that I cannot believe you will leave us with any diſſatisfaction: An ignorant man would doubt it, that ſhould have ſeen the late tumult; nay there are thoſe that would think, that after a thing ſo ſtrange and blameworthy, you would acquaint your Compatriots that I cauſe not ſuch order to be obſerved in this Country as I boaſted I would. But I aſſure my ſelf that you well conſider that our Government is not yet fully eſtabliſhed; and that having not men enough under me, I am not able to drive away the ſeditious.

Beſides

Beſides you are to obſerve, that thoſe who are guilty of the diſorder, are not famous Shepherds as you and I; they are infamous Churls, that underſtand nothing of honeſty or honour, and never read any book. To the end that no man be henceforth deceiv'd in them, and that ſeeing them with ſheep might think they were of us, I ordain they ſhall not be called by the ſame name as we, but they ſhall be call'd *Feeders*, whereas we'll be call'd *Shepherds* or *Paſtors*: *Carmelin* himſelf ſhall be of their degree, till he have made it appear by ſome ſignal action that he deſerves to be of ours.

You have taken very good order, replies *Silvian*; and yet, without all this, I aſſure you we ſhould ſtill believe we had not found any thing that might prejudice your reputation. However you would much oblige us, if you would briefly tell us what the principal things are which you would do to reſtore the Golden age. We are not here in a Hall fit to give audience to Ambaſſadors, replies *Lyſis*: But yet I ſhall make no ſcruple to give you ſatisfaction, becauſe it is a pleaſure to me to ſhew how free I am, and how little I have of the pomp of Kings. You are then to know, that though from the Golden age men paſs'd into the Silver one, thence to the Brazen one, and ſo to that of Iron, yet I will bring you back to the former without theſe degrees; nay, you ſhall not be troubled with the Silver age to go into the Golden one, that is to ſay, it ſhall coſt you nothing. As concerning Divine Worſhip, which is the firſt conſiderable, you are to know that we will honour all the Divinities which the Antients did adore: But beſides that, as I make it my profeſſion to add to antient things in caſe they be not compleat, I will bring into reputation ſome modern Divinities; as for example, my will is there ſhould be a *God* of *Romances*, a thing never enter'd the imagination of any *Poet*, though they create Gods at their pleaſure. This God ſhall have his Temple in ſome Grot, where in honour of him ſhall be ſung every day choice hymns, and all the *bad Romances* ſhall be burnt on his Altar in ſacrifice, whereas the *good* ones ſhall be preſerv'd in the ſanctuary. This firſt year I will be the Prieſt of the place, and will alſo take the title of *Prince* of the *French Shepherds*, as being honour'd and obey'd by all. But that all may pretend to ſoveraignty, and that there may be a ſharing of honours, to prevent a Monarchical government, all the other Shepherds ſhall be *Prieſts* and *Princes* from year to year in their turns. That's an excellent propoſition indeed (ſays *Clarimond*, who heard all this diſcourſe) but if you purſue it, I fear me you will be declar'd a Rebel by the King, who will not ſuffer you to quit your ſubjection, and eſtabliſh a Republike within his Kingdom. You had better do as *Ronſard* did, who in a Poem of his dedicated to *Muretus*, invites him and a legion of other Poets, whom he names, to leave *France* which was troubled with civil wars, and to go for the *Fortunate Iſlands*, there merrily to ſpend the remainder of their lives: 'Tis one of the beſt fancies he ever had. I grant it, replies *Lyſis*, but yet I have no mind to plant Colonies in remote Countries, where I know not whether I ſhould ſafely arrive, beſides that it is only for *Theutons* and *Cimbrians* to ſeek out any other habitations then thoſe of their fathers. The King will not proſecute us as Traitors, for we will deprive him of nothing of his rights, and our power ſhall reach no further then our ſelves. Your meaning is, that your government will be like that of a King at *Twelf-tide*, or among School-boys, ſays *Clarimond*; if it be ſo, I believe you may be tolerated in *France*. Thou mightſt have uſed fitter compariſons, ſays *Lyſis*: but ſince there were never any end, if a man ſhould teach thee all thou art ignorant of, I return to my former diſcourſe to ſatisfie my Lords the Ambaſſadors. They are further to know, that beſides the care I ſhall take of divers ſacrifices, and of a many other things, I will eſtabliſh a *Poetical* and *Amorous Univerſity*, as I have already deſign'd. Upon certain ſolemn dayes there ſhall be *Love-queſtions* propoſed, much like thoſe I ſometime ſaw at *Paris*. Some Schollers ſhall maintain them, others ſhall diſpute againſt them, both for the exerciſe of their parts, and that truth may iſſue out of theſe altercations, as a ſpark of fire from the colliſion of two flints.

As for example, there ſhall be thoſe that ſhall in the firſt place maintain, that, '*Abſence brings more ſatisfaction to Lovers then preſence.*

'Secondly, That *it is better to ſee a Wench that one loves dead, if one be reciprocally loved by her, then to ſee her married to another, and not be loved by her.*

'Thirdly, *That the affection is greater after enjoyment then before it.*

'In the fourth place, That, *it is better for one to enjoy his Shepherdeſs twice a week, with all the torments and diſquiets in the world, then to enjoy her fifteen days together in one year, with all freedom, and not undergo any hardſhip to have her.*

'In the fifth place, That *the remembrance of any thing that is good, is a greater pleaſure then the good ſelf.*

'In the ſixth place, That *it were better for one never to enjoy his Miſtreſs, then to do it on an infallible condition, that another ſhould have the enjoyment of her alſo, though he were your deareſt friend.*

'And in the ſeventh place, That *the jealouſie of a Lover, who never knew any enjoyment, is ſtronger and more violent then that of a husband who enjoys every day.*

A man may advance a many other as ſubtil propoſitions, and by ſuch diſputations ſhall every one be fully inſtructed. On the days when this diverſion is not to be had, the time ſhall be ſpent in ſinging, making of verſes, dancing, and divers other Paſtoral ſports. This indeed is a very pleaſant, and much deſirable way of life, ſaies *Menelas*, but ſince we ſhall have no offices or profeſſions among us, it is moſt certain we ſhall get nothing; and if ſo, I know not how the family ſhall be maintain'd, and the taxes paid. Our condition is noble and free, and conſequently exempted from all impoſitions, replies *Lyſis*; trouble not your ſelf as to that; As for matter of livelihood, we ſhall want nothing: There is no bird ſo inconſiderable, but findes his dinner, though he have neither ſtore-houſe nor fee-farm rent; heaven provides for all the creatures in the world. 'Tis very certain, you cannot want your entertainment, ſince you can reſtore the golden age, ſays *Clarimond.* In

that

that firſt age of the world, all the rivers were not milk, and all the trees bore not fruit of *Lotos*, as many fools have imagin'd. Nature brought forth nothing but what it does now, and that not ſo abundantly then, becauſe nothing was advanc'd by cultivation, but men were content with what they could finde; and to make a true relation of the felicity of that time, it muſt be confeſs'd, that men fed on Acorns, as well as the ſwine; and drank out of the river, as all other creatures did. They had no coverture but their skin, or haply ſome garment of leaves: The earth was their Table and their Bed, the graſs their Carpet, the buſhes their Curtains, and the caves their retreats: And thus it is moſt certain the firſt men lived; ſo unreaſonable a thing it is to conceive they liv'd in a golden Age, ſince gold was not yet diſcover'd. Let it be conſidered, whether their life was not rather brutiſh then humane, and if they are not mad men which grieve for it, and that deſpiſe ours, whereof the ornament and civility cannot be over commended. You have much reaſon to believe you will eaſily finde your livelihood, if you regulate your ſelf to that ancient manner of life; for indeed, *Lyſis*, you ſhall not be deny'd ſuch a nouriſhment as we allow beaſts; but what you do, is, as if the Law-makers were not yet come into the world, to make men leave the forreſts and rocks, and to perſwade them to live in community in Cities. I believe there will be very few ſhall envy you; for my part, I ſhall only bemoan you, to ſee you become ſavage: for if you will needs reſtore your golden age, you muſt go naked as an *American*, and at the beſt be no better hous'd, then with a few turfs, as your beggars on the high-way, who ſell wands to Travellers. I do not believe the ancients entertain'd themſelves as thou ſayeſt, reply'd *Lyſis*; but though it were ſo, know, that I will imitate onely what is good in their life. I intend alſo, to joyn to it the happineſs of this laſt age, wherein all the curioſities in the world have been invented. It ſhall ſuffice me to live in the innocency and freedom of the firſt age, and it may be thou wilt be of my opinion, when thou ſhalt have taſted the pleaſures which I have imagin'd; we ſhall not envy any, nor be envied by any. Of all the *paſſions*, there is only *Love* ſhall poſſeſs us: And if ſometimes we ſhall be guilty of any hatred, we ſhall exerciſe it only againſt the wolves, which are in hoſtility againſt our Shepherdry. What pleaſure will it be to love Shepherdeſſes, whoſe affection will be mutual, and will freely diſcover it ſelf, when reſpect ſhall not cauſe reſervedneſs, and breed in their mindes what ſhall torment them? We ſhall finde, that thoſe fair ones will be neither *Cockneys* nor *Courtizans*, and that the unfaithfulneſs of Lovers will not teach them to carry two hearts in one breaſt. As concerning divine worſhip, and the ſciences which we ſhall ſtudy, I have ſpoken to that point already; but as for our ordinary recreations, I have fancied to my ſelf moſt excellent ones. Thoſe of better quality among us ſhall act a Comedy every day: The ſubject ſhall be taken out of ſome piece of ancient Poetry; and the parts being aſſign'd to thoſe who already know the ſtory by heart, they ſhall only be told the caſt of the Scenes, and then they muſt compoſe, as it were on a *ſudden*, what they have to ſay. Beſides, I have found out an incomparable kinde of ſtage. I have ſeen your Players at *Burgundy-houſe*, I have ſeen ſome plays in the Colleges, but all was but fiction: There was a ſky of Canvas, a rock of Parport, and in all things the painting cheated our eyes; but I will have it far otherwiſe: our plays ſhall be acted in the open field, and our ſtage ſhall be the great Theatre of nature; we'll have no heaven but the true heaven; if a Shepherd be to iſſue out of a Thicket, he ſhall do it out of a true thicket; if he muſt drink at a ſpring, he ſhall drink at one indeed: and ſo all things being naturally repreſented, men will believe they ſee the true hiſtory; ſo that the actors being thereby animated themſelves, will put on the paſſions of thoſe parts which are aſſig'd them, and the ſpectators be as much pleas'd as aſtoniſh'd at it. And all this I do not any thing doubt of; when I conſider, that when ever I was at any play at *Paris*, though they were not ſo natural and lively as ours will be, yet have I ever been ſo tranſported by them, that I have imagin'd it was no fiction. Nay, ſince you make us ſuch excellent propoſitions, I am much in doubt whether I ſhould fully credit you, ſays *Clarimond*: But as for your plays, I approve them beyond any

thing I ever heard. For to make them compleat, I will contribute ſomewhat of my invention. You know there are ſome Actors who never put off the parts they once take: As for example, one is the *Doctor*, another the *Captain*, and another the *Fool*. All the deſign is carried on accordingly, their parts change not, there is only a change in the ſtory. I do not intend we ſhould do ſo; it muſt neceſſarily be expected that our qualities and habits change, if we will repreſent all ſorts of ancient fables: but as for our manner of ſpeech, it ſhall not change at all. Every one ſhall have a certain language, whereto he ſhall ſo accuſtome himſelf, that it will be eaſie for him to find what he is to ſay; as for example, one ſhall ſpeak by *Alluſions* and *Equivocations*, another by *Hyperboles*, a third by *Metaphors*, and a fourth by *Galimathias*.

All that heard *Clarimond's* propoſition found it very excellent, except *Lyſis*, who at the firſt could not digeſt it. But *Hircan* forc'd him to do as the reſt did, ſo that every one had the liberty to chooſe his ſpeech. *Fontenay* choſe the *Alluſions* and *Equivocations*; *Polydor*, the *Hyperboles*; *Meliantes*, the *Metaphors*; and *Clarimond*, the *Galamathias*, which is a ſtile compoſed of ſhifts and windings of words, which render the ſenſe ſo obſcure, that it can hardly be known what to make of it. As for *Lyſis*, he ſaid he would ſpeak a neat and poliſh'd phraſe, which he call'd the *amorous* and *paſſionate* ſtile. There was propoſed alſo the *Pedantick* ſtile, *Paris*-Expreſſions, *Proverbs*, *Similitudes*, and the *Poetical* ſtile, and ſome others which they reſolv'd to make uſe of when there were need. The Shepherdeſſes came not into the number of the Actors who appear'd on the Stage, becauſe *Clarimond* had reſolved there ſhould nothing be done but what were *groteſque*, wherein it was not fit the Ladies ſhould be engag'd. As for *Lyſis*, he thought it well they were excluded, for he was glad to ſee men acting womens parts, as being a thing that ſeemed to him more comical.

All the queſtion now was, What piece ſhould be firſt acted for tryal. Some propos'd that of the *Raviſhing of Proſerpina*, and that of *Pſyche*; and others the *Deſcent of Orpheus* into *hell*, the *Loves of Pyramus and Thisbe*, the *Conqueſt of the Golden Fleece*, and the *Deflowring of Philomela*. At laſt *Hircan* ſaid, that the next day they would repreſent the *raviſhing* of *Proſerpina* by *Pluto*, which was an ordinary peece, and as being often ſeen acted would be very eaſie. It was reſolv'd *Polidor* ſhould act *Venus*; that the fair *Fontenay*, who had been us'd to be clad like a Maid, ſhould be the fair *Proſerpina*; that *Lyſis* ſhould be *Cyana*; *Clarimond*, *Arethuſa*; *Hircan* ſhould act the part of *Pluto*, *Meliantes* that of *Jupiter*, and *Philiris* that of *Ceres*. There wanted nothing but a *Cupid*: And *Clarimond* ſeeing *Carmelin*, who had newly acted him, ſaid he was as pretty for to act him, as if he had been painted for that purpoſe. *Carmelin* being very low in compariſon of *Polidor*, who was to be his mother *Venus*, 'twas thought no part could be more convenient for him; and *Lyſis* for his ſake imagined a new ſtile, which he call'd the *Infantine* ſtile, wherein he thought he might be able enough becauſe of his ordinary ſimplicities. It was only he that made ſome reſiſtance, calling to mind that the part they gave him had not been very fortunate to him, and had been the cauſe he had been well beaten that afternoon. They perſwaded him out of that fear, and aſſured him that the part he was to have would be both pleaſant and honorable to him. Upon this one of the men went to *Orontes's* for an *Ovids Metamorphoſes*, and *Philiris* having read aloud the ſubject of the future Comedy, ſhewed every one what he had to do. The day being ſpent in theſe entertainments, they left the wedding; and all thoſe of *Orontes's* company going along with him, *Hircan* took away his to his Caſtle. As they were ready to go in, I am exceſſively hot, ſays *Lyſis*; I know not whether it proceeds from the weather, or from the Love which poſſeſſes my heart: I have a great deſire to go into the water to night; is there any body elſe of the ſame mind?

It happened that *Clarimond* and *Philiris* had a mind to go into the water; ſo that they left the reſt of the company to go into the river *Morin*. 'Twas about half a league off, and yet they cheerfully overcame the way, diſcourſing of divers things

with

with *Carmelin*, whom they carried with them to look to their cloaths, though there were no need of it. As they were putting off their cloaths, *Lyſis* not able any longer to conceal the deſign he had, ſpoke thus to them. 'Tis very true, my friends, that it is a pleaſure to me to go into the water, both for to refreſh my ſelf a little in this hot ſeaſon, and to waſh my body: But beſides this, my intention is to go and ſee the *aquatick Divinities* that lodge in this River. I have not mention'd it to *Hircan*, becauſe I doubt he would have endeavoured to divert me, by making me believe I am no *Demy-god*, as I have ſometimes been, and that I am not any longer permitted to converſe with thoſe of that quality. I know no reaſon why he ſhould ſay ſo; for in all Hiſtories we have a many examples of humane perſons that have ſpoken to Divinities. Is it not becauſe he hates them, and will have me hate them too? As for the aquatick Gods, ſince he hath pluck'd off their beards, 'tis certain he loves them not much: And if I ſhould have ſpoken to him of going to ſee them, he would not have come, for fear of receiving ſome affront. But I who am one of their greateſt friends, as I have good teſtimony, I will confidently go and ſee them, and if I can, I will have their Chryſtal palaces opened to you.

With theſe words the *Shepherd* caſt himſelf headlong into the water. *Clarimond* and *Philiris* fearing he might be drown'd, made haſte in after him, and recovered him, when he had drunk ſo much that he was almoſt gone. Being a little ſenſible of his fault, he told them there was no means to viſit the *Aquatick Divinities* that day, and that they deſired not to be ſeen, ſince they had not divided the water to make him a paſſage to their Courts. He afterward waſh'd himſelf quietly, and put on his cloaths with the reſt, without any extravagancy at all. Only he ſaid it troubled him that he had not ſpoken to the Gods of the waters, becauſe he would have invited them to their ſports, to make them more compleat, if they were to repreſent ſome Story wherein it were neceſſary ſome aquatick Deity appeared on the Stage. He alſo ſaid they muſt needs find out ſome *Hamadryads*, or at leaſt ſome *Satyres*, without which it was impoſſible to act a good *Paſtoral*. He would not have them counterfeited as the other Divinities; becauſe he had read in the *Paſtorals* of *Julietta*, that thoſe Goats familiarly appeared to Shepherds, and that they raviſh'd the Shepherdeſſes. Beſides he imagined he had once ſeen one, and that he might again meet with a true one.

Poſſeſt with this imagination, he prayd *Clarimond* and *Philiris* to return to *Hircans*, and to leave him neer a Thicket where he hoped to meet with ſome rural Divinities. They, who were ſomwhat hungry, went their way and left him with *Carmelin*, who had rather have gone with them then ſtay with his maſter, whoſe imaginations pleas'd him not. However they ſtaid together, and *Lyſis* began to ſpeak thus: Fair *Hamadryads!* divine *Fairies!* who dance all night by the moon-ſhine; and you laſcivious *Fawns!* can I by no means ſee one of you?

He had ſcarce ſpoken this, but he perceives afar off ten or twelve torches, which paſs'd from one place to another. Ah good god! they are falſe lights which will lead us to drowning, cries out *Carmelin*: O maſter, do not follow them! let me never be thought my mothers ſon, if they do not deſtroy you: If you will prevent it, lie down on the ground. Ah daſtard! ſays *Lyſis*, do thou ſtretch thy ſelf as thou wilt, this adventure is reſerv'd for me: I muſt follow thoſe torches, for I ſee heaven now favours me. 'Tis *Ceres Eleuſina*, who having heard that to morrow we were to repreſent her ſtory, will be preſent in perſon, and act her own part. Thoſe are her torches that appear, they are her true badges. Now all my wiſhes are accompliſh'd: All the Gods will come down on earth, to repreſent before us what they ſometime did before; ſo that thoſe to whom we have aſſign'd their parts, muſt modeſtly reſign them, confeſſing themſelves unworthy to act them, and content themſelves to be ſpectators.

In ſaying ſo, he runs up and down, thinking to catch one of the torches; but they ſtaid not long in a place. At laſt they came all together; and *Lyſis* thinking he ſhould then catch them, ran ſo much the faſter, and that ſo confidently, that paſſing between two trees where a cord was faſtened, he ſhewed a feat of activity, and

tumbled

tumbled into a ditch full of rushes and reeds. Those who carried the torches, were the Countrey people of the wedding, who having taken notice of all his actions, knew that he and *Carmelin* were gone into the water with *Clarimond* and *Philiris*. Their design was to frighten them, and to make them fall into some snares, which they had plac'd up and down to catch those that had offended them. Some of them having observ'd that *Clarimond* and *Philiris* were gone into *Hircans*, but *Lysis* and *Carmelin* not, they concluded they were fallen somewhere, and that they were sufficiently reveng'd. They thought best to leave them where they were, as also because they thought it would have been to no purpose to look for them in the dark, were they minded to beat them. *Carmelin* not hearing any more the voyce of his Master, lifted up his head a little; and not seeing the torches, which were put out, he presumed to get up on his feet, and to look for *Lysis*. He call'd him on every side, when at last a mournful voyce came to his ears: he thought it were *Lysis* that spoke. Where am I? said he; am I in the infernal fens? is *Charons* boat any thing near me? Alas! my poor master, cryes out *Carmelin*, tell me where you are, and I will come and help you. O Goddess *Ceres*! says *Lysis* again to him, if you will send me to hell, do me at least the favor to tell me for what crime. Is it for going to entertain your daughter *Proserpina*, and to teach her the art of Shepherdry? *Carmelin* hearing this discourse, so little to the purpose, cryed his heart almost out, to let his master know it was his faithful *Carmelin*; and at length, having softly slidden into the ditch, he drew him out. *Lysis* taking him then for no other then he was, joyn'd with him to seek out the way to *Hircans* Castle, which after many turns they met with. They made long complaints of the accident had hapned to them; and *Carmelin*, to shew how infinitely he was afraid, swore there were as many torches as stars in the sky. For to chear them up, there was a fire set on, and supper brought them: and afterwards they were dispos'd into good beds, where they slept till the next day.

All got up betimes in the morning to study their parts: There was none but search't in *Hircans* study for the books that were most necessary for to learn the language he was to observe. The *Gallimathiasist* turn'd over the *loves* of *Des Escuteaux*, and other modern books. The *Hyperbolist* pick'd out what was most for his purpose, out of some other books, and so every one endeavor'd to make himself the most perfect he could. Only *Carmelin* discover'd his ignorance; for not finding any means to make use of the *Common places* he had by heart, there was nothing in his minde that contributed any thing to his part. *Polidor*, who was to come into the scene with him, lectur'd him a little, and assur'd him, that besides what he taught him, the necessity of speaking would furnish him with many conceptions, when it came to the push. *Carmelin* was confident thereupon, and troubled not himself with any further study.

When they had all din'd, *Pluto* put on a black Gassock, *Jupiter* a red, *Venus* was in *green*, *Ceres* in *yellow*, *Proserpina* in *blew*, *Cyana* and *Arethusa* in *white*; and as for *Love*, it was resolv'd he should be stark *naked*. He told them, he would never do it; and that he was more modest then to shew himself uncoverd, before so many women. He therefore was permitted in his drawers, having Goose-wings on his back. They hang'd about him a quiver, and gave him a bow in his hand.

In the mean time, *Clarimond* having been to look out a place, the fittest could be found for the stage, found out one near *Hircans* wood. Thither came the whole company, and *Orontes* and all his train came to be spectators. There was a little hillock, that serv'd to represent the mountain of *Erix*, whereon *Venus* appear'd first. There were over against it two trees, whereon there was a cross piece laid, with a long rope in the middle, at the end whereof they had fastened a short stick. They commanded *Cupid* to set himself astride thereon, and then they began to wag him from one side to another, as if he had been in a swing, to make him imagine he fled. He was so amaz'd to see himself in the air, that he began to cry out, that he would cast away his bow to have his hands free, and hold fast by the rope, if they did not give over frighting him. Upon that they cast a cord to him for him to tie himself withal

withal, and having put it about him with a ſingle knot, a Lacquay, who was gotten upon one of the trees, took the other end of it. After this, *Venus* looking on him, ſpoke to him in this manner, in her *Hyperbolical* Language, *Dear Son, who art another my ſelf, wilt thou not that one dart of thine pierce the heaven and the earth, and be afterwards an axletree for this great fabrick, that it may be believ'd it is only thou that doſt ſuſtain it? Thy fires have lighted the ſun and the ſtars; have they not already burnt up Neptune and all his waters? That thou mayeſt conſummate thy victories, muſt they not devour the fires of hell? Come and repoſe thy ſelf on this mountain, which is a pillar that ſupports the heaven; nay, advances its crown above that fair vault, for to make a throne for our Divinity; come hither, my delight, thou haſt already ſhredded the ayr with thy wings, more times then there are grains of ſand on the ſea ſhore. Come my childe, and I will wipe off the ſweat off thy forehead, which makes an ocean big enough for a fleet. Do not ſtay any longer my Minion, I will ſhew thee thy uncle, whom thou muſt ſo grievouſly wound, that all his body ſhall be but one wound.* *Venus* here held her peace, and the preſence expected ſome fine anſwer from *Cupid*, when he began to cry out as loud as he could, *Oh my friends, help, help, I am choak'd!* Some were amaz'd, others laught at it, but all look'd towards *Carmelin*. The Lacquay that was on the tree, drew the cord ſo hard, that it tickl'd his throat more then it ſhould: ſo that they bid him hold his hand; and the poor *Cupid* calling to minde the ſimplicities which they had put into his head, ſpake thus, with a voyce as clear as the ſound of a glaſs, *What is your pleaſure? Mamma, if you will have me come and ſee you, you muſt promiſe to buy me a hobby-horſe at the fair, that when I am weary of flying, I may go gallantly by Land. You muſt alſo give me, and't pleaſe you, a new whiſtle; for I have ſold mine to Mercury, for to make uſe of in his pimpages. What would you with me? will you have me tell you what I have loſt at Cockal to my Brother* Anteros *and your Graces? I plaid too t'other daie at puſhpin, with* Ganimed, *but he is a cheating companion. He would ever win, and under pretence that* Jupiter *loves him, he thinks he may do any thing, and not fear the rod, nay, that he may one daie have my quality, and diſpoſſeſs me of my torch; but when I ſhall finde him by himſelf, I'll order him as he deſerves, and I'll tell his maſter of his ſeeking birds-neſts, inſtead of going to ſchool; you know he gees to learn Latine of* Mercury. *There is yet a great deal more news: I'll tell you all, but, Oh God, I dye, I dye, if I am not let down! But quickly then, my friend, take me hence, I ſhall make ſawce in my ſhirt elſe; let me down, let me down, in good faith I ſhall ſpoil all the ceremony elſe.* *Carmelin* having ſo ſaid, they knew not whether he ſpoke this as his part; but at length he cryed out ſo loud to be let down, that they ſaw he ſpoke in good earneſt, and not as an actor. They took him down out of his ſwing, and he aſſoon got him behinde the Mountain *Erix*, where he diſcharg'd himſelf of a burthen which ſomwhat troubled him. 'Twas ſuppos'd that that accident of not being able to command his belly, proceeded from that agitation. Being therefore excuſed, he came chearfully into play again, & having crept up to the place where *Venus* was, he went to receive her embraces and careſſes.

In the mean time there iſſued out a great flame from between the trees, and there was heard the noiſe of ſome crackers; and after that arriv'd *Pluto* in a chariot, drawn by two black horſes, which he whipt as faſt as he could lay on. *I who am the natural brother of the Father Altitonant* (ſays he in his pedantick language which he had choſen) *I on whom Deſtiny hath beſtow'd the Acherontical Diadem, and the Superiority of the Avern muſt I ſuffer the Latonian Torch to ſend the beams of its golden periwig, even to the midſt of my moſt opake ſhades, through the hiatus of the earth? I muſt with all feſtination take a moſt ample courſe, with this atrocious tumultuoſity.*

Pluto having ſo ſaid, drove his Chariot up and down; and *Cupid* in the mean time ſpoke to his Mother, *I'll ſhoot at him; Are you willing? ſhall I do it? is it now time Mother?* She made a ſign to him that ſhe was willing; and he preſently ſhot him in at the third button: whereat *Pluto* being ſtrangely ſurpris'd, ſpoke thus, *What new jaculation is this hath ſtruck me? Ah! Celeſtial Fate, where ſhall I finde my Dittany?* In ſaying ſo, he perceived *Proſerpina* making of Poſies at the entrance of the wood: *Alas!* (cry'd he out) *this is ſhe hath incarcerated my liberty, within*

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the priſon of her ineffable pulchritude: I will as ſoon be a raviſher, as a lover of her. With that word he leap'd down, and took up *Proſerpina*, whom he carried to his proud Chariot, caſting her into it like a Sack of Wheat. *O cruel one!* cry'd ſhe out, *let me take along with me my flowers, I do conjure thee by my ſhowers of tears: If thou wilt but a little ſtay, I will caſt myſelf into thoſe ſnares which thou ſhalt for me lay. What, wilt thou take me, never to forſake me? 'Tis not thy ſureſt way, to raviſh me away. Art thou not mov'd by my prayers, nor by my tears? O thief! who hurt'ſt me with thy jeers. It ſeems thy ears mind not my complaints, which witneſs I do ſuffer ſo great pains, or rather ſo many deaths again.*

Notwithſtanding this fine complaint, and a many *alluſions*, *Pluto* drove his horſes on, and made them go as quick as tempeſt, the ſooner to bring his Miſtreſs into his infernal Kingdom. He paſs'd by a ditch, whence iſſued *Cyana* half naked, and with long diſchevel'd hair as if ſhe were come out of the water: But the Chariot went on ſo faſt, that ſhe could not give *Pluto* the check ſhe had thought on; yet would ſhe not omit her part, ſo that ſhe ran up and down as it were to overtake the God of Hell. Inſtead of going into the Wood whither he was enter'd, behind the mountain *Eryx*, ſhe went into the high-way, there ſhe found a Waggon covered with cloth; there was in it a man and a woman, whom ſhe took for *Pluto* and *Proſerpina*. She drove the horſes into the Scene, while the Waggoner was making water a little behind. *Thou ſhalt go no further*, thou robber *Pluto*, (cry'd out the Shepherd *Lyſis*, who acted the part of the Nymph *Cyana*.) *Love delights more in mildneſs then violence: Thou ſhouldſt have won* Proſerpina *by thy ſubmiſſions and the teſtimonies of affection, and not have raviſh'd her. As long as I have arms, I will hinder the violence of thy charriot; and I who am but a poor ſilly Maid, will reſiſt a God.*

The Waggoner at length running after his waggon, imagin'd the woman had led it away was ſome ſpirit; but finding himſelf engag'd among ſo many as was there, he was in a greater perplexity then before, and thoſe in the waggon were not leſs amaz'd, praying *Cyana* to let them go on their journey. At laſt the man that was in the waggon made bold to come out to thruſt her away; and having narrowly obſerv'd her, and attentively heard her voice, he preſently cry'd out, Ah mad fool! is it then thou whom we have now met! I thought thou hadſt been far enough hence, whereas thou comeſt now to preſent thy ſelf before me in a worſe condition then at *Paris* or *S. Cloud*: Now thou art diſguis'd like a Witch. O God! what affliction is this to our family! Muſt this miſerable Wretch diſcredit us all?

Anſelme, who was among the ſpectators, had no ſooner ſeen the man, but he knew him to be Mr. *Adrian*, *Lyſis*'s Guardian. He preſently went out of his place and ſaluted him, deſiring him not to be angry with his Ward, ſince what he ſaid was not out of folly, but it was the Part aſſign'd him in the ſport they were then about.

In the mean time *Cyana* went and caſt herſelf into her ditch, and began to cry out thus: *Alas! how am I now well puniſh'd for my raſhneſs? My blood is turned into water, my bones ſoften; there's nothing of me which becomes not liquid:* Pluto *hath metamorphos'd me into a Fountain, that ſhall ever weep for the raviſhing of the fair* Proſerpina.

Adrian hearing this, believ'd not what *Anſelme* had ſaid to him; he told him he could not believe but *Lyſis* was madder then ever, and that he was made do all thoſe abſurdities for to make others ſport. Do you not alſo ſee, replies *Anſelme*, ſix or ſeven other perſons of quality diſguiſed as well as he? And upon that *Hircan*, *Philiris*, and *Meliantes*, whom the ſtrangeneſs of the accident had forc'd to come out of the places where they were retired, ſhewed themſelves unmask'd to *Adrian*. He ſaw they were people well enough in their wits, and was ſomwhat appeas'd, thinking his Ward could do nothing undecent amongſt them. *Carmelin* came in with the reſt; and having underſtood that *Adrian* would not believe they were acting a Comedy in that place, I was alſo of it, ſays he to him, I tell you ſo much,

much, that you may no longer doubt of it: See, here's my bow; look on it, is it not of good wood?

While they laugh'd at this ſimplicity, *Philiris* habited as a Goddeſs went to *Lyſis*. He found his mind was ſo tranſported, that he could not conſider it was his Couſin he had met. *Gracious* Ceres! (ſays the Nymph *Cyana* ſpeaking to *Philiris*) *have you already ſought every where your* Proſerpina *with your burning torches? Hath not* Arethuſa *told you that* Pluto *detains her for his Spouſe in hell? Have you not yet made your complaint of it to* Jupiter *King of the Gods?* We are not there yet, ſays *Philiris*; come away quickly, there's need of you. *How's that? ſays* Cyana, *is the order of our Play diſturb'd? Who is in fault that it goes not forward? who are the perturbators of our enjoyments? Have not I plaid my part of the Fountain well? methinks I am already melted into water, as ſugar in the mouth.* I tell you there's one of your friends come, replies *Philiris*, come quickly and ſalute him, He is much troubled about you: I think I have heard him call'd *Adrian*; remember yourſelf whether you know him or not.

This news bred a change in *Lyſis*; and though he were accuſtom'd to take all fictions for truths, yet the name of *Adrian* ſo diſturb'd him, that he ſoon forgot the raviſhing of *Proſerpina* was a doing. Yet he ſunk into his hole, not that he thought himſelf a Fountain, but that he might not be ſeen. *Anſelme* deſirous to have him appear, went to the ditch with *Adrian*, who ſaid to him, So, ſo! do not hide your ſelf, Couſin, I know well enough 'tis you. Then was he forced to come out and ſalute *Adrian*, and afterward went to the waggon where his Couſins good wife was, whom he had taken for *Proſerpina*. While he was in his complements and excuſes to her, *Adrian* told *Anſelme*, that he wondred to find them in *Brie*, whereas *Lyſis* had aſſured him they were to go into *Forreſts*. 'Tis beſides our intention that we are in this Country, replies *Anſelme*; and I believe it hath happened ſo, that we might have the happineſs to ſee you here: But I pray what great deſigns have brought you this way? I am on a pilgrimage to St. *Fare* with my wife, anſwers *Adrian*; though I am not the beſt in the world, yet muſt a man endeavour to be ſo. Be pleas'd to day to be merry with us, ſayes *Anſelme*; and to morrow you may go on your way, and be in as good time at *Faremonſtier*, as if you lay there to night. You'll excuſe me, replies *Adrian*, I muſt by your favour into the waggon again. Not before you drink with us, ſays *Orontes*; you ſhall bait here.

After this there was brought on the place a many good things to eat; and the Play being interrupted, both the Actors and Spectators came to the Banquet. *Adrian* and his wife, and the Waggoner having ſatisfied themſelves, were reſolved to continue their journey: So they got into the waggon, and asking where *Lyſis* liv'd, He is ſo good Company, replies *Anſelme*, that all will have him by turns: He is ſometimes at *Orontes*'s, ſometimes at *Montenor*'s, ſometimes at *Clarimond*'s; but at any time you will have tidings of us at *Hircan*'s Caſtle. When I have done my devotions at *Faremonſtier*, ſays *Adrian*, I will endeavour to get in a little mony due to me from a Gentleman of this Country, and then I ſhall be able to ſtay here two or three dayes: But as I come back, I will take *Lewis* along with me to *Paris*, for I believe he is too troubleſom to you. Farewell Gentlemen and Ladies! adieu Couſin! Drive on, Waggoner.

The Waggoner ſet forward, and all the Company wiſh'd a good journey to the Merchant and his wife. None was diſcontented but *Lyſis*: He was troubled at the promiſe his Couſin made to fetch him away, and knew not how to remedy it. *Clarimond* comforted him the beſt he could; and *Hircan* deſirous to put ſomething more pleaſant into his mind, told him, that ſince the raviſhing of *Proſerpina* had been interrupted, and that there was no means to begin it again, they would the next day act the *Golden Fleece*. That's an excellent deſign, ſayes *Lyſis*: but where ſhall be the Sea? We'll go to a Lake that's a quarter of a league hence, replies *Hircan*. It's better we went to the River *Morin*, ſays *Clarimond*; I know a place where there is a little Iſle, that ſhall be the Iſle of *Colchos*. That will be excellent, ſays *Lyſis* to him: Thou ſhalt be *Jaſon*; *Meliantes* ſhall be *Medea*; *Hircan* that

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playes on the Lute, ſhall be *Orpheus* that accompanied the *Argonauts*, and cheer'd them up with his muſick. For my part, I'll be *Zethes*, and *Philiris* ſhall be *Calais*, two brothers twins, the children of *Boreas* and *Orithia*; and for *Carmelin*, he ſhalbe the King *Phineus*, a part very convenient for him in my opinion, for he is ever hungry enough. As for the other parts, as *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, and ſome other of the *Argonauts* and the *Harpies*, they that ſhall act them ſhall be ſuch as need not ſpeak unleſs they will.

This order being approved, the Company parted with hope the next day to have good ſport. All the Actors read the Fable of *Jaſon*, and every one conſidered the fitteſt words for his part. As for *Carmelin*, he told them he would now ſpeak learnedly, and not ſimply; and that he deſired to ſhew ſome caſts and daſhes of his knowledge. *Clarimond* with his aſſiſtance compoſed what he had to ſay, and gave it him in Notes, which he did nothing but read all night and the next morning, ſuch was his deſire to do well: His ſtile was half Proverbs, and the reſt was Fancie.

The time of the ſports come, all the Actors dreſs'd themſelves, and went to the River of *Morin*, where the reſt of the company met neer about the ſame time. The Actors were only of *Hircans* Train, becauſe they ſeemed to be of the better humor, and as it were fit for nothing but to make ſport for others. *Anſelme*, *Montenor*, and *Orontes* were there only as ſpectators with the Ladies and ſome other friends. The ſpectators having ſeated themſelves on the Rivers ſide, there was hard by them a Table, and at that a Chair. *Carmelin* came and ſate in it, having on a fair Night-gown, a falſe white Beard, and a Crown of yellow Paſsbord. He was very glad to ſee himſelf a King once in his life; and obſerving three or four Waiters ſerving up ſome meat before him, he was not a little proud to ſee himſelf ſo magnificently treated. He well remembred that *Clarimond* had told him he ſhould not eat, and that all his meat would be taken away from him; but he thought he had jeſted with him, and that there were no danger to eat a bit or two, if ſo be he could do it. His Carver had no ſooner preſented him with a Pullets wing, but the two Harpies very odly habited came in; one with her claws took away the wing, while the other ſnatcht away the whole carkaſs with an iron crook. King *Phineus* ſeeing they were gone, began to ſpeak in this manner. *Ah miſerable Prince that I am! to what purpoſe have I ſo much mony, which I rake up with ſhovels, and meaſure by the buſhel? To what purpoſe have I ſo many Country-houſes, where I may be fed of all ſorts of creatures, if I cannot eat becauſe of theſe abominable monſters which take away all from me? 'Tis to much purpoſe to kill for me ſo many tender Chickens, which die young, to make me live the longer: Of all this I have nothing but the ſmoak. My Courtiers do ſufficiently remonſtrate to me, that patience paſſes ſcience; but a ſtarv'd belly hath no eares. In the poſture I am, I could eat through ſtone-walls, for there's no ſauce to hunger.* King *Phineus* having ſaid this, caſt his eye on his Notes which he had laid on the table for to look in ſometimes, if his memory failed him. *Clarimond* had ſet down all he was to do; ſo that he read aloud theſe words which he found there: Carmelin *who repreſents King* Phineus, *muſt now call to drink. Give me ſome wine there, I command you, ſince it is ſo in the writing*, continued he.

All began to laugh at this pleaſant ſimplicity. But he, who thought of nothing but his profit, made ready to receive the glaſs out of the hands of his people, imagining he ſhould drink, though he could not eat: But as he thought to carry the glaſs to his mouth, comes a Harpy, and with her clawes breaks it all to peeces. That made him angry in good earneſt; and in ſpight of all the precepts of *Clarimond*, he reſolv'd to ſwallow ſomwhat. They had no ſooner brought him a ſhoulder of mutton, but he preſently fell on, without ſtaying to be carv'd to. He fell a biting it ſo revengefully, as if he would have devoured all at a bit; but the Harpies came in immediately and tugg'd with him, and had almoſt broke his teeth. He ſeeing they were too ſtrong for him, call'd for a rib of Beef, and taking a ſtaff from one of the waiters he in good earneſt ſet on the fingers of thoſe Monſters when they came neer his table, though he had not been taught to do that, and act his part well. Yet the Harpies carried away the meat, and left him ſo diſconſolate, that he would not have

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any thing more ſerv'd up. While he groaned in his chair, they ſaw afar off a boat, wherein were the Argonauts, clad like brave Gentlemen. They had all branches in their hands, except *Orpheus*, who plaid on the Lute; and ſung a ſea ſong, which began thus:

Gentles, command, I will not fail,
My ſhip is going to ſet ſail, &c.

The reſt anſwered him in a *Chorus*, and made a very excellent muſick.

The veſſel being arriv'd at a port near the table of *Phineas*, *Zethes* and *Calais* were ſet a ſhore, for to finde out this *King*. *O fair youths*, ſayes he to them, *what good wind hath brought you into my territories? you are here both welcome, and well-receiv'd. Can I not by your aſſiſtance be delivered from a ſort of filthy birds, who ſnatch away all that is laid on my table, for the ſubſiſtance of my individual. Great King*, replied *Zethes*, *Feathers are come out at our backs, at the ſame time as hair on our chins: we fly as well as the wind Boreas our father. Cauſe to be brought before you the meat which ſerves for a bait to theſe Monſters, and you ſhall ſee what we are.*

Phineas upon that, commanded his people to bring him ſomewhat; they ſet on the table a fat Capon, and the Harpies were preſently there to take it away; but *Zethes* and *Calais* laid hand on their ſwords, and frighted them ſo, as they fled: They ran after them ſo faſt, as it might be thought they fled. In the mean time *Carmelin* looking on his paper, ſaw a marginal note that pleas'd him very well, and which he had not before at all taken notice of: he could not but plainly deliver it juſt as he found it written: *'Tis now*, ſaies he, *that King* Phineus *delivered from the Harpies, may eat at libertie*, He afterwards fed very couragiouſly of his Capon; and utter'd this diſcourſe, half by heart, and half reading out of his paper, *Oh! how delicious is this meat, after a long faſt, which had contracted and ſhrunk up my bowels, like ſcorch'd parchment? What pleaſure ſhall I have henceforward, to feed on thoſe meats, whereof I had forgotten the taſte? I ſhall no longer believe that my ſervants are happier then my ſelf, as heretofore, when they ate their belly fulls, I was always emptie.* As he had done ſaying ſo, the children of *Boreas* return'd victorious, ſo that he ſpoke theſe words to them, as he read them word for word in his paper, *Sacred young men, you have reſtor'd me my life, ſince you have reſtor'd me to eating. Aſſure your ſelves, that this good office ſhall not be anſwered with ingratitude. I will have a Temple built you as high as the clouds, where I will every daie adore you as moſt favourable Gods.* At the end of this he cryed out aloud, *F I N I S*; becauſe *Clarimond* had written that word at the end of his notes.

After this, he retir'd to the Spectators, who applauded him, as if he had done wonders, becauſe the faults he had committed were ſo pleaſant, that if he had obſerv'd the precepts had been given him, he had done nothing near ſo well. As for the children of *Boreas*, they got into their veſſel, which ſet ſail towards the Iſle of *Colchos*, where was a fleece faitned to a tree. The *Argonauts* being all landed, *Jaſon*, who ſeem'd to be ſtouter then any of the reſt, began to ſpeak thus in his *galimathias*, *Behold the ground where are the greateſt riches in the world, and where is a world of riches. I alreadie ſee the ſhining of that golden fleece, which with a ray feeblie radiating, wounds the eies, and yet doth not hurt them, and makes us as much live by hope, as we die for fear.*

The other Argonauts anſwered to that in divers ſtyles; and they ſpoke ſo loud, that thoſe on the other ſide could hear them. A while after appear'd *Medea*, with thoſe temptations that ſtole away the liberty of *Jaſon*. He preſently courted her in theſe words, *Fair ſoul of my ſoul, deſire of my deſire, the reſidence of my conceptions, will you not believe that my libertie is ſacrific'd on the altar of your beauties? ſince I know you I am miraculouſly fallen in love with an amorous miracle; and all I deſire, is but to die for you a living death, which is better then a dying life. But if*

your attracting ſweetneſs be changed into a cruelty ſo cruel, as moſt cruelly to deſpiſe me; and that the ability whereby you are able to heal me, finde impoſſibility in its power, doubt not but my amorous misfortune, and my unfortunate love will precipitate me headlong into ſome precipice.

All the fine words, wherewith you harneſs your Language (replies *Metaphorically* the Sorcereſs *Medea*) *cannot pour into my minde the belief of your love. I will not ſuffer my ſelf to be lull'd aſleep on the ſoft pillows of your words. You come out of a Country which is over glutted with fairer women then I am, and I ſhall never be bound up into ſo high a preſumption, as to perſwade my ſelf that you are inſnared in the lines of my affection. And this makes me believe you have ſet up a ſhop of diſſimulation; but my reaſon ſtands ſo well on her guard, within the fort of my ſoul, that you need not hope to take it by aſſault. I know well, if you were once entered there, you would put all to fire and ſword, and you would ſack even my firmeſt conſtancy. I muſt not follow the flags of folly, nor the cheating allurements which would bring me into the hook: I had rather cooſt along ſome happy river, where I might be ſheltered from all misfortunes in the Haure de Grace of Love.*

Jaſon and *Medea*, who were very able perſons, continued their diſcourſe a good while, being of the ſame ſtuff as what we have heard. Were they all to be written down, with the iſſue of the play, 'twere to put one book in another, and to trouble and importune the Reader with humors that are already ſtale, and which repeated, looſe much of the grace they had when firſt acted. It ſhall then ſuffice me to tell you, that *Medea* being as much taken with the merit of *Jaſon*, as *Jaſon* was with her beauty, gave him certain drugs for to lay aſleep the waking dragon, that watch'd the golden fleece. He came near the place where it was according to the fable; but as he thought to take it, the dragon came and frighted him away. 'Twas an engine made of Paſtboard, which a man plac'd within made to go. *Jaſon* caſt on it a certain liquor, and preſently the beaſt lay along without any motion; ſo that he eaſily took down the fair fleece which he deſired, and took *Medea* by the arm, for to embarque her in his veſſel, and bring her into *Greece*.

Lyſis having obſerved all this, was not content with the words which he had order to ſpeak, but he went and held *Jaſon* by the arm; Thou ſhalt not go ſo, ſays he to him, thou haſt done but half thy work: Doeſt thou think the golden fleece can be ſo eaſily obtain'd? Haſt thou not read that it is kept by Bulls with brazen feet, and iron horns, as well as by the waking Dragon? Thou muſt alſo charm theſe creatures, and make them ſubmit their necks to the yoke for to til this ground, wherein thou muſt ſow Serpens teeth. This fatal ſeed ſhall grow up, being water'd with blood and venome, and ſhall produce armed men, againſt whom thou muſt fight, until a mutiny happening amongſt them, they ruine themſelves. And it is after theſe Labours that thou ſhalt deſerve to be recompenc'd. Stay therefore here, or I ſwear there ſhall none of the *Argonauts* follow thee. Come away then, let the Bulls be brought. We have not any here, ſays *Hircan*; do you think that all things can be ſo punctually repreſented? There is never any Comedy, wherein ſome things of the hiſtory are not paſſed over in ſilence; or it is made believe, that what is moſt difficult, is done behinde the curtain, and is afterward related on the ſtage. That way is worth nothing, ſays *Lyſis*, I would have all things natural. I muſt have that done which I tell you, if you intend to act parts with me. Now all our ſport is ſpoiled for want of foreſight. But another time let thoſe that are charg'd with preparing things, forget nothing of what is neceſſary.

Lyſis having thus ſpoken, got into the boat, with all thoſe that were in the Iſle, for it could not be denyed but the Comedy was handſomely performed. This diſorder that had hapned in it, was more pleaſant, then any thing of order; and 'twas good recreation to hear *Lyſis*'s complaints, who all that day left not quarrelling with *Clarimond* and *Hircan*, for not having brought bulls into the Iſle. He was at laſt appeas'd, with promiſes that all Comedies ſhould be acted very magnificently, or elſe that they would act none at all; and his propoſition was, That, when

when they had caus'd cloathes of all fashions to be made, they might represent all *Ovids Metamorphoses* one after another; and then all *Virgils Æneads*, besides some other Poetical fictions. 'Twas conceiv'd it might be excellent pastime to see so many Fables so conceitedly represented, and yet *Lysis* met with extream delays, because the world is pleas'd with change, and that the Company were resolved to dispose otherwise of themselves; and besides, it would have been a very difficult matter to represent so many several actions as *Lysis* did imagine; for when there should be occasion that some Gods should have come down from heaven, by what invention could it have been done? That could not so easily have been represented, as hell, which might have been signified by some Quarry, or some low brick oven.

But our Shepherd had yet a much stranger design; for the more natural acting of a Comedy, he thought not sufficient to make use of one scene; because said he, sometimes they had to represent things done in divers Countrys; he therefore desired that what was done in a village, should be done in a village; and that which had been done on a mountain, should be done on a mountain; though haply the Actors must have walk a League, before they could come to one; so that the Spectators must have a great deal of trouble to follow them from place to place: and go along with them sometimes about a spring, sometimes follow them into a Temple to see them act their parts.

This was *Lysis*'s way, and not to build upon the stage Castles of Pastbord, and to call the scene sometimes *Thrace*, sometimes *Greece*. You may easily perceive by these extraordinary imaginations, that his desire was to come as near as he could to the truth: But so many difficulties could not but be very importune and troublesom: Besides, it was considered, that if they continued any while to act plays so publikely, the Nobility for twenty leagues about would have come to see the sport, and haply would have laughed at such conceits, which could not be to the liking of all the world; for it happened to this true representation, as it did to this simple relation which I make of it, which haply will not please your vulgar mindes, who understand not what true Satyre is. Some Country people and Citizens who past by the way, staid to see the Comedy of our Shepherds, and had left them not without astonishment, thinking they had all some worm of folly in their heads.

The diversion of Comedies was therefore quite hiss'd out, and *Lysis* had now nothing of greater concernment to think on, then to know whether his Mistress had seen nothing of all this, because he was afraid she had not vouchsafed to appear. Though she had not stirr'd out of the house, yet did they make him believe, that she had been to see the Conquest of the *golden fleece*, for a while, and that she was return'd with the first. I am certain she takes no pleasure in any thing of all that I do, saies the *Shepherd*; but since in all my past actions she hath not found sufficient testimonies of my affection, I am resolved my death shall convince her of it. Moderate thy despair, incomparable Shepherd, saies *Hircan*; Thou must not end thy life without the will of the Gods: Thou art obliged to preserve thy self for the good of others, for thou art not only born for thy self. I now tell thee in good earnest, that it is thou that art the *Dove*, that must be chang'd into an *Eagle*. The time is now come that I must expound my propheſie to thee: thou must now exchange that peaceable composition of minde, for a marshal courage; and it is only by thy means that *Meliantes*'s Mistress must be delivered out of prison. That thou mayest understand how this may be accomplished, know, I will make thee as invulnerable as ever *Achilles* was. If thou canst do that, learned Magician, replies *Lysis*, there is no doubt but I will as confidently engage in all combats, as any *Heroes* that ever was. I never boast of any thing I cannot accomplish, replied *Hircan*: but thou art to know, that thou canst not bring the adventure about, without the Shepherd *Carmelin*, though the Magician of the enchanted Castle did not mention him: The Gods have revealed this to me; besides, the courteous *Carmelin* shall be equally incapable of being wounded, for I will not favour him less then his master.

Lysis

Lysis and *Carmelin* assuring themselves on the word of *Hircan*, imagin'd what a great pleasure it would be to cut monsters in pieces, it being so provided that they themselves were not in any danger of blows. Having therefore taken leave of all those that went not along with the Magician, they follow'd him home to his Castle. All supper time, there was nothing spoken of but valour; and the Shepherd *Lysis* believing he might easily become a valiant Champion, assur'd *Hircan* he had propheſied nothing but what was true, and that he was ready to change the *Pastoral* habit into a *Military*. He told him he was no longer in the error he had sometimes been in, to believe that for to become happy, a man should not bear arms, now that he considered the illustrious actions of so many ancient Heroes, which had never scal'd heaven but by that noble way.

The End of the Ninth Book.

THE

THE Anti-Romance; OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The Tenth Book.

Lyſis and *Carmelin* retired after ſupper into their chamber, according to order from *Hircan*, who preſently went to them, telling them the hour was now come that they ſhould be made invulnerable. Muſt we ſtrip our ſelves ſtark naked? ſays *Lyſis*: will you plunge us into the river *Styx*, as *Thetis* did *Achilles*? You muſt not then be ſo heedleſs as that Goddeſs; She made her Son invulnerable all over, but that part where he was to be wounded: 'twas a great want of judgment, may ſhe not be offended! She that by her divinity knew the decrees of the Deſtinies, and foreſaw things to come, why did ſhe not make armour-proof that dangerous part of *Achilles* his body? Knew ſhe not well enough, that when his enemies once had notice there were a part of his body could not be hurt, they would not make at that, and would diſpatch him as ſoon as another that had but a common body? Beſides, I know not how ſhe ordered the buſineſs, that ſhe ſuffered his heel to be ſo ſenſible, as to be capable of a mortal wound. The wounds which we may any way receive about the feet, are not dangerous; nay though it were the *Gangrene*, there were no more then cutting off the foot, to hinder it from gaining on the heart, and conſequently that the party die not. Had this *Thetis* been minded to make *Achilles* abſolutely invulnerable, why did ſhe not put him quite under water, and hold him by the hair of the head, and not hold him by a part

which

wh ich muſt needs keep dry, and conſequently remain mortal; if his hair were not yet come, why did ſhe not plunge his feet in after his head? You forget your ſelf, *Lyſis*, ſays *Hircan*, you muſt not go ſo far in reforming the actions of the Divinities. It muſt be believed, that whatever they have done hath been for the beſt. Were you *Clarimond* who carps at all things, you could ſay no more. Yet I excuſe you for the preſent, ſince 'tis only the fear you are in leſt I ſhould not do my duty, makes you ſpeak thus; and you would adviſe me, if I were to thruſt you over head and ears in ſome water, to waſh your members one after another. But know there's no need of all this: My charms are ſo powerfull, as to make you invulnerable with leſs ceremony then was uſed by the Divinities. How do you properly explain that word of *Invulnerable*? ſays *Carmelin*. That is to ſay, a thing that cannot be hurt or wounded, replies *Hircan*. I beſeech you then let my Breeches have its part of your charms, replies *Carmelin*, that it may never be hurt by uſe nor accident. If there are wounds in thy cloaths, replies *Hircan*, make plaiſters for them of the ſame ſtuffe; I do not employ my Art in things ſo low. But let's have no more prating, be ſilent; I muſt charm you two with as much efficacie, as if you were in the Palace of *Circe* the Suns daughter.

Hircan having ſaid this, did ſome extraordinary ceremonies, and repeated ſome barbarous words: Then ſaid he to *Lyſis* and *Carmelin*, Aſſure your ſelves that nothing can henceforth hurt you: You have no more to do then to get into my Coach, which ſhall infallibly carry you to the enchanted Caſtle, where the fair *Pamphilia* is. The two Shepherds went along with him out of the chamber into the hall, where the company expected them. *Hircan* giving each of them a ſtick in his hand, bid them ſtrike at an old earthen pot, which they preſently broke in pieces. See you, ſays he to them, it will be as eaſie for you to break the head of a monſter, as to break this veſſel. As for your parts, nothing can hurt you; and that it is ſo, you ſhall now try. In ſaying ſo, *Hircan* took a Fire-pan; and making as if he would give *Lyſis* a good blow, he moderated the violence of his arm when he was neer his ſhoulders. 'Tis true, ſays *Lyſis*, thou haſt but tickled me a little. Let me alſo know what it is, ſays *Carmelin*. *Hircan* thereupon turn'd the Fire-pan from the place where he ſeem'd to ſtrike, and diſcharg'd it on *Carmelins* buttocks, but ſo roughly, that he made him ſcratch himſelf a good while after. This is no jeſting, ſays he; methinks I ſhould have been arm'd there. All this is well, replies *Hircan*: Thou ſhalt never ſuffer more hurt then thou haſt now felt; for thoſe whom thou art to deal with are not ſo ſtrong as I am; and this is to aſſure thee thou ſhalt never receive wound after what I have given thee. *Carmelin* being a little comforted by this, wiſh'd for more pots and glaſſes for to try his forces on; and *Lyſis* had the ſame deſire, if *Hircan* had kept them any longer at their exerciſe. He therefore would diſmiſs them preſently; but *Lyſis* ſpoke to him in this manner: Learned Magician! what doſt thou think on? Seeſt thou not we have yet our garments of *peace* on? We ſhall be nothing terrible, if we have not *warlike* habits on. For my part, I will be like a *Heros*, otherwiſe I will not hence. Haſt thou not obſerved that repreſentation of *Theſeus* deſcent into hell, which thou haſt in thy ſtudy? Since I am to fight with Monſters and Robbers, as that brave Warriour did, I will be accoutred as he was.

This put *Hircan* in mind of an old blew Guard-coat he had in the bottom of a cheſt, which had ſometimes ſerv'd him in a maſk: His man went and fetch'd it, and *Lyſis* having viewed it, found it for his purpoſe. He took off his doublet for to put it on; but becauſe it was half-ſleev'd, and was plated, and had little ſilver-nails, he turn'd up his ſhirt above his elbow, and faſtened it there with pins, for to have his arms bare, as your ancient Warriours are painted. He would alſo needs have his thighs bare, ſo that he went into the Wardrobe, where he put off his breeches and his drawers, and ty'd up the fore and hind-part of his ſhirt. When he had done, there were buskins brought him, which he had before ask'd for, he would put them on his bare legs, and in this equipage he came back to the reſt. Somebody told him, that he was very well accommodated according to the ancient mode, but nothing

to the preſent, and that there was no Captain in the Kings Army that was ſo. Let them follow their fancie, ſays *Lyſis*, and let me alone to follow mine. They ſhall not make me believe that a ſort of raw younger brothers underſtand the *Militia* as well as ſo many invincible *Heroes* that are placed in heaven. I ſhould not make known my deſire to be of their number, if I did not imitate them as well in their modes as in their manners. Beſides 'tis not to be thought I am the only man of this age, that is clad as you ſee me: I can ſhew you how that the moſt able men that we have, are cloathed as I am. 'Tis true they are *Writers*, but it it muſt be confeſs'd they are *Warriours* too, ſince they have the confidence to be in the ſame garb as *Theſeus*, *Achilles*, and *Ajax*. If it be replied again, They are not men of arms, I will tell them that I have ſo much the more reaſon to be clad like a *Hero*, ſince perſons of ſo mean quality preſume to do it.

Upon that he call'd for the Works of ſeven or eight French *Poets* which *Hircan* had in his Study, and he ſhewed them all, how at the beginning of every book the Authors had cauſed themſelves to be drawn with *Corſets* according to the *Grecian* mode. He concluded they went ſo clad, ſince they were ſo drawn; and that they muſt needs grant him that, or freely confeſs that thoſe people were very fantaſtick and very extravagant, to be drawn in that poſture. That which was moſt ridiculous, was the picture of a *Poet* that was a *Counſellor*, who inſtead of his *long robe* had as the reſt a *Caſaque*, after the ancient mode, like a *Hero* in a Medal, though his countenance was the moſt pedantick thing in the world. Beſides, to avoid the word *Counſellor*, which he thought not Court-like enough for a Love-book as his was, he had put for his quality.

All having ſufficiently laughed at theſe excellent imaginations, they told *Lyſis* that he yet wanted ſomwhat for to be abſolutely accommodated to their imitation, and that was, that he had no Crown of Laurel on his head. Nor have I yet gotten any Victory, replies the new Warriour; I muſt wear only a Caſquet till that time. But there is another thing wanting which you think not on: Do you not ſee that theſe *Heroes* have I know not what about their necks? I cannot tell you what it is, and yet I muſt have ſuch an ornament. Certainly 'tis a Napkin, ſayes *Clarimond*. Thou art deceived, replies *Lyſis*, that's unworthily ſpoken of *Heroes*, they are only Tavern-boys that carry napkins on their ſhoulders. So do alſo the Sewers in Kings houſes, replies *Clarimond*: But now I have better conſidered it, I'll tell you what it is. 'Tis true, it is a Napkin; but about the necks of theſe people it is tied with a knot upon their right ſhoulder, as if they were a trimming, and I believe the Painter came to draw them when the Barber was ſetting up their muſtachoes, and that they were repreſented in the poſture they were then in. Do not thou believe that, ſayes *Lyſis*, it never was a Napkin, now I know the truth what it is; 'tis a Scarf which theſe gallant men wear for a note of diſtinction between them and your common Gentlemen, who wear theirs under their arm: I muſt needs have ſuch a one. I will give you a blue one, if you will wear it, ſays *Hircan*. I thank thee for that proffer, replies *Lyſis*: But let us not go to work with ſo little conſideration. I cannot imagine that theſe Scarfs which Heroes ſhould wear are *blue*, or *red*, or *green*, or *yellow*: I am of opinion they are *white*, for to ſignifie the *candor* of their ſouls. That's very hard to determine, ſayes *Clarimond*; for all ours are Copper-cuts, and here's no limming to ſhew what colour the cloaths are of. *Lyſis* hath reaſon to believe that his Scarf ſhould be white, ſays *Hircan*; the *white* is the colour of new-made Knights, he muſt bear it, though I have heard ſay his Miſtreſſes colour is *red*. But this is the miſery, that we have not ever a white ſcarf. There is only one remedy; I will give him a Napkin as fine as any ſilk. In the time of the *Ligue*, the honeſt Citizens which were Royaliſts had no other ſcarfs to ſhew which party they were of. I will not contradict thee in any thing, replies *Lyſis*, ſo great is my deſire to be immediately accommodated according to the ancient mode. Give me what ſcarf thou pleaſeſt, whether it be ſilk, or whether it be thread; it will make me very brave, and very proud, ſince it comes from thy hand.

Hereupon *Hircan* went to fetch him a fair clean Napkin, which he put about his

and fastened it with a red riban upon his shoulder, that he might at least by that little knot have *Charite* in minde. They both in the mean time search'd into their books, to see if they did any thing which were not conformable to the pourtraictures of the Poets.

When the Shepherd was accommodated to his minde, *Hircan* put on his head and old head-piece; but he told him, he yet wanted a sword, and entreated *Clorimond* who had a good one to lend it him. *Hircan* answered him, he had another fitter for him, because it was an old fashion'd one. He caus'd it and a belt to be brought, and girt it about *Lysis*. *Carmelin* observ'd all this mystery without saying any thing; and his master calling him to minde, acquainted *Hircan*, that he also must be accommodated like an Heroes of Antiquity. *Hircan* answer'd, it was enough for him to have arms according to the present mode, because he was not so deserving as *Lysis*; so that having sent for old armor, that had been his great Grandfathers, he was forc'd to put them on, much against his minde. Never was man more amaz'd then *Carmelin*, when they had endors'd him with the Corselet, and fastened on the arm pieces and the Tasles. He said, they put him into an iron prison, but it was worse when they put on the head piece: he told them, that they put his head into a Kettle, and would never suffer the visor to be let down. *Hircan* importun'd with his continual complaints, made him believe, that though his body were as invulnerable as his Masters, yet was he not so valiant as he, and that to heighten his courage, 'twas not amiss for him to be arm'd Cap-a-pea. What use shall I have of these arms? replied he; they cumber me so, that I know not where I am. I cannot carry my hand to my mouth, I cannot advance one foot before another; and I am loaden, as if I carried a Tower.

This burthen will seem light to thee after a while, saies *Hircan*; and thereupon having put into his hand a Target of cuir'd leather, he told *Lysis* it was time to be gone. *Lysis* answered he was ready, if they would but give him a Javelin, or a half-pike. But the Magician assur'd him he should never need any; so that he resolved to be gone; and having embrac'd all that were present, one after another, he went down into the Court. He got into the coach with *Carmelin*, who was very glad to sit down and rest him with his burthen. This is then the Chariot that must carry us to the enchanted Castle, saies *Lysis*; I have look'd on the horses, but I cannot see any wings they have, though the Magician assur'd me divers times they had. When you are once within, their wings will begin to appear, saies *Hircan*; and yet I must tell you, that for the present there will be no use for them, as long as there is any ground for them to go on; they shall not take their flight, till they come to the sea: Then shall you go so fast, that you shall think the coach moves not at all: And there will be yet another miracle, and that is, that days shall seem but minutes to you. When you come near the enchanted Castle, a Magician, a friend of mine, will invite you to rest your selves in a neighbouring Isle which belongs to him: Do not you refuse his proffers. We will observe thy directions, says *Lysis*; but before I part, do me the favour as to let me see *Meliantes*, for whom I am to do so many warlike exploits. This Gentleman had ever since supper been busie in writing of letters to *Paris*; they went to him, and bid him give over, if he would see the departure of the valorous Champions. He with a fained joy came to them, and assoon as he came into the Court, cryed out, O Generous Warriors! since you undertake to deliver my Mistress out of captivity, I beseech heaven prosper your arms: Farewell my dear friends, assure your selves you have oblig'd a man will serve you in life and death. Farewel friend, saies *Lysis*, be confident I'll do any thing I can for thy satisfaction: I desire no other requital of thee, but that to morrow morning thou go to the Ambassadors of the *Parisian* Shepherds, and bid them return to those that sent them, and give them an account how I live, and how happy they may be with me. If they be here before my return, I desire *Hircan* to appoint a Harbinger to take up lodging for them, for they will be a great number; but above all things, let there be a care had that no disorder or falling out happen about the pastures. I hope in a short time to be back to regulate all things

things my self. As for my Cousin *Adrian*, who returns by this way, I shall be glad to miss him, and that he get him to *Paris* without me. You may tell him what high enterprises have taken me up. And as concerning my Mistress, whom I reserve to the last, because I cannot speak of her without dying a thousand times of grief: Alas! I need send her no excuses for my absence, for I have well observ'd she was never much pleas'd at my presence.

As *Lysis* ended these words, they made fast the boots of the coach with chains, and the Coachman drave on, taking his way towards a house of *Hircans*, which was about a league off. This Gentleman bethought him of this extravagant invention to make more sport with the humors of *Lysis*. *Amarillis* was return'd to her own house before night; so that having no Mistress to entertain, he went from his Castle with the rest, and follow'd the coach of the two Warriors. They follow'd a good way off on horse-back; and when they came to the Countrey-house, they found the horses taken out the coach, and that left under an arch of the house near the gate. They alighted with as little noise as they could, and went to hearken what the brave Champions said. Seest thou *Carmelin*, sayes *Lysis*, how true is every thing that *Hircan* saies? This Magician assur'd us, that when we came to the sea, his horses should take their flight, and would go so fast, that we should think we stirr'd not from the place. That it is so, dost not observe how that the coach stirs not all? nay, we do not so much as hear the wheels, though its to be thought they turn round as they pass through the clouds. The reason of that is, because extreamity of motion seems to be immobility; and to this purpose, I will teach thee an excellent piece of learning. A while ago I read *Ovids Metamorphoses*, where I found that the dog *Lælaps*, which had been presented to *Cephalus*, pursued a beast so lively, that one went no faster then the other. The beast run as fast as the dog; so that they were still at the same distance, and *Lælaps* gave many snatches in the air in vain. At last the Hunter *Cephalus* having recourse to his dart, was quite out of himself, when thinking to cast it at the beast, he found that the dog and it were nothing but marble statues, which were fastned in the midst of the field. Having studied very much to finde a handsome explication of this, it came into my minde, that the Poets saying that these two creatures were chang'd into statues, was to represent the extream swiftness of their course, and to teach men, what I now would, that extream motion comes neerest to rest. This is a delicate exposition it must be confest, and I would not have it perish, though my ordinary Tenent is, that Metamorphoses are rather truths then fictions; for I see not how this can any way prejudice my opinion: Let it be taken for an Allegory, rather then a Mythology. 'Tis well known the learnedst Doctors do allegorize on the greatest verities in the world. But to return to my discourse, *Carmelin*, thou art to believe, that the extream swiftness of our Chariot, hinders us to perceive its motion. Thou art not a man so fresh, but thou hast often seen experience of what I would perswade thee too. If thou turn a stick or a string very fast about, thou canst not observe the divers turns of it. And by this means would our senses deceive us in every thing, if the understanding which governs and directs them, did not assure us things were otherwise then they are represented. As much Philosophy as you will, replies *Carmelin*; but tell me not that our horses flie. When you tell me we are now in the air; there's not a vein about me that trembles not; and believe me, were it not that I am with you, and that I think I cannot come to any ill fortune in your company, I should cry out murther. Thou wouldst frighten the horses, which haply would precipitate thee into thee sea, replies *Lysis*; 'tis better be silent: it may be they'll flie so high, that they'll carry us into heaven, where we shall see those things whereof *Astrologers* speak only by conjecture: then shall we be able to make *Almanacks*, better then any they sell at *Paris*, and those thou didst sometimes make. I will also calculate Nativities; and that I may not fail in my speculations, I will hold the stars in my hands, and finde by looking on them, what fortunes they promise my friends: whether they be animate, or whether they can speak, or whether they have every one an intelligence that conducts them, and speaks for them: I shall endeavor to con-

ſult with them about their ſeveral influences, and queſtion them upon other particulars. We will thence go to the *Colledge*, where the *Souls* learn before they are born what they muſt one day know. In that place there are good Spirits which are *Profeſſors* among them, who put them to mighty diſcipline, if they profit not under their inſtructions. *Plato* never thought of this, though he hath ſpoken ſufficiently of *Reminiſcence*. We ſhall alſo meet with the two *Tuns* wherein *Jupiter*, according to *Homer's* ſaying, puts in all the Good and Evil which he ſends among men. I would have thee bring away with thee a Wallet-full of the Good thou ſhalt find, that thou mayſt never more complain of being unhappy. I hope we ſhall alſo be ſhewn the *Ideas* of all things in the world, and that we may come thither ſo happily, as that we may be preſent at the ceremony of ſome *Apotheoſis*, that is to ſay, we ſhall be there when ſome illuſtrious man is made a God. How ſhall we ſee any thing, ſays *Carmelin*, ſince we are now as deep in the dark, as if we were in our mothers bellies? Hope better and better, replies *Lyſis*; ſome good Angel will come and deliver us out of this caſe wherein we are now lock'd up. Ah wretch that I am, replies *Carmelin*, I may well ſay I am double-cas'd: beſides the caſe of our Coach, I am lock'd up into my Arms as an Oyſter in the ſhell, or a knife in a ſheath.

The Gentlemen having heard theſe diſcourſes, whereat they were raviſh'd, retired every one into the lodging aſſign'd him; there they laugh'd it out, and reſolved to leave the valorous Champions in the coach till the morning. They had word brought them, that they had given over diſcourſing; ſo that they inferr'd they were aſleep; and becauſe it was ſomewhat late, they all laid them down to reſt.

Hircan awoke at three in the morning, ſo paſſionate was he for the humours of *Lyſis*; and ſoon after he made the reſt get up and make themſelves ready to circumvent this valiant Shepherd. All things being ready, he went to the coach, and having opened the boots, he with a counterfeit voyce call'd *Lyſis*. He, who was not aſleep, ask'd him preſently what he would with him. Know that I am the Magician which muſt conduct thee to the enchanted Caſtle, ſayes *Hircan*; come out and follow me: Let the good man that is with thee, come alſo. Upon that *Lyſis* call'd *Carmelin* as loud as he could, but yet he awaked not; the encumbrance of his arms, it ſeems, hindred not his reſt. His Maſter at length call'd him ſo often, that he awoke; but he bidding him come out of the Coach, he told him 'twas a thing impoſſible for him to do, and that he thought he was nail'd to it, ſo heavy was the burden he had upon him. Upon that *Lyſis* and the Magician took him out of his place by force: Hold by the tail of my gown, ſays the Magician to the two Warriours, I will bring you under ground to the place where you deſire to go. *Lyſis* took *Hircan* by the gown, and *Carmelin* took *Lyſis* by his ſhort coat; and thus they paſs'd through obſcure ſtables, where the two Warriours were in as much fear one as another. At laſt *Hircan* having brought them down certain ſtairs, told them he muſt leave them, and that now they need but come forwards, and be ſure to be on their guards. *Lyſis* ſorry to leave ſo good a guide, paſs'd along a gallery, at the end whereof was a great Cellar, where there was ſome light, by reaſon of two candles ſtuck to the wall. Before he went in, he ask'd *Carmelin* whether he had a good ſword, or no. I a ſword! ſays *Carmelin*, I never durſt ſee one naked; I could better handle a Hedg-bill: you never thought to give me one, and I never thought to ask you for one. I have here a great Flake to defend my ſelf (for ſo he call'd his Buckler) but I would to God, continued he, I had my Smoothing-plane for to ſmooth the noſes of the Monſters we ſhall meet with, or that I had my Wimble to bore holes in their buttocks! Since thou art armed only for the defenſive, and not for the offenſive part, replies *Lyſis*, I muſt fight for thee; and I am not ſorry for it, for the greater will be my glory. Let us advance then, and ſee in what kind of place we are.

The two Warriours were no ſooner entred the Cellar, but they perceiv'd the forms of two Gyants making towards them. Theſe two Monſters running towards them, ſometimes became as little as men of ordinary ſtature; then preſently they lifted

lifted up their heads to the roof, as if their necks were lengthened by ſcrues. *Carmelin* finding himſelf perſecuted by one of theſe Gyants, cry'd out as loud as if he had been flaid alive. But his maſter obſerving that they had no arms, he was not ſo much afraid, and imagined there were no more to do but to cut off that long neck that made them ſeem terrible. He went to draw his ſword, but it was ſo ruſty that it was impoſſible to get it out of the ſcabberd. 'Twas then he thought himſelf an improvident Warriour, to come to a combat without ſeeing that his arms were fixt. Yet in neceſſity to make uſe of what he had, he took the ſword out of the belt, and with it as it was in the ſcabberd he beſtow'd good blows on the Gyants necks, but he did them no hurt, for he ſtruck only againſt a ſtick covered about with courſe cloaths, at the end whereof was a falſe head, which he that was under lifted up and let down at his pleaſure.

Fontenay and *Clarimond* acted this part, and 'twas no ſmall pleaſure to them to terrifie the Warriours. But at laſt *Lyſis* perceiving he was never the neerer cutting off their heads, directed his blows below, which made them run away as faſt as they could, the ſame way that *Lyſis* and *Carmelin* were come thither. I need not deſpair though I cannot draw my ſword, ſays *Lyſis*: Theſe are evil *Spirits*, which as ſoon as they are touch'd with any weapon whatſoever, ſuffer a *ſolution* of *continuity* (to ſpeak in Philoſophical terms:) Let them come in multitudes; the more they are, the more will be my victories.

While the valiant Shepherd ſaid this, there iſſued out at a little door three hulch-back'd fellows, who had faces ſo ugly, as could not be look'd on without horror. One of them, which was *Philiris*, began to ſound an alarm on a Barrels head with two ſticks, as if he had beaten a Drum; and the other two, who were *Meliantes* and *Polidor*, came and gave *Lyſis* and *Carmelin* a many blows with the breadth of their ſwords. How now, Raſcals! (ſays one of them with a hollow hoarſe voice) we'll ſend you back again to keep your ſheep: 'Tis a fine employment for ſuch Ruſticks to go clad like Knights, and to imagine they can bring about the ſtrangeſt adventure in the world.

Lyſis in the mean time avoided the blowes the beſt he could: And as for *Carmelin*, having not the wit to put them off with his buckler, he held it by one end as if it had been a trencher, and at laſt caſt it at the head of one of the monſters. He would afterwards have gladly run away; but he found his Arms ſo heavy, that he thought them a greater hinderance then help to him. For to be therefore rid of them, and to do ſome good with them by leaving them behind him, he ſtrove to get them off. The thongs of his Head-piece were ſo worne, that they were eaſily broken; ſo that he took it with both hands and threw it at his enemies: He afterwards took off the Arm-pieces, and ſent them the ſame way; and then he unlac'd his Armour and hurl'd it at them, till he was quite diſarm'd. Some of his blowes reach'd them ſo home, that they had a great deſire to return them. They therefore renewed their charge both on the maſter and man; though only *Lyſis* return'd, and gave them ſome blows on the bunch they had before, which ſerv'd them for a breaſt-plate. At laſt theſe two Monſters got the two Warriours ſo neer together, that with a thruſt they laid them on the ground. They fell down upon them; and after they had well pinch'd their noſes, and pull'd them by the ears, they ran away with him that beat the drum. *Lyſis* and *Carmelin* had much ado to get up again, ſo weak were they grown; yet did they firmly perſwade themſelves they were the Conquerours, ſince they were maſters of the field. Ah Cowards! cries out *Carmelin*, you are run away to die in ſome hole; for the hurts we have given you will not ſuffer you to live long: You were aſham'd to die before us; but if you come in my way, I will give you good bangs after you are dead. 'Tis not yet time to brag, ſays *Lyſis*; 'tis want of conſideration, rather then true valour, makes thee ſpeak ſo big. What wilt thou do, poor fellow, if there be yet more enemies? thou art quite diſarm'd. My confidence is, that I can receive no more hurt then your ſelf, ſays *Carmelin*. But alas! have we gone through our exploits? do I not ſee a terrible Dragon appear?

Lyſis

Lyſis thereupon look'd towards a corner of the Cellar, which he had not obſer'vd before; he there perceives a great Bug-bear, that had the head of a Wolf, and a body like that of a Crocodile, It was a good while ere he durſt come near it; but ſeeing that the Monſter ſtirr'd not, he preſum'd to give it a blow, with his ſword. *Carmelin* caſt at it a piece of his armor that he found, ſo that the Engine began to ſhake, it being faſtned on one foot, and conſequently eaſily moved. The motion of it put our two Warriors into ſuch a fear, that they thought it liv'd; and yet *Lyſis* was ſo couragious that he laid on ſtill, till ſuch time as he had brought it to the ground, and made it immoveable. His charges were ſo home, that the body of the Monſter, which was but of rotten Canvas, burſt in divers places, whereat came out moſs, hay, foul paper and rags, which *Lyſis* was ſo amaz'd at; that he cry'd out, See here, *Carmelin*, what lewd entrals come out of the body of this hideous beaſt: methinks we are poiſoned with them. On my ſoul, they are nothing but rags, ſays *Carmelin*; do you not ſee them? Thou art in the right, ſaies *Lyſis*; but that is it makes me wonder the more, when I conſider that Spirits have ſometimes animated this Engine ſtuffed with filth, for to deceive men. It may alſo well be, that this was a true Dragon, but that all theſe tatters come out of its body, as we ſee bewitched people vomit coals, pieces of glaſs, inkhorns, and ſuch trumpery. Honeſt *Lyſander* aſſures us it is ſo, in his hiſtory, which the gentle *D' Audiguier* hath compoſed. There came ſuch things out of his body, when he was dres'd by charms of ſome wounds he had receiv'd in a Combat.

While the two Champions were viewing the hideous body of the Monſter, a ſad voyce comes to their ears, ſhall I never be delivered out of the captivity wherein I am? ſaies it; when will the moſt illuſtrious valour in the world be employ'd for my relief? *Lyſis* preſently conceiv'd it was *Pamphilia* ſpoke; and pittying her miſery, he with his foot made at a little door, which ſeemed to be that of the priſon. It opened preſently, and in a little Cellar, he found a deſolate Maid, whom he took for *Meliantes's* Miſtreſs. 'Twas a youth diſguis'd for that purpoſe, who could act his part very well. He caſt himſelf at *Lyſis's* feet aſſoon as he ſaw him; and embracing his knees, call'd him her deliverer. *Lyſis* made the fair Lady riſe, and taking her by the hand, bid *Carmelin* take a candle to light them out of the darkneſs of the Priſon. *Pamphilia* made as if ſhe trembled as ſhe went; ſo that *Lyſis* for her greater confidence, told her, that he had kill'd all her Jaylors, and that ſhe need not fear to fall into their hands any more. As they went through low rooms, and ſtumbled againſt ſome houſhold-ſtuff that lay in their way. *Hircan* diſguis'd as before, appear'd again, and with the ſame voyce ſaid to them, Follow me incomparable Heroes, I will bring you hence ſafely. Having ſo ſaid, he led them to the Coach, whereinto alſo enter'd the fair *Pamphilia*: he afterwards made faſt the boots with chains; and being return'd to his companions, they all put on their ordinary cloathes, got on horſeback, and returned with him to his Caſtle, where they preſently went to bed to reſt themſelves a little. In the mean time *Hircans* Coachman having kept the Adventurers three or four hours in the Coach, put the horſes into it, and brought them to his Maſters; according to the command he had receiv'd. When the coach mov'd not from the place, *Lyſis* thought ſtill it went through the ayr; and when it began to make a noiſe, he then thought it was on firm ground, and that it would not be long ere they came to *Hircans* houſe. As indeed a little while after, the boot being unchain'd and opened, he found himſelf in a Court he was well enough acquainted with. *Carmelin* being come out of the coach with him, they helped out *Pamphilia*, and led her to *Hircans* chamber, who was a bed with *Meliantes*. Welcome be the generous Heroes, who have delivered *Pamphilia* out of priſon, cry'd out the Magician: Riſe *Meliantes* to give them thanks. Upon that *Meliantes* put on a night gown, and went and embrac'd them with a many complements. He afterward turn'd to *Pamphilia*, whom he entertain'd with a many careſſes, and much Courtſhip. She was no longer cruel to him, ſince his paſt ſervices, and the care he had had of her deliverance out of captivity had ſoftned her heart towards him. *Hircan* in the mean time having put on his

cloathes,

cloathes, caus'd to be brought him two crowns of Lawrel, whereof he put one on *Lysis's* head, having taken away the head-piece, and the other on *Carmelins*. Think you I will be content with this hat? says *Carmelin*, it will keep off neither the cold nor the rain, let me have my own, which I left off to take a rotten head-piece. Its a long time since I have been bare-headed. Thy head is well enough covered for a Conqueror, saies *Hircan*: ask thy Master, if the pictures of all Heroes, are not as thine is now. Let my picture be drawn all naked, if you please, but for my own true body, I should have it cloath'd Cap-a-pea.

Lysis seeing that *Carmelin* would not hear of accommodating himself in an heroick manner as he was, permitted he might have his hat: which when he had, he put the Lawrel-crown about it like a hat-band, which look'd very prettily. *Philiris*, *Polidor*, *Fontenay* and *Clarimond* upon this came into the room, and made great acclamations of joy for the happy return of the valorous Shepherds. *Lysis* was entreated to relate the divers fortunes he had run through; who seeing they were all dress't, and expected the story, began in this manner.

The MAGICAL Adventures of *LYSIS.*

"YOu are then to know, courteous Presence, that our coach being parted hence, we were nothing astonish'd while it went on firm ground; but when it went through the air, 'twas then that I had a hard task to assure *Carmelin*; for we heard the winds blowing, the thunder whirling, and the sea tossing up her waves, even to the clouds. But at last we were as quiet, as if we would have repos'd our selves a little; when there comes a sage old man, who opening the boot, led us into a mountain to recreate our selves, where we staid sometime. I am not certain whether we were in an Island, or whether this Magician was *Hircans* friend, whom he had spoken to us of: But so it is, that he brought us into a Grot, which shin'd all over, by the Diamonds and Carbuncles wherewith the walls were all cover'd over; and having laid a white cloath on a black marble table, there were served up ten or twelve dishes of meat, whereon we fed till we were satisfied; and we drank of such a delicate wine, that I think Nectar is not more. *Carmelin* was so ravished at it, that he confest he never had been so entertained. I pray bate so much of your Bill, saies *Carmelin*, all you say is false, under correction of the company: Do not say that I made such a good meal with you, I have not eaten a bit since I went hence. How shouldst thou live then? replies *Lysis* very angrily: its at least fifteen days since we went hence; hast thou lived all this while without eating? Well, impudence, were it not out of respect to those who are present, I would chastise thee as thou deservest; but I must not interrupt my discourse for so small a matter as thee.

This Company then is to know, that the old man having made us both eat, without disarming us, carried us into a garden, where the Gods seem'd to have married together the Spring and Autumn; for there shin'd a clear Sun without heat, and yet the fruits on the trees were ripe, and in the Level all sorts of flowers. As for Summer and Winter, I think they were eternally banished thence, and that the one was gone to burn up *Mauritania*, the other to freeze up *Scythia*. The place was inhabited by great yellow and green *Birds*, which had the charge to cultivate it: Some with their bills prun'd off their superfluous branches, and others lopp'd off and level'd the hedg-rows; there were some that brought water in little shells to water the Plants, and others made Posies. But that which was most to be admired, was, that they spoke like men, and told one another what ought to be done with much ratiocination. I learned of them some constitutions of their Republique, and they brought me to see their Shees and their

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" young ones: I alſo ſaw all their proviſions, and heard them ſing certain aires " which they uſed to make themſelves merry with on their dayes of recreation. So " that I ſwore to them, that I wiſh'd with all my heart I had been metamorphoſed " into a Bird, that I might have led ſuch a pleaſant life as theirs. They anſwered, " it was not ſo pleaſant as I thought it; for though they were in a very delightfull " place, yet had they not much joy in it, when they conſidered it was the place of " their captivity, and that they were only Tenants, and not the owners of it, and " that it belong'd to certain men, whom I might ſee if I would go a little " further.

" I went ſo far, that I came to their walls, which were ſo high that they were " not able to flie over them; and my Conductor having opened a little door, I " paſs'd through with him and *Carmelin*. We ſaw a field that was very dry and " very ſandy, wherein were men ſtark naked, who had on their bodies neither fleſh " nor fat, and were only cover'd with a skin tranſparent as oyl'd paper; A man " could ſee through it their bones, their veins, their ſinews, their muſcles, and their " intrals; ſo that for to learn Anatomy, he needed but look on them. Their " Hearts were moſt cleery ſeen, as alſo what was imprinted in them: As for " example, in one you might ſee the countenance of ſome fair Lady, who was his " Miſtreſs; and in another, a great heap of ſilver which he ador'd as his God. " There was alſo to be ſeen an Hieroglyphical figure of the words they were to " ſpeak, from the ſtomach to the throat; and by reaſon they had no hair, 'twas " eaſily perceiv'd what ſtrange imaginations they had in their brains, which they " diſpoſed there under ſeveral repreſentations of divers colours. Though my guide " laught at them, yet I thought their converſation very pleaſant, and was ſorry " to leave them. They came very confidently near me; but they kept off from " *Carmelin*, becauſe he was armed, and that they feared leſt he might come and " embrace them, or ſo much as touch them as he paſſed by, leſt it ſhould grate off " their delicate skin. I ſhould have been very glad to have lived among men that " could not conceal what they thought, though they ſhould deſire it; but the old " man told me that ſhould I but ſee their wives, which ſex I loved better then the " maſculine, I ſhould ſoon hate that people, for they were not of the humor to " be willing that men ſhould be acquainted with their affairs; and having their " bodies Diaphanous as their husbands, they put gown upon gown for to hide it, " that their fantaſtical imaginations might not be ſeen. To ſatisfie my curioſity, he " brought me to a Furnace under ground, where thoſe people put their children " to make them tranſparent as themſelves, for they were not ſo from the mothers " womb. I put my finger into the fire, to ſee if it were hot; and *Carmelin* would " do the like: but it burn'd ſo, that we were fain to pull them out immediately. " If you will know the truth, look on mine and *Carmelin's* right hand.

" *Clarimond* and ſome others look'd on their hands, whereon they found " certain redneſſes which were there by chance; ſo that every one ſaid that *Lyſis* " was to be believed in whatſoever he ſaid. Yet *Carmelin* did nothing but grumble, " as if he had a mind to contradict all his Maſter ſaid.

" Walking on ſtill with the old man, continued *Lyſis*, I came to a River; which " though it was very cleer, yet was it not more tranſparent then the bodies I had " ſeen. My Guide having invited me to croſs it, I ask'd whether there were either " any boat or bridg. Come over this bridg, ſaid he to me ſmiling; and I preſently " ſaw him going through the air upon the water: I told him I could not do the " like, but he came and took me by the hand, and *Carmelin* alſo; and making us " go the ſame way as he did himſelf, we were amaz'd to find reſiſtance under our " feet, as if we had gone on firm ground, whereas we thought we had paſs'd through " the aire. My eyes at length being more clear'd up, I perceiv'd we were on a chry- " ſtal bridge, which was ſo clear, that a man could not diſcern it from the water. " *Carmelin* ſtill ignorant of what it was, came forwards extream fearfully.

" At the end of this bridge, there ſtood a Tower, the walls whereof were of glaſs, " ſolid enough, and tranſparent enough; but as to the walks on them, they, as

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" as wel as the bridge were of cryſtal ſo tranſparent, that being out of curioſity got-
" ten up on them, I durſt not walk thereon, imagining there were none at all, be-
" cauſe being on high, I could ſee the ground below toward the foundation. I un-
" derſtood, that that was one of the marches of the Country of the Diaphanous
" people; and having walk'd yet another half hour with the old man, I came to
" a very barren Champion. We have walkt a long time, ſaid he to me, I muſt now
" have you to a collation in a magnificient palace, which I have here: I thought
" he had jeered me; for I ſaw no building, and yet I took it patiently from him.
" But he ſeeing I anſwered not, I think, ſaid he, you doubt of my power; you
" ſhall ſee the effects of it. Turning my ſelf preſently about towards the eaſt, ſouth,
" weſt and north, I ſaw that from each quarter there came a great ſide of wall:
" Theſe four flying pieces of building meeting together, made up but one edifice,
" which was a fair ſpacious Hall, in the midſt whereof we found our ſelves: imme-
" diately after, there fell down upon that a roof, like that of a Banqueting houſe,
" on the top whereof there was a glaſſen Turret to let in the light. While I lift up
" my head to look on it, I perceived not the ſtarting up of a round table, and three
" chairs at my feet: *Carmelin* took notice of it, as having his underſtanding fix'd
" on thoſe things which concern the reparation of his ſubſtance. He preſently told
" me of it: Here's a fair table, ſaid he, but it were better it did not appear ſo
" fair. 'Twere a greater credit to the Maſter of it, if it were well cover'd. Let's
" ſit about it however, ſaies the old man, my ſervants will bring us ſomewhat pre-
" ſently. I thought this Magician did ſtill nothing but abuſe us, and looking about
" the hall, I could perceive no body; the walls only were hung with the richeſt ſort
" of Tapiſtry, behinde which I knew not but his ſervants might be hidden. Hola!
" my Lads there! crys out the Magician, you make us ſtay long: Is there no meat
" in the houſe? I was then looking on the ſtory that was repreſented in the hang-
" ings, which was the marriage of ſome Roman Emperor, and methought I ſaw all
" the perſons ſtirring, and a many ſlaves who were ſerving up diſhes on their Ma-
" ſters table, came out of the hangings, and walk'd up and down the hall, as if they
" had been alive, and came and brought us what they had in their hands. To
" make it appear it was no fained thing, that piece of the Tapiſtry whence they
" came out was empty, and there remained only the Canvas; ſo that they were
" men of ſilk and wool that ſerved us. I never had ſeen ſuch attendants; and when
" the old man pray'd me to eat what was on the table: I told him I knew not how
" to eat hangings. Its very excellent hangings, replyed pleaſantly *Carmelin*; I
" have taſted the corner of a cake, which was ſo delicious, that I wiſh to God
" all the reſt may be like it, there would be ſtriving who ſhould have moſt. He
" perſwaded me ſo far, that I eat of a Tart made of herbs, and certain ſweet-meats,
" which I found very excellent. Thirſt forc'd me alſo to ask for drink of the Ro-
" man ſlaves. They brought me a wine ſo delicious, that it made me forget the
" taſte of that I had drunk with the old man in the Grot. As for *Carmelin*, he
" drank above ten times, and becauſe the ſlaves took the flagons of wine out of a
" buffet in the Tapiſtry: Ha! would he ſay every foot; now it may be eaſily
" ſeen that this is Tapiſtry-wine. It ſlides down the throat by threads ſmaller then
" thoſe of gold and ſilk.

" This good companion was ſo frolick, that he would ſay to me, Maſter, let us
" even leave *Meliantes* and his fair enchanted Miſtreſs: Let's here accompliſh our
" adventure; if you value my advice any thing you will ſtay here, ſervants will coſt
" us nothing to maintain, and the meat will ſtand us in nothing, all will come out
" of the Tapiſtry. Doſt thou think this good fortune can laſt long? replyed I; we
" have already eat up all the proviſions that was brought hither, and I know not
" whether thoſe grave Roman Senators, whom I ſee at table in the tapiſtry, will
" not be angry with us. We have diverted their ſlaves from ſerving them, and we
" have made good chear of what was provided for them. Its a long time they have
" waited there, and the ſecond courſe is not yet come; I believe they grow ſome-
" what out of patience, and will not vouchſafe to taſte of what's before them. They

" ſhall not want what is neceſſary for them, ſaies the Magician to me; and they " will never be ſo uncivil as to be angry at us. That they are now ſo quiet and ſilent, " 'tis becauſe they are conſulting about ſome great warlike expedition, which they " are to undertake, Beſides, ſhould you ſtay here a hundred years, you ſhould " not want any thing; but *I* am ſorry *I* can no longer enjoy ſuch gueſts. As he " ſaid this, the ſlaves took away our diſhes, glaſſes and bottles, and with all, that " equipage went again into the Tapiſtry, which ſeem'd ſo ſtrange to me, that I yet " feele an amazement of it in my ſelf. The roof of the hall rais'd it ſelf up, and " fled into heaven, and our table ſunk into the ground, and then our four walls " return'd to the four quarters of the world. Our coach we found in the Champi- " on, and being gotten into it with *Carmelin*, *I* thank'd the old man for all his ci- " vilities. He made all faſt as it was before; and *I* believe the horſes preſently took " their flight: but we ſet our ſelves to ſleep till ſuch time as another old man came " and advertis'd us that we were in *Pamphilia's* priſon. We were by him led through " places ſo hideous and full of darkneſs, that *Hercules* himſelf would there have " loſt ſomewhat of his confidence.

This is indeed the place where you begin to tell the truth (ſaies *Carmelin*, who could hold his tongue no longer) 'Tis true, that a grave old man brought us out of the coach, to carry us into the priſon; but before this we had not ſeen any at all, nor know I any thing of all the adventures wherein you engage me. You dreamt them likely when you ſlept in the coach; and as mens dreams have no relation, though they reſt in the ſame place, ſo my minde hath not been entertain'd with any ſuch imaginations. I pray excuſe me, if I ſpeak freely; but of all you have related, nothing troubles me more then what you ſay of my feaſting with ſo much gluttony, I am at this preſent hungrier then a Huntſman; and I proteſt to you once more, as I did before, that nothing enter'd my body, nor nothing hath gone through it ſince we went from this place. And to take away all controverſie, I profer to eaſe my ſelf in any place, and thoſe that are skill'd in ſuch matters, ſhall judge whether I have return'd what I ate when I laſt ſupp'd here, or ſome more exquiſite ſtuff. After the eating of ſo much enchanted Tapiſtry, I muſt needs ſend downwards fine skains of ſilk and yarn, or rather fair twiſts of gold: I would it were ſo, 'twould be a great credit to me, 'twould be ſaid I disburthen'd my ſelf of gold, and not any filthy excrement.

Peace *Carmelin*, ſaies *Hircan*, thy diſcourſe and wit is obſcene; thou thinkſt thou art now with thy ſick Hypocondriake Maſter, who knew the weight and meaſure of all thy ſtools. Whatever thou canſt ſay, *Lyſis* is rather to be believed then thou; and the company entreats thee not to interrupt his relation any farther. *Carmelin* being ty'd up to ſilence, which the reſt keeping alſo, his Maſter continued his diſcourſe in this manner:

" The old man having left us, we were in a Cellar, where there was light, but " only ſo much as to let us ſee the moſt horrible things in the world, and ſo to " terrifie us. There preſented themſelves unto us two Gyants, who were ſo big, " that I know not how they did not thruſt up the roof, when they lifted up their " heads. Sometimes, which was the thing moſt to be admir'd, they became as " little as we, to recollect their forces as may be conceived; and though they had " no arms, yet did they annoy us much, by running againſt us. However, I made " a ſhift to rout them; and afterwards I had no more work but to fight with two " knappy fellows, that fell on us with ſwords in their hands. At every blow they " had at my head-piece, I think it made more ſparkles then an iron red hot, which " the Smith beats on the Anvile: For my part, I could not get my ſword out of " the Scabbard, yet did it not hinder but I gave them terrible blows. Why had " I not a Club, with ſo many iron ſpikes in it, as that of *Hercules*? Or why had " I not a half Pike, as *I* deſired of *Hircan* at my departure? He ſwore to me I " ſhould have no need of it; but yet if I had had one, it would have done me ſervice;

" ſervice; my enemies ſhould not have ſtood it out ſo long. I remember that in " your propheſie *Hircan*, you ſaid, that, *The Dove ſhould be covered with Eagles* " *feathers, and that it ſhould deſtroy the Faulcons*; I believe that I am that *Dove* " without gall, who am become an *Eagle*; and queſtionleſs the *Faulcons* which I " have deſtroyed are my enemies. You alſo ſaid, that the *Clowns jump ſhould be* " *chang'd into a Corſlet*. This is fulfill'd in *Carmelin*, and in me alſo, for this *Guard-* " *coat* is as good as a *Corſlet*. It follow'd, *that the ſtring that hang'd the Scrip, ſhould* " *be chang'd into a ſwords belt*; that alſo is come to paſs in me: but when I find *that* " *the Sheephook ſhould be changed into a half Pike*, and that there is nothing accom- " pliſhed as to that point, methinks there is ſomewhat wanting in the Adven- " ture.

You muſt not be ſo ſcrupulous, ſaies *Hircan*, Propheſies are not always taken litterally. I ſaid all that by a figure, it ſuffices that of a Shepherd, you are become a man of arms, and that according to my promiſe you have delivered *Pamphilia* out of Priſon.

" I will then go on with my relation, as being extreamly ſatisfied, replies *Lyſis*: " Though I defended my ſelf the beſt I could againſt the hulch-back'd Souldiers, yet " was I ſo unfortunate, and *Carmelin* too, that we both fell down, having ſtum- " bled againſt ſome ſtones that were under our feet. The hulch-back'd Knaps " preſently came upon us, and knowing we were invulnerable, they imagin'd there " was no other way to make us dye, but to choak us. They would drive the ſouls " out of our bodies by ſome new ſecret; for they pulled us by the noſes as hard " as ever they could, that it might drop out with wiping them, ſince it could not " go out at any wound. At laſt we gave them each of us ſuch a ſhock, that they " were forc'd to leave us. This done, we perceived a Dragon, which though it " was a terrible ſight, yet I made towards it, and notwithſtanding its hard ſcalineſs, " I gave him a great wound on the back, whereof he dyed. That done, I went in- " to a Dungeon, where *Pamphilia* was, whom I brought out of thoſe ſubterra- " neous places; and by doubtful ways led her to the coach, with the help of the " Magician, whom I met again.

" But now *Meliantes* is to know, that I bring him his Miſtreſs as chaſte as I found " her, & though ſhe hath been lockt up with two men, ſhe hath been no more toucht " then if ſhe had been among ſtatues: For my part, I did not ſo much as ſpeak to " her, leſt ſhe ſhould ſuſpect I would corrupt her; and the remembrance of *Charite* " fortified me againſt any looſe deſires that ſhould aſſault me. As for *Carmelin*, " becauſe he was an inconſtant perſon, I prevented him as much I could poſſible " from meddling any thing; and I think carried all things ſo well, that ſhe hath " no cauſe to complain. She will tell you how I diſpos'd her behinde, and *Carmelin* " before, and my ſelf in the boot, to be between them.

Lyſis having thus ended his diſcourſe, there was none but confeſt in himſelf, that the relation was excellent; and that though there were ſome that knew moſt accidents in the adventure, yet was his deſcription of it ſo natural, that he grac'd the buſi- neſs more then was imagin'd. As for his dream of enchantments, every one ad- mired its variety. *Meliantes* renewed his thanks, but they were interrupted by *Carmelin*; who comes and ſaies, And ſhall I have no thanks? or is it conceiv'd I have ſuffered nothing? Can I ſuffer that my Maſter ſhould darken my reputation, by laying incontinence to my charge? The ill opinion he hath of thee, ſaies *Cla- rimond*, is but an illuſion. That is not all neither, continues *Carmelin*, I would not that in the relation of his victory over the Monſters, he make you believe he hath done all himſelf: Should he ſpeak on his honor and his oath, and if he were to lift up his hand, he will not deny, but I have helped him much. I acknowledge thou art the true companion of my travels, ſaith *Lyſis*; if I am *Hercules*, thou art my *Euriſtens*; if *I* am *Theſeus*, thou art my *Perithous*. Excuſe me, if I have forgot- ten thy aſſiſtance, it being in ſo extraordinary a manner; which was, thou haſt ſhewn thy ſelf as valiant in caſting away thy arms, as others are in keeping

them. If I ſhall one day have draughts or ſtatues to repreſent my ſtory, aſſure thy ſelf thou ſhalt not be forgotten there, but ſhalt be put in a very good poſture. Yet now I think on't, when our enemies were vanquiſhed, there would have been no danger to have taken up thy arms again, and brought them hither; for if ſome cunning knave finde them, he will give it abroad, that it was thou wert defeated. It alſo repents me we have not brought with us whatever we might have found of booty from the Monſters we fought with, which might have been viſible teſtimonies of our valour to all the world. We ſhould have carried away the drummer of the Crump-back'd Souldiers, and the entrails of the enchanted Dragon, of which might have been rais'd a Trophy upon the top of a pike, before this Caſtle. Our horſes would not have fled ſo chearfully, had they had ſuch a weight to draw, ſaies *Carmelin*: Lets then content our ſelves with what is done, replies *Lyſis*; but if ever *Meliantes* paſs by the enchanted Iſland, *I* would deſire him to raiſe a *Pyramid* to our ſempiternal glory.

After ſome other diſcourſes, *Hircan* invited the company into the Hall to dinner. They all came except *Pamphilia*, who vaniſhed away, becauſe the Lad that acted that part was in haſte to put on his former cloathes. *Lyſis* asked *Meliantes* what he had done with his Miſtreſs. He anſwered, that he lock'd her up into a chamber, whither was brought her what ſhe wanted, until ſuch time as they ſhould return into their Country, becauſe ſhe was much given to a ſolitary life.

In the afternoon *Orontes*, *Anſelme* and *Montenor* came to *Hircans*: *Lyſis* had ſtill on his Heroick habit, which ſeem'd to them the moſt pleaſant thing in the world; but it was better ſport to them to hear him and *Carmelin* briefly relate their ſeveral adventures. But ſuch diſcourſes ended, *Lyſis* remembred him to ask whether the Pariſian Ambaſſadors were not yet return'd? and if that great number of Shepherds of whom they had brought intelligence were not yet come. The Ambaſſadors are departed, replies *Orontes*; but we have heard nothing of them ſince; and *I* know not what hindrance hath met with ſo many honorable Shepherds as were to come hither. *I* wonder they are not here, ſays *Lyſis*, I have been hence at leaſt fifteen days upon my adventure to the enchanted Caſtle; for the hours paſt away as faſt as minutes in *Hircans* coach. Have they haply had notice of my abſence? O God! how dangerous is it to be diſtant from a people a man is to govern: corruption and change ſeizeth all things, now *I* perceive it well; for even *Orontes* is grown looſe, and hath quitted the Shepherds habit, to put on that of a Gentleman. You have done as much your ſelf, ſaies *Orontes*; are not you in a habit diſconformable to your quality? There was a neceſſity *I* ſhould take it, replies *Lyſis*; and *I* promiſe thee, though many think it becomes me well, to quit it to morrow, and to put on the Paſtoral; for it ſuffices that I am ſeen one day in this Countrey clad like a *Hero*, to ſhew that *I* am ſuch a one, and will be ſo as long as *I* pleaſe, and that *I* do not turn Shepherd, but to enjoy my minde in greater ſerenity. You will alſo give me leave, ſaies *Orontes* to keep on the cloathes *I* am in for this day, and for ſome days to come; for *I* intend to go a hunting, and *I* conceive my ſelf well enough clad like a Huntſman. Your reaſon's not amiſs, ſaies *Lyſis*; beſides, hunting is an exerciſe which is not forbidden Shepherds; and for what concerns the *Heroes* all books acquaint us they are generally given to it: The habit *I* have on ſuits me well enough to go a hunting with you; all that are preſent, if they pleaſe, ſhall be of the match.

Every one ſubſcribed to *Lyſis* his Propoſition, and *Hircan*, *Orontes*, *Anſelme* *Montenor* and *Clarimond* chearfully got on horſeback; but as for *Fontenay*, *Philiris*, *Meliantes* and *Polidor*, who were in Shepherds habit, *Lyſis* would by no means permit them to ride, if they had not riding Coats to hide their Paſtoral habit, which in his opinion ſuited not well with a Cavaliers. As for his own part, ſince he was clad like a Commander in chief of Antiquity, he made no ſcruple to get on horſeback, as he had ſometimes before. He would have no other arms then a Hunting pole, which was to ſerve him inſtead of a dart; and he would openly wiſh it were the dart of *Cephalus*, that never miſs'd the prey. He was of opinion, that if

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he had ſuch a one, he would more judiciouſly uſe it then that miſerable Huntſman did, and that he would not kill his own dear half with it, becauſe he would not have been ſo raſh as to caſt it, before he had firſt ſeen the beaſt he would diſpatch. He was a long time conſidering whether he ſhould keep on his buskins, or put on his boots and ſpurs. At length he concluded himſelf well enough accommodated; and remembring he had ſeen a many ancient Knights painted without ſtirrupts, he would have his taken off. 'Twas a great conſultation whether he ſhould have a hat or no, or whether he ſhould only keep on his crown of Laurel. That was enough to make him alight, and return to *Hircans* chamber, where there was a book of Pictures, among which he ſaw divers Captains without hat or cap, or bonnet, and only crown'd with Laurel. He came back again fully reſolv'd not to change his dreſſing, though *Philiris* ſpoke to him to this purpoſe: 'Tis true, *Lyſis*, ſays he, that in Tapiſtry and Pictures you may ſee a *Roman* Emperor in the midſt of his Army without helmet or headpiece, having on his head a ſimple Crown of Laurel; but that is not that they are truly ſo. What advantage were it to them, they would not be as well arm'd as the common ſouldiers, and at the firſt blow they might receive dangerous wounds in the head? But the reaſon of all is, that the Painters do oftentimes go from the hiſtory, and take the liberty of their Art, and paint a man bare-headed and crown'd with Laurel, that he as being Emperor may be known from the reſt, though it is not to be ſuppoſed he always wears ſuch a Crown.

This diſcourſe hindred not *Lyſis* to remain in the ſame poſture he was in; ſo that the hunters without any further conteſtation ſet out from *Hircan's* Caſtle, leaving *Carmelin* behind, who would by no means ride and take ſo much pains for a wretched beaſt. *Lyſis* ask'd for the Kennel of Hounds, the Nets and Snares, and whether the preparation were not as great as that of King *Dicens* in *Francias*. They ſhew'd him ſome Greyhounds, and told him their deſign was only to courſe a Hare. What have you put me to the pains to get on horſ-back for ſo ſmall a matter? ſaid he; think you that I'll trouble myſelf to purſue a fearful creature? That employment muſt be for the delicate *Venus*, who dares not deal with any dangerous beaſt. I remember the admonitions ſhe gave *Adonis*, and I know what misfortune happen'd to him for not believing her: yet for all this will I not ſtick to hunt after the moſt furious creatures. Am not I who have defeated Gyants, Monſters, and Dragons, a ſtouter man then that little Wanton? Hunt your Hares as long as you will; for my part, I'll go to the ſide of a mountain, and ſtay till a roaring Lyon come out, as the young *Aſcanius* does in *Virgil*. You conſider not that you are not now in *Afriqua*, ſays *Clarimond*, there are no Lyons here: But *Virgil* in another place does as much as you do, for he makes *Æneas* hunt Stags as if he had been in *Europe*. I do not think they are ſo eaſily found in that Country, eſpecially in ſuch numbers as he mentions. But alas, honeſt *Virgil* was in *Italy* when he writ this, and thought *Æneas* was there too. If *I* cannot find Lyons in this Country, replies *Lyſis*, *I* ſhall at leaſt meet with ſome Bore, as furious as that of *Erimanthus*; it ſhall be againſt him that I'll try my force. You ſhould then have your *Atalanta* here, ſays *Clarimond*.

In the mean of this diſcourſe, the dogs ſtarted a hare, which they purſued over the fallow of a little valley. The hunters followed; and *Lyſis* not knowing what to do with himſelf if he kept them not company, went after them, partly with his will, partly againſt it; becauſe his horſe, which he could not guide as he pleaſed, would carry him to the reſt, by a cuſtom he had. The courſe was ſo violent, that the poor Hero could not keep his crown of Laurel from falling, and could not hinder but that the wind blowing up the napkin he had about his ſhoulders inſtead of a ſcarf, it cover'd all his head. His amazement encreaſed by the ſhocks he at the ſame time receiv'd; ſo that he let fall his hunting-pole, and embrac'd his horſes neck, for fear of falling. The huntſmen having taken their pleaſures a while to ſee him in that poſture, bid a Lacquay ſtay his Courſer and ſet him aright. A while after the Hare was caught, and *Orontes* had a mind to carry the company to his houſe which was not far off. 'Twas an incomparable pleaſure to *Florida*, *Leonora*, and *Angelica*,

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to ſee *Lyſis* as he then was: his thighs and legs were one half naked, and his arms bare, but embroidered in ſome places with a certain ſcurf which might well paſs for the itch; nor wanted there a little naſtineſs, that the variety might make the better ſhew: As for his Guard-coat, it was ſuch a good one as your *Paris*-Brokers uſe to hire out to Prentiſes when they revel it on Shrove-Tueſday.

Hircan in few words told the Ladies what dangers the Shepherd had run through ſince they had ſeen him; which made up the miracle. In the mean time *Lyſis* being very deſirous to ſhew himſelf to his Miſtreſs in his heroick habit, look'd for her all over the houſe: Nay he went into the garden, and came to a little Grove, where finding a very fair Elder-tree, he reſolved to write ſomwhat on the bark of it; but having no knife about him, he went and borrowed the Gardeners. He firſt of all cut his Miſtreſſes name, and then his own. *Clarimond* and *Philiris* having ſurpriſed him in this employment, thought him engag'd in an excellent deſign; but he told them he had more then that to do, and that he had long before compoſed a diſcourſe purpoſely to grave upon a Tree, when he ſhould meet with the opportunity. You muſt let us hear that diſcourſe, ſayes *Philiris*, we have not the patience to ſtay till it be written; beſides that it will not be amiſs to tell it us before, it may be our advice may do ſomwhat; for whoſoever puts any thing abroad, is glad to have the judgment of his friends in it. 'Tis rationally ſpoken, reply'd *Lyſis*: hear then what I intend to put.

Fair Tree! will *I* ſay; *ſince thou art ordain'd to be the ordinary paper of the Lovers of this country, do that courteſie now for the faithfulleſt Shepherd that ever carried ſheephook: Receive into thy bark the divine characters which compoſe the name of my faireſt Miſtreſs, and permit alſo that I therein minute my ſorrows, that thou mayſt one day ſhew them to her who is the cauſe thereof, when ſhe comes to repoſe herſelf under thy ſhade. Mayſt thou every year grow a fathom, and may the letters thou beareſt grow with thee, ſo that our ancient Graſiers may diſcern them at half a league without ſpectacles.*

That's very handſom as you ſpeak it, ſaies *Clarimond*; but I do not think you can make this tree contain it all. Why not, replies *Lyſis*; I have read a certain book, called *Carithea*, wherein there is mentioned a Shepherd that had written on a poplar, a diſcourſe ſix times as long as mine. You are in the right replies *Clarimond*; *I* have read that book as well as you. That diſcourſe is ſo long, that though a man ſhould write from the top to the bottom, and not exempt the branches nor the leaves, *I* do not think it would contain all; for you know, that for to make the Letters legible and diſcernable, they muſt be made ſomewhat big. But what? theſe are the greateſt ornaments of our Romances; and you ſhall commonly finde thoſe that cut entire Odes upon trees, though there would be much ado to write a Sonnet. A man does not ſo ordinarily meet with barks ſo large and proper, and the moſt can be done is to grave ſome Character, or little Embleme. *I* wonder ſo many Authors are drawn into ſuch impoſſibilities, and that in thoſe things whereof they were as eaſily convinc'd as deſire it. A man would think, they had never ſeen Trees, or never ſtirr'd out of Priſon: but the reaſon of it, is their own ſtupidity, which makes them not conſider thoſe things that continually preſent themſelves before their eyes; and becauſe they who went before them, ſaid that Lovers writ long diſcourſes on the barks of Trees, they are eaſily carried away to put ſuch things into their Hiſtories, for want of other invention. But that which is yet more pleaſant, is, that this muſt be grav'd in a moment, as if it were as eaſie as to write on paper. They in the mean time conſider not, that fifteen days were not enough to form ſo many Characters, and that ſo well that every one muſt read them as they feign; for they ſay that ſometimes by the draught, it was known whoſe the writing was. There's yet another ſtrange thing they do; though all thoſe diſcourſes be compoſ'd as well as might be, yet will they have it believ'd that their Lovers made them on a ſudden. They will alſo introduce men anſwering one another in verſe, without any previous ſtudying of what they ſhould ſay; and their Love-Letters, they make them diſpatch preſently. This is a very wonderful thing; for

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'tis known that they themſelves who ſhould be greater Clerks then thoſe whoſe loves they deſcribe, and do eſteem themſelves far beyond them, would gladly turn Hermits to be at leiſure to adorn one period; and that there's no Carrier ſo ſlow, but would in the mean time go twice to *Rome*. There's reaſon for what you ſay, interrupts *Philiris*; though theſe Authors make ſuch long things, be grav'd on trees, yet are they read with pleaſure, taking them for fictions; and as for the Letters and Verſes which a Lover makes on a ſudden, ſo that they be well done men are ſatisfied, and no body is ſo ſcrupulous as you are; on the contrary, people enter into greater admiration, ſeeing thoſe that are in love have ſuch ſmart and lively fancies, and the hiſtory is thereby made more pleaſant. You ſhall have it, ſaies *Clarimond*, you are then of thoſe who finding in a *Romance* ſomething irrational and contrary to cuſtom, imagine it makes the adventure fuller of miracle. Hold thy peace *Clarimond*, ſaies *Lyſis*, thou art nothing but a ſpirit of contradiction; I am more taken with *Philiris*: He hath ſpoken ſo well in the defence of Love-ſtories, that I could have ſaid no more my ſelf. I thank you for this honor, ſays *Philiris*; but yet I adviſe you not to trouble your ſelf with graving your diſcourſe on the tree, leſt you might not ſucceed, and ſo give *Clarimond* occaſion to laugh at us. Beſides, there is one very conſiderable thing I am to tell you; 'Tis no good preſage to write your paſſion on a bark, becauſe it might be thence inferr'd, that your Love were only grav'd on the bark of your heart, and that you ſhould never grave it any further on the heart of *Charite*. This hath a ſhew of reaſon, replies *Lyſis*; and yet there is in it ſomwhat hurts me. What manner of ſpeaking's this? ſays *Clarimond*: Are you daſh'd againſt the edge of ſome Rock, or hath ſome Bull ſhewn you the diſcourteſie of his horns? or hath your friend *Philiris* ſome ſo great, that he puſhes at all the world? What a little is it which thou knoweſt, replies *Lyſis*: Thou wert never acquainted with the ingenuities of *France*, ſince thou art ignorant, that when we are not ſatisfied with a Fancie, we ſay it *elaſhes*; not that this is done viſibly, and that it *hurts* us in the body; for being purely ſpiritual, it can only touch the mind. Now we are much better, ſays *Clarimond*; I would fain know what you mean by the word *Fancie*. 'Tis true, that to accommodate my ſelf to your humour, I have often ſpoken of theſe fine Fancies as well as you; but it troubled me ſo much, that I could no longer ſtay the diſcovery of it to you. Tell me now, were it not a crime among your Poets to ſay *conception*? Is that word out of uſe with them, leſt it might be thought they ſpoke of the *conception of a woman*?

I do not except againſt the word *conception*, replies *Lyſis*, it ſeems to repreſent the thing when it is *conceiv'd*; but the word *Fancie* is more general, for it ſignifies all things which we can think of or imagine. Yet I confeſs I thought it ſtrange the firſt time I ſaw it us'd, becauſe there's no ſuch language in the Univerſity, and I am ſomwhat troubled to uſe myſelf to it. As for *conceits*, every one knows what they are; that it is properly a ſlight winding up and down of words, or an alluſion, or ſome ſuch thing. You are in the right there, ſays *Clarimond*: but as to a *fancie*, I take it to be a thing which the Poet imagines for the ornament of his diſcourſe, as if you ſhould ſay, *My Miſtreſs 'roſe ſo betimes, that* Aurora *out of baſhfulneſs return'd, thinking ſhe had lain abed longer then the Sun*. 'Tis well known there's no ſuch thing; and the Poet only *fancies* it, and therefore that ought to be call'd a *Fancy*, and that's all can be conceiv'd of all other fantaſtical imaginations that may have their birth in a hollow brain. And this is a definition of *Fancy*, which the Poets of theſe times would think themſelves happy to know; for I have ſometimes put them hard to it, when I ask'd them difference between a *conception*, a *fancy*, and a *conceit*. Some told me there was not any, others gave me very poor and irrational differences, and ſome would give me no anſwer at all.

As *Clarimond* ended this diſcourſe, the reſt of the company came into the place: So that he took occaſion to ſay, Wherein is it the pleaſure of theſe fair Ladies, that we paſs away the day? What entertainment ſhall we fix upon? For my part, my vote is for playing at *Fancy-game*, for it's a good while that *Lyſis* talks to me

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of nothing elſe. I'll tell you what the game is: There ſhall be one to ask the reſt, What do you think on? or what is your *Fancy?* And every one tells him his thought. Then ſayes he, Such a one hath thought ſuch a thing, 'tis for ſuch and ſuch reaſon; and ſo he is to give the moſt pleaſant reaſons he can find of all things, to make the company ſport. There's no great ſubtilty in that, replies *Lyſis*, I know ſome more gentile ſports, not to mention that of *Love blinded*: There's one wherein every one is obliged to give *Epithetes* on every Letter of his Miſtreſſes name; as if I ſhould call *Charite* Chaſte, Honeſt, Amiable, Rich, Incomparable, Triumphant, and Excellent. I have alſo ſeen excellent games in the *Civil Converſation* of *Stephen Guazzo*, and in the *Courtier* of *Count Baltazard*; for your *Italians* are ingenious in this above any other, and it may be ſaid they ſport it very ſeriouſly. There's required much ingenuity to meddle with their paſtimes, and there's as much employment for judgment and reaſon, as if a man were in a Parliament where every man were to propoſe his advice. Let's have no more on't, *Lyſis*, ſayes *Angelica*: When people would recreate themſelves, they muſt not make choice of the moſt difficult paſtimes, the trouble would exceed the pleaſure; let's content our ſelves with *Queſtions* and *Commands*. The propoſition is good, replies *Philiris*; and to advance and ennoble this ſport equally with any other, the Commands ſhall be of things of importance.

Every one promoted this opinion, ſo that *Lyſis* was forced to ſubmit to the plurality of voices. The company retir'd into an Arbor in the Garden, where the Game begun: Some were condemn'd to tell a ſtory, others to tell how many Miſtreſſes they had had; and it being come to *Lyſis* his turn, they made him ſing a Song. When it came to him to command, it happen'd *Philiris* was under his authority: He commanded him to chooſe a Lady, and entertain her as if ſhe were his Miſtreſs, and that he ſhould more particularly deſcribe her beauty with teſtimonies of an extreme paſſion. *Philiris*, who had a nimble wit, and knew all the pretty Love-conceits, was content; and having choſen *Angelica* for his Miſtreſs, and caſt himſelf on one knee before her, he made this diſcourſe to her, with his hat in his hand.

I am extremely glad, moſt incomparable Lady, that I have this preſent liberty to tell you what my heart is full of. There needed not a command to make me do that, which that I might be admitted to my prayers were ever ready. Though there are here a many perſons, the diverſity of whoſe inclinations I know not, yet ſhall it not hinder me from repreſenting unto you the ardencie of my affection, that ſo many witneſſes may make you bluſh that you have been ſo long incredulous and ingrateſull towards me. I know not whether you are ignorant of the perfections you are Miſtreſs of; and if for that reaſon you think it impoſſible I ſhould ſuffer under ſo much paſſion, yet whatever I hazard, can I not but once more give my ſelf the ſatisfaction to repreſent unto you thoſe excellent beauties wherewith you have raviſh'd my ſoul. Thoſe *twiſts* of *gold* which adorn your *head*, how graceſull do they appear to thoſe who deſire ſuch a noble captivity! they are able to chain up thoſe things that never were ſo before; and if *Jupiter* were to uſe a golden chain to draw the Earth to him, as he pretends to do in *Homer*, he muſt needs make uſe of this. Under this I diſcover a *Forehead* ſo fair, that for to commend it I muſt not imitate their imagination, that Love made his reſidence there; for 'tis ſo ſmooth, that that fickle Child could not fix on it: 'tis on wrinckled foreheads that he hath the opportunity to erect his throne, and it muſt be thought that the ſeveral wrinckles are the ſteps whereby we aſcend to his chair of ſtate. But when he ſet his foot there, he ſlid into your *Eyes*, where he found his moſt certain retreat: but ſo it is, that whether with his will or againſt it, he muſt ſtay there, for he burnt his wings as ſoon as ever he enter'd in. This is the reaſon that the wounds I receive when you look on me are ſo dangerous, and it may be cleerly ſeen that a powerful Divinity is become the intelligence of thoſe two bright ſtars which govern the courſe of my life. But what miracles do I find on your *Cheeks!* the complexion is white, but never pale, and the redneſs is never obſcure. There is the ſame bright-

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neſs on the corral upon your fair *lips*, which are the portals of the Temple of Eloquence. What ſhall I ſay of that *neck* and *breaſt*! but that it is a moſt extravagant imagination to compare them to Ivory and milk, ſince they have a quite different luſtre. The Poets celebrate their Mount *Parnaſſus*, whereon there are twins of hills, and the tradition is, that he that hath ſlept thereon, becomes a conſummate *Poet*; but its to be conceiv'd, that he that ſhould enjoy thoſe two little mounts which are on that fair breaſt, would be far more divinely inſpir'd, either for Poeſie or Eloquence. As for the reſt of the body, where though the beauties muſt be eternally conceal'd, yet do I not doubt their perfection: And it muſt needs be great ſince it is honoured with the burthen of that fair head, wherein I finde ſo many miracles: It hath more glory to ſupport that, then *Atlas* to ſuſtain heaven; for here are far more divinities then in *Jupiters* Pallace. O how happy then muſt I eſteem thee, amiable *body*, to have ſo fair a *face*! and thou fair *face*, to be ſo happy in ſuch bright *eyes*! and you bright *eyes* to be ſo full of *Charms* and *Attraction*! But what's above all, how happy art thou fair body in the general, to be the lodging of the faireſt ſoul in the world? Methinks I have ſtill ſomewhat to ſay in thy praiſe, and that I have forgotten one part which *I* often ſee. I have not mention'd the *ears*, though near neighbors to the cheeks, and are umbrag'd by the hair with ſo much beauty. But why ſhould I ſpeak of thoſe unmerciful things? 'tis from them proceeds the chiefeſt cauſe of my torment: They wil not hear what I ſuffer, that ſo they might give an account to that divine ſpirit, which governs all the other ſenſes. As long as they ſhall continue in this ſeverity, I cannot but take them for my enemies; but if it happen they abate their rigour, I promiſe them to recompence and redeem the time *I* have not honor'd them.

I know not whether *Philiris* had ſomething further to ſay; but there he ſtuck, as it had been to call to minde ſome other fine imagination to entertain *Angelica*: They were all very attentive to his diſcourſe, which he delivered with a ſweet accent, and a delightful geſture. *Angelica* her ſelf was nothing troubled to hear her ſelf ſo prais'd, though ſhe bluſhed a little; and as for the Shepherd *Lyſis*, he was ſo raviſh'd, that he went and embrac'd the courteous Orator: ſpeaking to him in theſe words; *Dear Friend, what charms are there in thy diſcourſes! how ſweet and amorous is thy ſtyle! I promiſe thee quite to diſengage* Clarimond, *and have no more to do with him, thou art far the fitter to compoſe my hiſtory.*

Philiris thank'd the Shepherd for the honor he did him, and promis'd him his utmoſt ſervices. As for *Clarimond*, he ſeeing himſelf diſengag'd, made a vow ever to contradict *Lyſis*, and that in open Hoſtility. The talk which riſe about this, broke off the ſport, and thence they inſenſibly fell upon the ſtrange exploits of *Lyſis* and *Carmelin*. I have heard, ſaies *Leonora*, the Story of *Meliantes*, whereby that Shepherd had ſhewn how his Miſtreſs was ſecur'd in a Fortreſs; and that beſides ſhe remembred all the particulars of her deliverance, as it had been related to her; but ſhe had not been told the true cauſe of her captivity, nor who was the author of it. *Lyſis* and *Meliantes* anſwered, that if ſhe would be ſatisfied in that, ſhe muſt addreſs her ſelf to *Hircan*, who knows the moſt ſecret things. The company having entreated him to tell what he knew of that buſineſs: He began thus, without any want of fabulous invention.

The Hiſtory of the Magician *Anaximander*.

YOu are to know, dear Company, that in the Iſle where *Pamphilia* was a captive, there is a Magician call'd *Anaximander*, who hath liv'd there theſe thirty years. Its no longer ſince he was born, as moſt believe, and yet he boaſts himſelf to be the true Son of the Sorcereſs *Circe*: As for his father, he knew not his name, becauſe his mother was ſomewhat common. This is not to make us believe that ſhe liv'd to this age; that he expounds otherwiſe. He ſays, that when ſhe was alive, two thouſand years ſince, he having learned of this good mother all magical ſecrets, deſired to live eternally on earth, and not go with her to heaven, nor yet to the *Elizian* fields, becauſe he took greater pleaſure to be here below. When he had examin'd all the receipts for renewing of age, he found none eaſier then that of exchanging of Bodies: He thought it not fit to deſire one of his friends to kill him, and to take his body all to pieces, to form another ſtronger out of it; he was afraid ſomewhat ſhould interrupt the operation, and that he might be left half made. A little Nephew of his being knock'd in the head with a quoit, as he look'd on his Comrades at play; he found a way to diſcharge his former body, and aſſume that of the childe, which he afterwards animated to the great amazement of all the world, who thought him dead. Fourſcore years after, another little childe playing among others who carried him priſoner, and made as if they would put him to death, it hapned his companions throtl'd him in good earneſt, *Anaximander* made uſe again of that body: and ſo hath he done with divers others to this day, having the power to diſengage his ſoul from this terreſtrial maſs, and faſten again as firmly, that it is equally fitted for the execution of all its functions, as any other. He drinks, he eats, he ſleeps, he gets children, and yet is never ſick. His ſoul takes up bodies, as travellers do Inns, where they are as well accommodated as at home. But one great advantage of his immortality is, that he hath been of all conditions, which he hath freely paſs'd through, as they had been only parts of a Play; and ſo muſt needs know a many things which others are ignorant of. For the preſent, the government of the Iſle where he lives is fallen into his hands, and becauſe the place is very ſolitary, he delights much to ſtudy Magick: But as his inclination is extreamly amorous, he looks much into an enchanted glaſs, wherein he ſees the faireſt women in all parts of the world. When any one pleaſes him, he tranſports himſelf into the Country where ſhe remains, and then makes her be brought away by ſpirits to his Caſtle. There he enjoys her at his pleaſure; but ſuch is his lewdneſs, that when he hath done himſelf, he turns over to his ſlaves the beauties, which before he had choſen for the Miſtreſſes of his ſoul. Yet I have it from a good hand, that his mother appear'd to him a while ſince, and adviſed him to give over his lewd life; becauſe if he would marry a certain Lady that was deſtined for him, he ſhould have a ſon by her that ſhould be more valiant then *Cyrus* or *Alexander*, and ſhould bring him the conqueſt of the world. He ask'd his good mother, by what means he ſhould know that fatal woman; and of a ſudden *Circe* ſhews her ſelf to him, as ſhe was at the age of fifteen, and bid him view her well, becauſe the woman he ſhould have ſhould be like her.

He ſince conſulted with his glaſs, and ſeeing *Pamphilia* in it, he imagin'd ſhe was much like *Circe*; ſo that after he had ſav'd her from ſhipwrack, and for pitty ſake her lover alſo, he ſent two Gyants to fetch her, as ſoon as ſhe came within his Iſland. They are the ſame which *Lyſis's* incomparable valor hath defeated. *Meliantes* thinking to relieve her, was divers times deceived; for the gate of *Anaximanders* Caſtle had ſuch an enchantment, that though he left it open, yet it ſhut of it ſelf when any enemy came near it. As for the old man who appear'd

to

" to him, and told him his Miſtreſs was in a place whence he could not deliver her,
" but by the aſſiſtance of the *French Shepherd*; I acquaint you, that it was the ſame
" *Hircan* who now ſpeaks to you: I had found out by my art, that one of the
" braveſt *Knights* of *Perſia* was in an extream affliction, and that if I did ſuccor
" him, he would one day be my intimate friend; ſo that I chang'd ſhape, and
" having found him, I put him into a ſleep, and ſo tranſported him into this Coun-
" try. He hath now obtain'd of *Lyſis* what he deſired. That invincible Heros hath
" been in the enchanted Fortreſs, whence he delivered *Pamphilia* as you know al-
" ready.

" *Anaximander* having had this Beauty in his power, had made his applications
" to her, promiſing her great wonders, if ſhe would be his wife. He was in hope
" ſhe ſhould bring forth that great Warrior, as *Circe* had promis'd; and he in-
" tended after he had conquered all the world, to make him away, and to enter in-
" to his body, that ſo he might himſelf be King of all the world. But *Pamphilia*
" calling to minde the merit and affection of *Meliantes*, could have none but him;
" and inſultingly ſlighted him that had raviſh'd her away. This he was ſo angry at,
" that he caus'd her to be put into a dungeon, where his two Gyants guarded her
" with three or four hulch-back'd Souldiers, and a terreſtrial Dragon, a moſt hide-
" ous creature. *Lyſis* went through all theſe, when he was in the priſon; and that
" *Anaxiander* did not appear to hinder him to force his guards, 'twas I had caſt him
" into a deeper ſleep, then if he had been in the Palace of Sleep it ſelf; for I cannot
" deny but it was I that brought *Lyſis* and *Carmelin* out of the coach, and led them
" into the priſon, and brought them back to the coach together with *Pamphilia*.
" I tranſport my ſelf in an inſtant to what place I pleaſe, and I put on what ſhape
" *I* pleaſe. Now it was not for the worſt that *Pamphilia* remain'd ſome time with
" *Anaximander*, for ſhe was in the moſt ſecret place in the world, which was not
" amiſs for her, becauſe the King of *Perſia* had made ſuch diligent ſearch for her,
" that had ſhe been any where elſe, ſhe had been certainly met with. Now there's
" nothing to fear; *I* know for certain that *Siramnes* is killed by one of his Eunuchs:
" ſo that all thoſe who were perſecuted by him, may ſafely return into the King-
" dom. A Nephew of his, who now bears the Scepter, hath pardon'd all Criminals,
" and hath recall'd all baniſh'd perſons, on condition they ſerve ſix years in the
" wars without pay. Now *I* ſuppoſe you are all ſatisfied, as having a perfect ac-
" count of whatever was of importance in the captivity of *Pamphilia*.

Hircan having ſpoken thus, the Ladies admired in themſelves his vivacity of ſpirit, and were amaz'd to conſider that he could invent ſuch a ſort of lyes ſo readily. *Lyſis* was out of himſelf to hear ſuch great ſecrets, and *Meliantes* feign'd to be no leſs. *Florida* ask'd him why he brought not his Miſtreſs with him, which he excus'd upon her ſolitary humor. *Angelica* alſo ask'd what was become of *Carmelin*; and why he was not come to relate his acts of valour. *Lyſis* anſwer'd, that he would not come a hunting with the reſt. *Polidor* ſaid at the ſame time, that his Couſin *Meliantes* was more happy then he, and by the relief done him, he had receiv'd his Miſtreſs, whereas he for his part was far enough from his, and knew not whether he ſhould ever obtain her favor. My intentions are more noble and more juſt then yours, replies *Meliantes*, and therefore heaven hath proſper'd them. *I* love a diſcreet and an honorable Lady, in whoſe ſervice I think *I* do my duty to vertue it ſelf: but you, you ſigh for a *Rhodogina*, whom *I* have heard accounted as common as the high-way. Dye confidently for her, ſince ſhe cauſes you ſo much affliction; you will receive as great glory by it as ever had *Quintus Curtius*, for caſting himſelf into the gulf at *Rome*, for you ſhall dye for what is publike.

Polidor made as if he had been angry at theſe over-free words, but there paſs'd no blows. *Hircan* appeas'd all; he told *Meliantes* he was deceiv'd in his licentious opinion; and as for *Polidor*, he promis'd him, that aſſoon as he were returned to *Perſia*, he ſhould obtain the reward of his love, provided he brought *Rhodogina* the bark of the *Hamadryad*. He ſwore to him that he had encloſed that precious piece

in a ſilver-box, and that he had been already gone, were it not for the inevitable charms of *Lyſis*'s converſation. You do well to ſtay here till ſuch time as you are a perfect maſter of the art of *Shepherdry*, ſays the *Hero*-Shepherd, for ſo you wilbe able to read Lectures to your Countrymen. 'Tis my deſign to bring up a many Youths in the ſame manner, that I may ſend them away afterwards, one into *Turkey*, another into *Egypt*, and ſo others into other places, to teach all the Earth the way to live happily. Now this Art of Shepherdry is not learned in a day, for it is the Art of all Arts; I mean it is the Miſtreſs of all, and all other Arts and Sciences depend of it. For to be a good *Shepherd*, a man muſt be a good *Orator*, a good *Poet*, a good *Muſitian*, a good *Painter*, and a good *Dancer*; but above all things in the world he muſt know well how to *Love*.

It was ſo late when this diſcourſe ended, that *Orontes* was forc'd out of civility to invite the company to ſupper; and indeed it was not ſo eaſie to break it up, and quit ſuch pleaſant entertainments. After ſupper *Lyſis* would needs make a party with *Philiris*, leaving ſome playing at Picquet, others diſcourſing. Dear friend, ſays he to this Shepherd, I muſt profeſs to thee that ſince the firſt time I ſaw thee, a certain fatality inſpir'd me that thou ſhouldſt write my Hiſtory: Therefore that this inſpiration may be effectual, I deſire thee to ſet thy ſelf to it; and do not think I expect any thing from *Clarimond*, who is but a troubleſom and a railing fellow. If you think me able to ſerve you, I ſhall willingly undertake the employment, ſays *Philiris*, but I fear me I ſhall not ſatisfie you; for a man ſhould be in the bottom of your thoughts to conſider what you have there, and expreſs thoſe things which no man could beſides him to whom they happened. Trouble not thy ſelf for any thing, I will give thee ſufficient inſtructions, ſays *Lyſis*: This is not the firſt time that a Lover hath turn'd over the deſcription of his Loves to another, wanting the convenience to do it himſelf; his paſſion either denying him the patience, or haply making another ſpeak, that might give him thoſe praiſes which he durſt not give himſelf. 'Tis not long ſince that one of my acquaintance did the like. When he gave the Author directions, Let this Gentleman and that Lady, ſays he, be jealous one of another; let thoſe two fight with ſuch two, but let the more inconſiderable perſon be kill'd, for I have occaſion for the other three in ſome following adventures, as being perſons of more eminent quality. A while after you muſt have a Letter written to one of our moſt paſſionate Lovers, and then ſhall he entertain his Miſtreſs with a Serenade; and the Muſick ſhall firſt be loud, and then deſcend to Baſes and other Inſtruments to awaken all that are near, and after this let the Gentleman ſing to the Lute, whereto ſhall anſwer a full Conſort: let the Verſes be ſweet and polite, and let there be no fancies that ſhall touch at any.

And thus did this Lover direct his Hiſtoriographer, and I doubt not but that great Clerk performed what was excellent: For it is he, that walking once with four or five of his friends, beſpoke them thus: Let me have ten thouſand men well armed, and let me be allow'd three moneths time, and I promiſe the King my maſter and his Princes my good friends, that by true acts of valour and by lawfull ſtratagems I will conquer a Country ſhall be ſix hundred leagues about, and ſhall have a hundred Cities as ſtrong and as well peopled as *Orleans*, beſides all Towns and Caſtles. When will you do it, ſayes ſomebody to him, ſhall we ever ſee it? where ſhall it be? In a *Romance*, replies he very confidently. That was an incomparable fellow; he maintain'd that he who was able to make a *Romance*, was able to do any thing: He's fit to be the *Generall of an Army*, a *Chancellor*, a *Preſident*, a *Lover*, and a *Shepherd*, if you pleaſe; for ſince he can make every one of theſe ſpeak according to his quality, and can make them govern with all requiſite obſervation of order, there's no queſtion but he himſelf would very well diſcharge all thoſe places if they were beſtow'd on him. But you do not tell us, interrupted *Philiris*, that he's as fit to be a Drummer as a Captain, and a Catchpole as well as a Judge: your Romanciſts do as well repreſent the loweſt as the higheſt actions. Thou haſt a mind to be merry, dear friend, replies *Lyſis*; yet know our Author was a very able man, without any diſparagement to thee or any other. To return to my dif-

diſcourſe, if thou wilt write my hiſtory, I will give thee the conduct of it. I ſuppoſe thou mayſt have gathered ſomwhat here and there of me already, but I ſhall tell thee much more; and now take it from the very beginning.

In the firſt place thou ſhalt make me take the Shepherds habit at *St. Clond*, for there was the beginning of my noble adventures: And then thou muſt deſcribe with what affection I contemplated thoſe inconſiderable things which I preſerv'd in remembrance of *Charite*, that is to ſay, the *peece of Leather*, the *Paper*, and the reſt. Now here thou muſt make uſe of *amplification*, ſaying, that I ſo loved my Miſtreſs, that I would not only preſerve whatever came from her, but that I alſo made a vow carefully to keep whatever were about me when I had the happineſs to ſpeak to her, or receive any favour from her. As for example, if I chanc'd to go to ſee her where ſhe lived, and that ſhe entertained me favourably, my deſigne was ever after to preſerve, as a precious relique, my good and beloved Shoes which had brought me into ſo ſacred a place. And this was in my thoughts ever ſince that time, though I never ſpoke of it. In the next place thou ſhalt bring in how I met *Anſelme*, and gave him the ſtory of my Youth, and acquainted him with the original of my Loves, which muſt be ſoon paſt over: And then ſhalt thou mention that excellent *Metaphorical* Picture of my Miſtreſs, which he drew at his houſe. 'Tis there that is required a triumph of eloquence: My advice is, that thou make uſe of divers Rhetorical figures, eſpecially if thou make my affections relate to the colours of the draught and all that concerns it, thou wilt make a ſpiritual thing of a corporal. The *Copper-piece*, ſhalt thou ſay, is a *rough metal*, *poliſh'd* by the ſeverity of *Lyſis*'s ſufferings; the *Gold* that ſhines in it is his *fidelity*; the *white* is his *purity* and *innocence*: The *fleſh-colour* that's in it, is his *amorous* inclination; the *Vermilion* his reſpectfull *ſhamefac'dneſs*; the *black*, his *ſadneſs* and *affliction*; the *blue*, the *divinity* of his *imaginations*: The *ſeparation* and diviſion are *baniſhments* and *opticks*; but as for *ſhadow* there's very little, becauſe *jealouſie* which is the cauſer of them, can finde no place there. All theſe colours have been *diſtemper'd* with the *oyl* of *indulgence* of a thouſand *attractions* of love-looks, and *beaten* on the marble of *conſtancy*. This done, there may be us'd a handſom *revocation*, and thou mayeſt ſpeak thus, The affection which *Lyſis* bore *Charite*, made me believe a while that *Lyſis* had himſelf furniſh'd what was neceſſary for this picture; but *I* have underſtood ſince, that it was his deſire it might be done with nobler things, at leaſt as noble as could be found. There are thoſe that ſay, there was no more left of the *Brazen-Age* then that *Copper-piece*, and that *Lyſis* had purpoſely taken away that, being to paſs out of the *iron* age into that of *gold*. As for the *gold* that gliſters in *Charite's* eyes, and her chained treſſes, 'tis certain that it is ſome of that into which *Midas*'s wine was turn'd when he was to drink, after he had the gift of changing whatever he touch'd into *gold*; and it may be ſaid by parentheſis, that that gold might eaſily be made potable. The *white* is the milk which *Venus* had in her breaſts, when ſhe nurs'd *Cupid*; for her milk was far better then *Juno's*, who was too cholerick to be a nurſe: As to the *fleſh-colour*, we know not what to ſay to it, but at laſt we have imagin'd it made of *Bacchus's ſweat*; for he being of a perfect red, as may be ſeen, his ſweat is dy'd by it, nay, his very tears are colour'd thereby; and if there be no likelihood of this, it muſt be conceiv'd that this fleſh-colour is compos'd of ſome other.

As for the *Vermilion*, 'tis the *blood* of the Goddeſs of *Autumn*, which is one of the four Seaſons, who having a while ſince overheated herſelf, *Eſculapius* was forc'd to let her blood; for in heaven he is both *Doctor* and Surgeon, and obſerves whatever is preſcrib'd there. The *black* is *Proſerpina's* Paint: For as in theſe Countries there's much pains beſtowed to become white, ſo there ſhe takes as much to make herſelf black, as being one of the moſt eſpecial parts of beauty. The *blue* without queſtion comes from *Neptunes* hair, which he cut off ſome dayes ſince, which by ſome rare ſecret hath been made liquid. As for the *partitions*, I believe *good fortune* made them, becauſe nothing *departs* from us ſooner: And as for the *ſhadows*, I believe the great Sun of the world, or thoſe of *Charite's* eyes are the

cauſers

cauſers of them; for though the Sun be the giver of light, yet he cannot be without ſhades, but makes them aſſoon as ever any ſolid body oppoſes its beams. The *oyl* wherewith all theſe colours have been *diſtemper'd*, is the very ſame wherewith *Hercules* anointed himſelf, when he was to wreſtle at the *Olimpick Games*. As for the *marble* whereon they were beaten, 'twas a piece of the firſt *altar*, which was erected to the Gods after the deluge. We had erewhiles forgot the ſhells to put theſe different colours in; but it muſt be thought *Venus's* ſhell was made uſe of, with the Eggſhel of *Læda*, and for the *Pencils*, they are made of *Loves feathers*, and his *Mothers hair*; this muſt be rather ſaid, then they made uſe of any feathers of the wind *Boreas*: Lovers have not ſo much to do with him.

When thou haſt thus ſpoken of *Charites* Picture, dear *Philiris*, thou muſt bring in the Letter that I writ to her, which I will dictate to thee word for word. But here I muſt have a conceit which all the world knows not yet. Moſt part of your *Romanciſts*, when they introduce a man telling a Story, after they have made him ſay, *I writ a Letter to my faireſt, to this purpoſe*, put down afterwards in Capital Letters, *PHILIRIS'S LETTER TO BASILIA*, *POLIDOR'S LETTER TO RHODOGINA*; and ſo of others, and then the whole Letter at length. That's no way handſom, *I* like it not; as for example, if I ſhould relate to you my hiſtory from one end to another, if *I* were to ſay I write a letter to *Charite*, which was to this purpoſe, muſt *I* pronounce aloud theſe words, *LYSIS'S LETTER TO CHARITE?* that were ridiculous. As there's no neceſſity of reciting that title, ſo there's none to write it, unleſs it haply be in the margent, as an Annotation or Remark for the convenience of the Readers; but *I* have an incomparable invention to this purpoſe, when the book comes to be printed; it ſhall be thus, *Being highly deſirous to diſcover my affection to that fair one, I writ her this:* here the line diſcontinues, and a little lower there ſhall be *LETTER* in a great character, and then the Letter follows. This ſhall ſerve for a title for the convenience of the Reader, and this ſhall nothing interrupt the Syſtem of the narration. *I*n like manner may be ſaid, *This Gentleman, that Prince, that Lover or Shepherd, willing to lighten his paſſion by the charms of Poetry, on a ſudden broke into theſe* (and a little under) *STANZA'S*, and ſo the Verſes afterwards. *That Knight not being able to ſuffer ſuch an affront from his Rival, ſent him this* (under it) *CHALLENGE*, with the diſcourſe following. And this is an ingenious way to acquire reputation; nor is it a ſmall fault to ſay, *Polidor having obtained ſilence, began thus his Hiſtory*; and then afterwards to make a great title of theſe words, *THE HISTORY OF POLIDOR AND RHODOGINA*, or ſome ſuch thing; for *Polidor* being to tell his Story, will not pronounce that title aloud: 'Tis a folly to put it, and by that means to interrupt the diſcourſe. 'Twere enough to put it in the margent, or make uſe of ſome invention like that beforemention'd. Yet there are good Authors fail in this point; but *I*, who take from others but what is beſt, muſt freely reform what's amiſs. When thou haſt handſomly brought in my Letter, thou muſt tell by what means it came to *Charite's* hands; how *I* got up and laid it on her window, and faſtened *Garlands* at the door; and then how *I* was carried away by *Pirates*, who yet kept me not long a captive, becauſe they were *Anſelms* Friends.

I forgot the meeting with the *Satyr*, and many other particulars, which I ſhall give thee another time in order: As for what hath been done in this Country. I believe thou art in good part inform'd. Thou muſt put down the adventures I ran through when I was diſguis'd like a *Maid*, and then thou ſhalt affirm for certain that I was Metamorphos'd into a *Tree*, though divers hold the contrary. But as for thoſe who ſhall be concern'd in any of theſe accidents, my humble ſuit is they may be honorably treated, they muſt be conſider'd according to the affection they bore me, that they may be worthily recompenſed. Thou mayeſt adde what looſe pieces thou pleaſe to my hiſtory; as for example, the Loves of thoſe of my acquaintance, it will make the work the more recommendable. Now I acquaint thee, that when thou art to ſay, I am in this place or that, when I am in any ſolitary place, it will not be amiſs to ſay, I was making of *Verſes*: for indeed, when I am

alone,

alone, I do nothing but ruminate on them. Yet I permit thee to make ſome thy ſelf to adorn the Narration, or to thruſt in ſome old papers of thine, that ſo they may not be loſt; for there are a many have compos'd *Romances*, on purpoſe to diſpoſe of their ancient Poetry. I ſhall furniſh thee with ſome of my own; and as for what ſhall come from thee, it muſt be purely an imitation of my ſtyle. I am in doubt whether we ſhould bring in more *Stanza's* or *Elegies*. I know not whether is the better; They ſay that the making of *Elegies*, is like our ordinary *walking*; and the making of *Stanza's* in divers cadencies and meaſures is as it were *dancing*: ſo that the one is much harder then the other. There are others, replies *Philiris*, that ſay that the making of *Stanza's* is like the ſhifting of little birds from bough to bough, as being yet not fully fledg'd; but that the making of *Elegies* is the taking of a far flight, which is proper only for ſuch birds as know their trade. Theſe ſimilitudes confound me, ſaid *Lyſis*; I know not whether I ſhould believe, wherefore let there be of both as thou thinkſt fit. Theſe degreſſions have kept us from ſpeaking of the principal things that concern us. Thou art to take notice, that before thou ſet thy ſelf on work about my Loves, thou muſt for a long time go a hunting after *fancies*, that thou mayſt be well provided on all occaſions and ſubjects. As for thy ſtyle, it muſt be ſmooth and not rough, as that of ſome Writers of theſe times, in whoſe works a man cannot read three pages, without hazarding the skin of his throat, ſo far as would require above two ounces of Lickeriſh to make it whole again. But to aim at perfection, I think it were not fit to bring in twice in the ſame page, the word *Sone*, nor divers others which I ſhall call to minde. I would not yet have thee follow in all things the rules of our new Reformers of language; becauſe (forſooth) they never read any thing, nor can cite any thing; they would have nothing at all quoted, neither in Proſe nor Verſe, ſo that a man muſt ſhake hands with Hiſtories and Fables, ſince a man durſt not ſpeak of them: but we muſt contemn their ignorance, for I would gladly have your ancient things brought into competition with the modern, were it for no other reaſon, but that this cauſes the bringing in of a many proper names, which by their great letters would extremely ſet out the ſtory. Next to this, comes to be conſidered, that thy diſcourſes muſt not be tyed to one kinde of period, nor be always of one dreſs like the fools coat in a Play. 'Tis an excellent ſecret *I* heard one boaſt of at *Paris*; *I* think he had an Ell wherewith he meaſured all his periods, clipping them if they chanc'd to fall out too long, or elſe he caſt them in a mold, and meaſured them by the pottle, ſuch was his dexterity in that point; whereof he gave this reaſon, becauſe he was a Poet, an Orator, and a Muſitian (which ſeldom happens) and knew all the meaſures, cadences and harmonies of diſcourſe which others were ignorant of. But we ſhall do well enough to imitate him, nay exceed him. Moreover, when the book ſhall be finiſhed, thou muſt not dedicate it to *Charite* alone, as I ſometime propos'd to *Clarimond*. Thou ſhalt dedicate it to me too, and ſhalt make either of us an Epiſtle. But here's one thing troubles me extreamly, to know when the book is bound up in red Spaniſh Leather, with our Characters upon it; whether thou wilt come and preſent it with only a ſimple complement; as to ſay, Incomparable Shepherd, *I* preſent you with this work in my dreſſing; or whether it will be neceſſary that thou repeat to us by heart the Epiſtle that ſhall be in the book, which thou ſhalt pronounce, as if it were an Oration. The Author *I* quoted before, deſirous to dedicate his book to the King of *Spain*, was in the ſame perplexity. Now thou art to know, that he having ſufficiently dedicated his books in this Kingdom, goes from Country to Country to ſeek new Gods to ſacrifice unto, and 'tis thought that one of theſe days he wil go and preſent *Bethlem Gabor* with a *Romance* of *Knight-Errantry*, to inſtruct him in the *Militia*; and the great *Turk* with a book of *Love-Letters*, to teach him how to overcome the cruelty of his Miſtreſſes, which muſt be *Perſia*, *Germany*, and the *Republique* of *Venice*, whom he hath along time been a ſuitor to. This Author, *I* ſay, being on his departure, thought it was but civility to repeat his Epiſtle Dedicatory all through before him he ſhould preſent his book to, though he had never done it before. But to be more aſſured in the buſi-

neſs,

neſs, he knew not whether he ſhould take the advice of a *Caſuiſt*, a *Civilian*, or a *ſworn Stationer*. At laſt a certain Poet told him, that ſince men put Epiſtles before their books 'twas a ſign the Authors never preſented them themſelves, but ſhould ſend them; though they liv'd in the ſame houſe with their *Mecenas*, becauſe the Epiſtles would ſpeak for them, there being no need of their preſence; I think he took his advice, for he gave over his voyage into *Spain*. Thou muſt ſeriouſly conſider what judgement thou ſhouldſt make on ſuch an occaſion: But ſince we are come ſo far, I ſhall note to thee the opinion of the ſame Author upon a ſonnet in *Paſquire* againſt thoſe who ſpeaking to the King, make uſe of the word *Your Majeſty*, as if they ſpoke of another perſon, and ſo make the Royalty *feminine*, which was, never to call the King of *Spain* his *Catholick Majeſty* in his Epiſtle. He ſaid that when he heard that word, he imagin'd it ſpoken of the Kings wife, and to give the King a more convenient title, it muſt be a maſculine; as if one ſhould ſay, *Sir, ſince it hath pleaſed your Ray to ſhed its favours on me*; or to ſpeak yet better, *Sir, ſince your Power hath vouchſafed to look on me with a favourable eye, I will dye in the ſervice of your power: I am your Powers moſt humble Vaſſal.* Thus you ſee this writer had handſom inventions: but 'tis true, for ſome we have no need of them, and for the reſt, they are not much better then ſuch as we ſhould find out our ſelves. You give me ſuch excellent inſtructions, ſays *Philiris*, that if I have but the ingenuity to follow them, I ſhall be the beſt Author in the world, but muſt acknowledge an obligation to you, both for my eloquence and reputation: I wiſh my ſelf already retir'd, that I might take notes of all you have ſaid. I have not told thee all, ſayes *Lyſis*: There will be one thing very remarkable in my Hiſtory, if thou write it immediately, before there happen any notable change in my affairs; and that is, that all who ſhall read it will be finely decoy'd; they will imagine to find at laſt a marriage between the Shepherd *Lyſis* and the Shephedreſs *Charite* according to the ordinary rules of all *Romances*, but there will be no ſuch thing. 'Tis certain they will be much deceiv'd there, replies *Philiris* ſmiling; but your marriage ſhall come in in the continuation of your adventures, which I ſhall one day finiſh. But that ſhall not be till ſuch time as we ſhall have no Readers but ſuch as will be abuſed. Yet I muſt tell you, the circumvention will be ever thought remarkable. I have known divers *Romanciſts*, who would come and make their brags to me, that they would ſurpriſe and decoy all the world; for the firſt Romance they would make ſhould begin at the end, and that there was no great art or ſubtilty to begin one but in the midſt. As for yours, I ſhall begin it according to your order and inſtructions to *Clarimond*: but though your adventures be already very eminent, and able to ſatisfie the moſt diſdainfull and nauſeous intellects, yet I ſhould entreat you to add to and heighten them if it may be poſſible, that ſo the work may be the more compleat.

While the two Shepherds were thus quietly taken up, *Hircan* and *Clarimond* overheard all their diſcourſe, having gotten cloſe by them without making any noiſe. They were mightily taken with the excellent and admirable directions of *Lyſis*; yet *Clarimond* would needs go to his own houſe, bethinking him it was a long time ſince he had ſeen his mother, who haply wanted him in ſomwhat or other. He took leave of all the company, and ſaid to *Lyſis*, Though you are my enemy, yet I am more your friend then you imagine. We ſhall ſee that hereafter, replies *Lyſis*. *Clarimond* got immediately on horſ-back, leaving at *Orontes*'s thoſe who had not ſo great occaſion to be gone as himſelf.

The End of the Tenth Book.

THE

THE Anti-Romance; OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The Eleventh Book.

WHile some were at play, others discoursing in *Orontes's* Hall, *Anselme*, who many days since had not spoken to *Angelica* but of things indifferent, resolv'd to take her a little aside, that he might not languish any longer in a secret martyrdom. She forgot that strictness which she had observed sometimes before, when she would seem to shun his addresses. She staid as confidently in the place where he desired to speak to her, as if she had assign'd it him. How long, saies he to her, shall I be afflicted, without knowing whether they are my crimes that are the cause of it, or my ill fortune onely? If I have committed any thing hath offended you, I should expect notice of it from you, that I may do so no more, and that the horror of my sins may add to my punishment. When you first gave me admittance, and entertained my applications, I found not any thing in your actions or words, whence I drew not presages of a certain prosperity; but I now find all is changed as to me; and when my services merit most, they are the least recompenced. I thought I had awhile since sufficiently justified my self to you; but there must still somewhat stand between me and happiness. Consider what affliction your disdain causes me, since you are yet more accomplish'd and more amiable then *Philiris* could awhile since make us believe.

Anselme having continued such discourses with little order, ont of designe to

ſhew he could not command his paſſion. *Angelica* gave him this anſwer: I now find what I foreſaw would come to paſs, *Philiris* his fine ſpeech hath given you occaſion of jealouſie; that's the reaſon you are in ſo ill a mood; you are very ſoon moved. I draw no conſequences from what *Philiris* ſaid to you a while ſince, replies *Anſelme*, what's done in jeſt, I take in jeſt; and I aſſure you this is not the firſt day I may have appeared not ſo well humour'd, 'tis ever ſince the very minute that you ſlighted the expreſſions of my affection. You perſecute me with ſuch importunity, ſayes *Angelica*, that to ſatisfie your deſire, I tell you that though I am no longer in doubt of your loving *Geneura*, yet wants there not what obliges me to look on you as an indifferent perſon, and that is, that in ſtead of that firſt miſtreſs of yours, you have yet another three times worſe. I have been told of one *Claricia*, who was ſo deep in your affections, that when you were at *Paris* you ſtirred not from her houſe, and carried her often to Court. O God! who told you this? is it not *Alican*? reply'd *Anſelme*. 'Tis very true, 'twas he, ſaies *Angelica*: He came to ſee me at St. *Clou* without your knowledge, and there he gave me an account of you. 'Tis the greateſt cheat in the world, replies *Anſelme*, now that I know the crime whereof I am accuſed, I ſhall eaſily make my innocence appear; it ſhall coſt you nothing but the patience to hear me. I ſhall not be ſo unjuſt, but to give you liberty to ſpeak what you pleaſe, replies *Angelica*. *Anſelme* being thus permitted to ſpeak to the preſent occaſion, began his diſcourſe in this mannner.

The HISTORY of *CLARICIA*.

" I Suppoſe you are not to be acquainted that this *Claricia* is a lewd one, who is " at his ſervice that paies her beſt: It is ſix months ſince that taking notice of " me ſomewhere, ſhe would have me to be her ſervant: I do not ſpeak this out of " vanity, nor yet out of any eſteem I make of the endowments either of my mind " or body; for I am not ignorant how that ſhe never knew any other merit then " riches. She did what ſhe could to meet me in the Churches whether I went, " that I might at laſt haply be touched with ſome affection towards her; but I " had no more thought of her then if ſhe had never been; ſo that ſhe muſt needs " have practized ſome invention to have catched me. As I walked one evening " near the Arſenal, a Souldier came and accoſted me with theſe words, Sir, I " underſtand you are a perſon very ſtudious of curioſities and rarities, and that " hath made me ſo bold as to acquaint you that there is a friend of mine who hath " got ſome of the rareſt ſecrets in the world. I was ſo curious as to hearken to " what he ſaid; and though I knew there were a many Mountebanks in *Paris*, " yet would I try whether this were one. I askd the Souldier what was his prin- " cipal ſtudy whom he ſpoke to me of; he told me by a certain ſecret knowledge " he had, he would ſhew me whom I ſhould marry: and after this he anſwered ſo " pertinently to divers queſtions, that I took him at leaſt for an honeſt fellow, and " ſuffered him to walk with me till I came to my own houſe. I told him at parting " that I much deſired to ſee his friend, and bid him come the next morning to " bring me to him. He failed not to come; ſo that I went along with him to a little " houſe near the Temple, where being entred, he told me his friend was not yet " come, and that I muſt wait a little in the Maſter of the houſe's chamber; which " was ſo low and ſo unhandſom, that I had rather have ſtaid in the ſtreet. Swords " and Halbards were diſpo'sd over the chimney on the ſame rack with the Spits. " Againſt the chimney-ſtock were nailed up two or three wooden ſhooes, one ſer- " ved for a ſaltſeller, another for blacking, another held matches and ſpice. All a- " bout were broken half-pecks turn'd up-ſide-down inſtead of ſtools, nor indeed " were there any other all about the chamber. At one end there was a piece of mat " made a partition, which ſerved both for Wardrobe and Buttery, and thence was

brought

" brought me out a lame joint-ſtool, which was made to ſtand even by the help
" of a faggot-ſtick. I ſate thereon as a Preſident in his ſeat, while in the mean time
" the Souldier practiſed the five poſtures he had learn'd a while before. He whom
" we ſtay for wil be here now ſuddenly (would he ſometimes tel me) he hath pro-
" mis'd me to be here at eleven. I might have brought him to your houſe, and ſo
" have ſpared you the Pains to come hither; but the moſt part of things he makes
" uſe of in his operations are not portable. I told him, 'twere better have a little
" patience, ſince he would not ſtay long, and that I was loath to loſe my labour.
" An houre being ſpent in theſe fine ſtories, the Souldier told me at laſt that he
" thought it beſt to go look for his friend, and thereupon he left me. I was
" ſometimes of opinion it was ſome ſwaggerer, and that he was now gone to fetch
" his Comrades to rob me; yet would I not be gone, as being better reſolv'd,
" though I had brought no Lacquay with me, becauſe I would not have any body
" know whither I went. Nothing troubled me ſo much as hunger, which now
" began to make its approaches, being as then faſting; otherwiſe I ſhould have
" thought it no hard task to wait till night, ſo deſirous was I to ſee a Magician.
" I asked the Maſter of the houſe whether he had din'd, who having anſwered me
" that he had broke his faſt ſo well that he would eat nothing till night: I told
" him plainly the caſe was not the ſame with me, and that I ſhould take it well if
" ſomewhat were brought me. I had no other money about me but a piece of
" gold, which I gave him to provide ſomewhat but he ſtaid ſo long that I thought
" he had been run away with my money, and left me maſter of his houſhold-ſtuff;
" for all that was in the houſe was not worth it. At laſt he returns with bread
" only, and went out again to get ſomewhat elſe. Being not able to eat ſo much
" bread without drinking, I gave a good deal of it to a dog that barked at me as if
" I had been ſome thief. When I had appeaſed him there came a beggar to the
" dore, who was ſo importunate for an alms, that I gave him all my proviſion to be
" quiet. The dog it ſeems envied at that, and began to quarrel with me afreſh.
" Seeing that his maſter came not, I had a mind to go to the dore to ſee if he
" were not coming at the ſtreets end, but I was afraid ſome of my acquaintance
" might paſs by, and would haply have been frighted to ſee me in ſuch a place.
" About half an hour after mine hoſt returns with a bottle of wine, and a little
" piece of beef half roaſted. When he had given me the reſt of my money, I
" gave him to fetch more bread, and ſo I eat and drank. Upon this, he tels me
" that he knew not what he thought on all the time that he kept me in a low room
" ſo ill furniſhed, ſince he had the key of an upper Chamber which was ſomewhat
" better. He preſently brought me up to that Chamber, which was hung with
" ſtripe ſtuff, and had a pretty little bed; but it was ſome wonder to me not to
" find any Books, nor Mathematical Inſtruments, nor any other thing neceſſary
" to a knowing man. I preſume of your pardon faireſt *Angelica*, that I tell you
" ſo many particulars: nor may you wonder that I relate to you things that are
" pleaſant, when I have moſt cauſe to be ſad, becauſe I force my humour to it
" out of opinion it pleaſes you. Know then that mine hoſt having left me all a-
" lone in the Chamber; a little while after a young Gentlewoman comes up, and
" askes me what I did there, and whether I had any thing to ſay to her. I was
" much amazed to ſee her inſtead of the Magician I expected; and I ſaid to my
" ſelf, Does he whom I would ſpeak with know my deſigne already? Hath he not
" been told that I intended to ask him what kind of woman I ſhould have? and
" to ſatisfie me with the ſight of her, hath he not ſent this, who haply is one of his
" wenches, ſo to make me believe that it is ſhe I muſt fall in love with? Though
" this came into my thought, yet I gave the Gentlewoman this anſwer, That I was
" brought thither to ſpeak with one I had ſome buſineſs with, but that I had been
" abus'd. She replyed that ſhe was very much beholding to that abuſe which
" got her my acquaintance; and thereupon fell upon ſome very free talk, to
" which I anſwered with that modeſty which men ought to obſerve. At length,
" being weary of thoſe diſcourſes, and ſeeing the Souldier returned not, I took

" my leave of her. As ſhe brought me down, ſhe told me that if ever I ſhould " come and repoſe my ſelf in her chamber, ſhe would take it as a ſignal favour. " Had it not been for theſe words, I ſhould haply have ſuſpected no ill, for ſhe " diſcovered that gravity which is not ſo common among lewd ones; but on the " other ſide, the place where ſhe lived, and her Maid and Lacquey ſo ill accommo- " dated, made me think the worſe of her. I returned home very ſad at my ad- " venture; and two days after, it hapned I met *Alican* in an Academy. We be- " ing of acquaintanee, I told him of the Gentlewoman I had ſeen; and he, as be- " ing univerſally acquainted, told me it was *Claricia*, and that ſhe was well de- " ſcended, but that ſuits at Law had ſo impoveriſhed her, that it was generally " conceived, that to live in the hight and bravery ſhe did, ſhe ſold her favours to " any one; yet he believed it not, becauſe he could never obtain any thing of " her in that way. He very ſeaſonably fell into this flouriſh of vanity. For I " afterwards took him into my Coach, and much againſt my mind, he brought me " to this *Claricia*'s, telling me he would ſo diſpoſe her, and put her upon ſuch diſ- " courſe as ſhould pleaſe me. I cannot deny, but that having found *Claricia*, I " was more ſatisfied with her diſcourſe, then that of *Alican*, for it is the moſt " impertinent fellow in the world. He it was, deſired her company to a Race, " which obliged me to take her with us. And this is it he ſhould have told you. " Since that time I never had ought to do with *Claricia*. He made you believe " that I loved her, that you might hate me, that ſo nothing might hinder you to " affect him; for I doubt not but that was one of his principal deſignes. Had " he no other vices then Treachery and unfaithfullneſs, I ſhould believe he might " yet be wrought to ſome good; but ſince he carries about him ſo many ill qua- " lities, I dare ſpeak no more of him, leſt you might think I would commend my " ſelf by blaming him. There's *Montenor*, who can give you a better account " then I, of the actions of that moſt illuſtrious perſon of this age.

Angelica, whom this *Alican* had indeed courted, though unſuccesfully, was very deſirous to be acquainted with his life, ſo that ſhe called *Montenor* who had given over playing. I entreat you, ſaies ſhe to him, to give us ſome little account of *Alican*, we deſire much to know what kind of perſon he is.

The HISTORY of *ALICAN*.

" HE whom you mention, ſaid *Montenor*, is the ſon of a Gentleman who was " extreamly rich, but withall the moſt covetous that ever was. In the time " of his ſickneſs which was his laſt, he was adviſed to change the air; he anſwer- " ed, he would willingly go to his Country-houſe, but conditionally, that his two " beſt friends were carried along with him. They ſhall not fail to be there, ſaid " ſome about him; there were none but thought he being at the point of death, " otherwiſe then the two beſt friends he talked of, were his Phyſician and his " Confeſſor, which were they he had moſt need of: but when the time to depart " was come, he made it appear that by thoſe two good friends, he meant two " ſtrong Cheſts wherein he put all his money. When it was ſaid to him that he " was to blame to ſuffer his thoughts to be carried away to dotage on his wealth; " he anſwered that they were indeed his beſt friends, ſince they aſſiſted him at all " times, procuring him whatever he deſired, and that there were few in the world " that loved him but for their ſakes. Some of the kindred being unwilling that " ſo much money ſhould be carried from the houſe, becauſe of what ill accident " might happen. The ſick perſon continued ſtill in the City, and upon that a " very remarkable thing fell out: Though his ſickneſs was in the extremity, yet " would he himſelf keep an account of all was ſpent, leſt his ſon, and ſervants " might deceive him. So that he had in the bed with him a great bag of money " whereon he ſtill lean'd his arm as if it had been a pillow, and when there want-

ed

" ed any thing towards the houſe, he himſelf gave what to buy it withall. One " day it came into his mind to go to his ſtudy, to ſee if his two Cheſts were as they " ſhould be; and though he were very ſick, yet muſt he be carried to the place " where he deſired. Having with much adoe opened one of his Coffers, and " kneeling on a pillow for to contemplate his Treaſure, at his eaſe, he died ſudden- " ly. The dead ſhould not be cenſured, yet it may be ſaid he died in a moſt a- " bominable poſture, as if he were then adoring his money. God ſuffered him to " come to that unhappy end for an example to others; and 'tis an article of my " faith, that it is no ſin to divulge the ſins of ſuch, to induce people to live better. " *Alican* being left ſole heir, makes it ſufficiently appear that it is not the will of di- " vine Juſtice that ſo great riches ſhould remain in that Family, for he is as pro- " digal as his father was covetous, and he is his greateſt friend that can beſt fur- " niſh him with inventions of expence. Yet having once lent me a piece in a " Church to beſtow in ſome charitable way, which I could not then avoid, he ne- " ver meets me but he fantaſtically demands it, telling me that I ſhall not beſtow " alms at his charge. My anſwer to him ever is, That I will not pay him till he " hath conſumed all, becauſe then a piece will be more to him then a thouſand " now, and he will thank me for having kept it ſo long. He taketh all this in jeſt, " but I ſpeak it in good earneſt; for I believe he will ſoon find the end of his " riches, according to the rate he lives at. If he loſes any money at play, he'll " caſt what he hath left out at the windows, and for that the lacqueys only are " obliged to him. He never bargains for any thing he buyes, becauſe he hath " that eſteem of himſelf, that he would think it a diſparagement unto him, if he " ſhould conteſt with the populacy. As for his follies, they are incomparable, " and ſo remakable that all that meet him, though they know him not, yet think " him not free from extravagance. There's ever ſomewhat extraordinary in his " clothes, either for faſhion, or colours, not to mention his affectations of ſuch and " ſuch garments. Sometimes he will needs make people believe he hath been let " bloud, or hath been wounded in his arm, only to take occaſion to ſhew a fine " Scarf he got at the Fair. He wears Pendants at his ears of all faſhions: he hath " ſome little golden Croſs, or ſome other trinket at the end of his muſtachoe. He " hath ever ſome bracelet in ſight, and ſome Fancy in his hat, to make men be- " lieve he is in favour with ſome Lady. He hath alſo ſome Knots or other at the " welts of his ſhoes, when he is in ſilk ſtockins. To be ſhort, if he be conſidered " all about, it will be found there will not be one piece of him which hath not " ſomewhat different from what's in others. Beſides all this, if it happen ſome " morning that a Miſtriſs looks not graciouſly on him, he thinks his clothes are in " the fault, as wanting ſomewhat to charm her; and this makes him put on ano- " ther ſuit in the afternoon to recover her favour. This makes him ſo infinitely " curious in his apparel, that when he is to enter into a faſhion, he ſends for four " Maſter-Tailors into conſultation, as if 'twere four able Councellers to have " their judgement in a Caſe, and he gives them money for their opinion, for his " ſummer faſhion or his winter faſhion, and to know which are the moſt ſumptu- " ous Modes. Nor muſt the Lacqueys but ſmell ſomewhat of the extravagance " of him they ſerve, and make *Alican*'s folly apparent. Sometimes their skirts are " pointed, ſometimes like ſcales: If one year they weare Coats with ſleeves, the " next they are in Cloaks after the Spaniſh mode. Their Liveries ſometimes con- " ſiſts of ſeveral pieces of divers colours, like Jackpuddings, or elſe croſs laced with " Galoom, into Characters and Love-knots, ſo that any one would ſay they wore " the Livery of Folly, rather then that of their Maſters Miſtriſs. I do not blame " this as being an enemy to handſomneſs, and faſhions, for I love to ſee Gentlemen " and their attendance well clad, ſo the ordinary decent mode be obſerved; but " *Alican*, as I tell you, is not content to clothe his ſervants fantaſtically, as di- " vers do, but he will be ſo himſelf, that the relation may be ſeen, and that it " might not be thought his ſervants are borrowed. But there are yet greater im- " pertinences. One day he would needs have a glaſs in the Crown of his hat, to

" ſee

" ſee ever and anon if he courted the Ladies handſomly. It can hardly be con-
" ceived what trouble he puts his Cloak and that to, by cocking and truſſing them
" as he does, and I think he doth it only to ſhew he hath now nothing but what's
" new; whereas in his fathers time, all he had came from the brokery, ſo that
" all was ſo mellow that it could hardly be touched. Being one day at a Church-
" dore, he would needs ſalute a Gentlewoman that was going in, though he
" knew her not (for his gallantry was already very remarkable) putting on his
" hat in a fury, becauſe ſhe would not be ſaluted, he unawares pulled the brim ſo
" hard, that he tore it, and drew it down over his noſe, as if it had been the viſor
" of a headpiece. That hapned before a many people to his great diſgrace, and
" all his revenge was to ſwear he would be the death of the Haberdaſher had ſold
" it him. But now he redeems the time wherein he was ſo ill accoutred, and
" I believe he wiſhed himſelf in this poſture long ere he came to it, and that he
" would not have given any thing to ſave his fathers life. His chiefeſt diverſions
" were to go into Churches and Walks to ſhew himſelf: Sometimes he takes a
" great delight to drive a Coach about *Paris*, and thinks he hath done a great act,
" though the humour be ſtale enough. If he keep home, he is ſo idle that he
" knows not what reading or any ſuch thing means, and can find himſelf no other
" imployment then to ſtand at the window and ſhoot peas through a Trunk at
" thoſe that paſs by, or ſome ſuch diverſion, for which he is beholding to his Lac-
" quays. Yet I ſhould forgive him this did he but come off handſomly with his
" ſimplicities; but when he hath abuſed ſome honeſt Tradeſmen who have an-
" ſwered him as he deſerves, he hath no other name to call them by but Citizens.
" As for his ordinary diſcourſ, 'tis as ſimple as can be imagined; he'll be ever telling
" you how many pieces he loſt or got at play, and what rare deſignes he hath a-
" bout Cloathes, whereof he will ſhew you draughts in paper, as if they were
" ſome deſignes of Architecture. I think I have told you enough to know him
" by, and you may eaſiy judge that there cannot be an action of this man that
" ſpeaks not ſomewhat of his folly. I am weary to entertain you ſo long on ſo
" deſpicable a ſubject.

Angelica hearkned very attentively to *Montenors* diſcourſe, and thought in her ſelf that it had been well her mother had heard it, that ſhe might have known what kind of perſon *Alican* was; for ſhe imagined that *Leonora* had a good opinion of him, and would have been content he were her ſon in law. *Anſelme* perceiving ſhe ſaid not a word, obliged her to ſpeak by this queſtion: Well what ſay you now of this illuſtrious Courtier? Will you hereafter believe a man that diſguiſes himſelf every day as well in his words as in his cloathes? Truely, replies *Angelica*, I can only tell you, that *Claricia* would be excellently well for his turn, and that he ought to marry her. I am of your opinion, replies *Anſelme*, and believe me, for my part, I ſhall give him no occaſion to be jealous.

This diſcourſe ended, and *Montenor* being returned to the Cards, *Anſelme* put *Angelica* ſo hard to it, that ſhe openly confeſſed that ſhe thought him not ſo poorly minded, as that he did ever affect *Claricia*; who though ſhe was very handſome, yet had the reputation of ſome lightneſs: and as for *Alican*, ſhe ſoon diſcovered how little ſhe eſteemed him. 'Twas then that *Anſelme* re-aſſumed his good hopes, and *Angelica* who truly loved him, could no longer uſe her ordinary diſſimulations. She favoured him ſo far, that when he deſired to wait her in private to entertain her with his affection, ſhe aſſigned him the next day at night, but told him, ſhe was not yet reſolv'd of the place; this promiſe ſatisfied him extreamly. He thank'd her the beſt he could, but contracted his complements, becauſe he thought he was diſcovered by all, and that there came ſtill ſome one towards them to hear what they ſaid. As for his part he was ſo cunning as to ſpeak aloud then, and that of ſome indifferent matter, that it might be thought the reſt of his diſcourſe was of the ſame.

When the Gamſters had given over, he returned with *Montenor*, though *Orontes* had entreated them both to lodge at his houſe. *Hircan*, *Lyſis*, and thoſe of

of that gang returned alſo to their home. *Lyſis* was almoſt out of himſelf not to find *Carmelin* there, and which was worſe, no body could tell any news of him: He had been ſeen to go out of the Caſtle, but it was thought only to walk thereabout; and in the mean time he was not come to ſupper to *Hircans*. *Lyſis* was extreamly afflicted at this loſs; he knew not what to do to find the faithfull companion of his travels. To go into the Gardens was to no purpoſe, there was no likelyhood he ſhould be there; and as for going into the fields, what could have been done in the dark? His recourſe therefore was to complain, which he did in this manner. Alaſs! my faithfull *Carmelin*, ſhall I not know for what cauſe thou haſt left me? I never threatned to beat thee, I have not dealt roughly with thee, or if I have, it hath been only in jeſt. When thou deſiredſt to participate in the glory of my Proweſſes, I have been content, and I have permitted thee to be crowned with Lawrel as well as my ſelf. Wherein then have I offended thee, thou who wert the ſecond perſon in my eſteem next my Miſtreſs? Hadſt thou ſtaid with me, of a hireling as thou wert, I would have made of thee an *Illuſtrious Shepherd*, for 'tis not a Warrier who hath gotten a victory ſhould be ranked among ruſticks.

Lyſis having ended this complaint, was forced to go to bed as well as the reſt: and while he is aſleep, I will tell you if you pleaſe to give me leave, what became of *Carmelin*. His Maſter being gone with the reſt a hunting, his thoughts ran on *Liſetta*, whom he could not forget, though his Maſter commanded him to love no other then *Parthenice*. Having asked one of the ſervants where ſhe was, he anſwered, that ſhe was gone with her Miſtreſs, who was the fair Lady he might have ſeen awhile before in the Caſtle. He knew well enough that they ſpoke of the Shepherdeſs *Amaryllis*, and becauſe he thought himſelf much in her favour, he reſolved to give her a viſit, and by that means to ſee his love. The ſame ſervant told him that ſhe lived about three miles from the Caſtle, and gave him the beſt directions he could to find the houſe. *Carmelin* very joyfully left the fellow, and being gone out from *Hircans* as nothing were, he walked ſoftly awhile, but at laſt he began to run as faſt as if his Maſter had already been in purſuit of him, till he was gotten out of ſight of his ordinary Lodging. He met by the way with ſome Country people, who directed him ſo well that he ſoon came to *Amaryllis*'s as ſhe was in the Hall with five or ſix Gentlewomen of the ſame Village. What good wind hath blown you hither? courteous *Carmelin*, ſaid ſhe to him, I did not think this day to be ſo happy as to have ſeen you: what good prayer have I ſaid this morning that hath brought this bleſſing on me? If I could remember it, I would ſay it every day, that my felicity might ſtill continue. Tell me I pray, how does the Prince of the Shepherds of *France*? What hath he done ſince I have ſeen him? Do you come hither expreſly from him to give me an account? I come hither from no man but my ſelf, replies *Carmelin*, and conſequently you are the more obliged to me. As for the Shepherd *Lyſis*, I left him very well, and I aſſure you that we have done ſuch rare things ſince your departure, that they can hardly be related to the full. You muſt needs tell us the whole ſtory, replyes *Amaryllis*, were it only to honour my good neighbours here, who queſtionleſs will be extreamly taken with the relation.

She had already related a many of *Lyſis*'s adventures to the Gentlewomen, who knowing immediately that this was the ſervant of that illuſtrious Shepherd, they all ſet upon and about him, to conjure him to tell what he knew had hapned to his Maſter, whom they did ſo highly eſteem. *Carmelin* who was not made of iron or wood, ſeeing himſelf entreated by ſo many fair ones, thought he could do no leſs then ſatisfie them, ſo that having by the command of *Amaryllis* taken a ſeat, he began to ſpeak in this manner.

Ladies, Gentlewomen, Nymphs, Hamadryads, Nayads, or fair Shepherdeſſes (I know not how to call you, ſuch a confuſion hath the Maſter I now ſerve made in my former Learning, by forcing me to new principles.) *It being then ſo*, that it is your deſire to know ſome incomparable adventures of the Shepherd *Lyſis*, 'tis

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not without ſome reaſon that I make uſe of this expreſſion, for I have been told that a famous Author began thus all his Chapters. *It being then ſo*, that it is your deſire to know thoſe noble and pleaſant adventures, I am firſt to tell you of *Meliantes*, who is a Sepherd, as he ſaies, of that Country, which, as I remember, is ſomewhat near thoſe people, who wear great Balls of Linnen about their heads. 'Tis *Perſia*, now I have hit it. To bring it into my mind, I was fain to think on a peece of wine that awhile ſince was pierced before me, for I practize Artificial Memory. Now though this *Meliantes* ſaies he is that Countryman, he ſpeaks as good French as you or I. and his noſe and eyes are made alike, and of the ſame colour as ours. He ſaid then that his Miſtreſs, whoſe name I cannot remember, unleſs I hear it, was ſtollen away by two Gyants, and impriſoned in a Caſtle, whence it was neceſſary my Maſter ſhould redeem her. As for my part, *Hircan* engaged me alſo in the deſigne; and becauſe my Maſter nor I could not pretend to any great ſouldiery, and that in matter of War, we were more likely to retreat then advance, he promiſed to make our bodies ſo hard, that ſwords ſhould not hurt them. This *Hircan* ſaies he is a Magician, and I believe he may be one, for certainly he is a gallant man, as to that point. He doth no more at his houſe then ſay, Lacquay lay the cloath, and preſently you find the Table excellently well furniſhed. He might as well therefore make us as valiant as he ſaid. My Maſter put on a habit which they tearm an *Heroical* habit; and for my part, I was armed *cap à pee*; but it was ſuch an encumbrance to me, that if my noſe had dropped, I muſt have deſired my Maſter to wipe it. After a gre at many ceremonies we were put into a Coach which at firſt went by land, and afterward through the air, as *Lyſis* ſaid, but for my part I could perceive no ſuch thing. I ſlept in the place where I ſate, and my Maſter having done the like, he dreamed that a Magician drew us out of the Coach, and that he made us eat on a marble Table. You are to conceive that was only to cool the broath; that he carried us to ſee birds that were Gardeners, men that were as clear as glaſs, and a furnace wherein we were burnt, and then that having raiſed a great hall in the Wilderneſs, he made ſervants come out of the hangings, and bring us ſomewhat for collation, and that I drunk and eat as much as ſix men. I maintain'd againſt him that there was never any ſuch thing, and that my guts cryed vengeance on this dream. This made him ſomewhat angry, but he is ſince appeaſed. To return then to our adventure, 'tis true that an ancient grave man having awaken me, drew me out of the Coach with *Lyſis*, and that through obſcure waies, we came at laſt to a great Cellar where we fought with Monſters. To tell you what blowes we gave, and what we received, is more then I can do, for I had not the leaſure to count them, ſo was I amazed. 'Tis true, I was not ſo much out of my ſelf, as if I had ſeen my bloud running out of my body, for had that hapned, I think I ſhould have been no longer for this world, and ſhould have died for fear, though my wounds were no more dangerous then ſcratches: and this certainly would have hapned, had our enemies had any fire-arms, for if they had had any muskets or Canons, the very report would have carried away my wits. But we were ſo fortunate as to overcome our adverſaries, and over and above killed a Dragon. I muſt indeed confeſs it was not very terrible, for it ſtirred not from the ſame place, and there came out no fire at his throat; yet my Maſter was afraid of it and thought it a great glory to have overthrown it. After this victory we delivered *Meliantes*'s Miſtreſs out of priſon, and returned with her into the Coach. *Lyſis* related all this this morning to *Hircan*, and then it was he and I had ſome diſpute about his fond imaginations: but to tell you the troth, after ſuch travel undergone, where it was my hope we ſhould have been made rich men, there was only beſtow'd on each of us a Crown of Lawrel. Here's mine, which I ſtill wear inſtead of a hatband. Nay they would have had me loſe my at by the bargain, for I had much adoe to get it. The praiſe I ſhould have gotten, would by that time have coſt me dear enough. I am now at length ſuch as you ſee me, and ſuch as I am, having learned out *Amaryllis*'s houſe I am come thi-

ther

ther while my Master is gone a hunting with all the rest of the company.

Carmelin having thus finished his discourse, which had pleased the Gentlewomen very well, *Amaryllis* told him, that if it were true, that he came purposely to her house to see her, she was extreamly obliged to him, but that she imagined he was come rather to see the Nymph *Lisetta*, whom she had entertained for her servant. The answer to this was a smile a very unhandsome one, and *Amaryllis* continuing her speech, asked him whether he did not firmly believe that *Lisetta* had been an *Hamadryad*. I must needs believe it since all the world saies so, reply'd he. I am made believe that I have not so much judgement as others, and that I do not see things as they are, so that though my own reason perswades me to any thing it apprehends, yet must I not be suffered to give it any credit. I have often seen scarecrows of wood, but I know not what the other means, nor ever shall till I have read my Masters Books. Not to lie for the matter, his imaginations are extreamly troublesome, and were it not that he is of a quiet disposition, I had left him ere this. 'Tis true, there is some pleasure in his company, for if sometimes I have fared hardly, since he came to *Hircans* I live like a little Prince. What a miracle was that Feast whereat *Orontes* entertained us the other day? I made one there, and remembring I had read in a certain book, that *red* is the colour of *Vertue*, I drank as much Wine as I could for to paint my nose and my cheeks. I see then, saies *Amaryllis*, that of all the Gods your Master hath quoted to you, there's none you honour more then *Bacchus*. If you please, though we drink not much Wine, you shall keep his Feast to morrow with us. I am to cut down a little Vinyard I have in my Close. *Carmelin* upon this betook him to his considerations, saying, that if he returned not, his Master would be much troubled for him: But *Amaryllis* told him she would excuse him, so that he presently resolved to stay. There were only two Gentlewomen staid supper there, the rest went to their homes; but at night they came again to pass away the time with their neighbour. They danced and sung together, and *Carmelin* with his *Lisetta* were taken in. When it grew late they assigned him a bed, and the rest retired.

The next morning *Amaryllis* set the Gatherers on work, and was very pleasant with them, and somwhat the more because she had *Carmelin's* good company, who with her assistance, started out a most heroical designe.

In the mean time *Lysis*, to whom it is time to return, rose in very much disquiet, not thinking it was yet time to leave off his Heroical accoutrements, though he had promised the day before not to be in them any longer. He bethought himself that *Charite* had not yet seen him in that bravery, and that she had not appeared at all at *Orontes's*. He therefore made a vow not to quit his Coat of Male till he should meet that fair Mistress of his. He said so to all he met, to prevent the wonder they might be in not to find him clad as a Shepherd. Every one approving his resolution, he dined very quietly, though he still seemed to have somewhat to say, either as to the strange and unfamiliar humour of *Charite*, who hid her self from him assoon as ever she saw him, or as to the loss of *Carmelin*. As for his Mistress, he was promised a sudden sight of her; and for *Carmelin*, they told him that they had sent to seek him.

About two or three in the afternoon, *Hircan* and the rest being gone abroad for some recreation, *Lysis* perceived in the highway a great dust, and having looked a long time that way, he imagined there had been a great train of horses and Carts. Are they not the *Parisian* Shepherds that are now come? cries he out. There comes the baggage.

Every one looked that way, and they discovered a Wagon, and a Coach after it, with a many people afoot. As this Pageant came nearer and nearer, they perceived in the Waggon a man sitting astride a Barrel, and it was soon known to be the courteous *Carmelin*. He had on a white pair of drawers and a white wastcoat, a skarf of vine-leaves, a Crown of Ivy, and a Cup in his hand, so that he seemed to be very pleasant to see himself represent the Father of Good-fellow-

ſhip. There was a deal of boughes all about the Waggon, and two ſturdy Country fellows that led it, were alſo crowned with vine-branches. Eight women gatherers went before, with their Paniers and pruning Hooks, and the two Basket-carriers followed them. An old man who yet had a pleaſant countenance, rid on an Aſs after the Waggon, to repreſent *Silenus*. *Carmelin* ſung a drinking Song, to which all the reſt anſwered. Being come up to the company of Shepherds, he cauſed the Waggon to be ſtaid to begin another Song, of the beſt he had, and that done, he was preſented with ſome Wine which he took off. Hereupon *Amaryllis* and her neighbours, who were all in Petticoats, came out of the Coach, having each of them a basket of ſmall Ozier under their arms, and little guilt hooks in their hands; and *Amaryllis* advancing the foremoſt, made towards *Hircan*, to whom ſhe made a low courteſy, ſaying to him, Learned Magician, I am come hither, ſent by *Bacchus*, to make you this ſmall preſent, which you will accept when you conſider it comes from that God who is more powerfull then all the reſt. 'Tis he that cauſes and continues our mirth; 'tis he makes ſervants ſpeak confidently to their Miſtreſſes, and 'tis he that makes the Souldier couragious, though he were naturally a coward. If you adore him with a conſtant minde, he will alwayes preſerve your vines from the froſts, and will ſend you ſuch ſtore of Wine, that it ſhall be as cheap as the water of *Morin*.

Amaryllis having ſaid theſe words, *Hircan* took from her a basket of Grapes, which ſhe preſented to him, and thus he returned her his thanks. Faireſt Nymph ſayes he to her, I chearfully receive this preſent, both for the God *Bacchus*'s ſake, and hers that brings it me from him. And if you tell me that he whom you adore is ſo powerfull that it makes Lovers ſpeak without fear, I aſſure you I have much need to acknowledge him, to the end I may freely diſcover to my Miſtreſs the afflictions I am in for her ſake. *Amaryllis* knew well enough what he aimed at, yet made no reply, to give way to another Nymph, who addreſſed this diſcourſe to *Lyſis*. Incomparable Shepherd, the glory and Ornament of *France*, *Bacchus* having been acquainted with thy merit, would not be the laſt to viſit thee. He knows that the *Aquatick* Gods, the *Hamadriads* and the *Nayads* have converſed with thee, and therefore he ſhould have thought himſelf unhappy, ſhould he not have the honour to ſee thee. In teſtimony of the reſpect he acknowledges due to thee, he ſends thee by me this basket of *Grapes*, with a promiſe of ſome of his new Wine when it is preſſed; in the mean time, accept this preſent. Thou art alſo to know that I have ſupplanted my ſiſters to obtain this my Ambaſſage to thee, for having all left our Country to come and ſee thee, 'twas no mean contention for the honour to ſpeak to thee firſt. Fair Nymph, replies *Lyſis*, I know not in what words to thank your *Bacchus* for all his favours; for how can I ſatisfie a God, ſince I do not think my ſelf in a capacity to recompence you, who are but his Waiters, or his Prieſteſſes? However, be pleaſed to receive my good will, and excuſe my performances.

This diſcourſe ended, one of the Country fellows that led the Waggon, came and brought a bottle of ſweet Wine for the Company, without any other complement then ſaying, Behold what *Bacchus* hath ſent you. He had but little to ſay, and yet he delivered it ſo unhandſomly, that all the company laught at it. That hindred not the Ladies from getting into the Coach again and follow *Bacchus* his Chariot, which began to put forward with all the Brigade.

Lyſis was the moſt taken at this ſight, and had he not heard all conclude it was *Carmelin* that rid in the Waggon, he would have thought it had been *Bacchus* himſelf, according to the firſt imagination he conceived of things, which was that of taking all fictions for truths. *Carmelin* indeed was well enough made for a *Bacchus*, ſave that he had a little too much beard, for his noſe was as red as a roſe, and his cheeks were no leſs. Nor did his Maſter think him ill accommodated, which made him ſay, This is indeed an excellent piece of Gallantry. See

how

how *Carmelin* is become a brave perſon, I am afraid he'll go beyond me. Conſider how knowing he is in matter of *Metamorpheſis* and the *Divinities* I am almoſt of belief he hath been changed into that God which makes the Vine flouriſh. If it have been for ſo excellent a deſigne as this, that he hath been abſent this laſt night, I confeſs he hath had reaſon to do ſo.

While *Lyſis* ſpoke thus, all the equipage of the God *Bacchus* went in at *Orontes*, the great Gate being opened to let in the Waggon. The noiſe which the Gatherers made with their ſinging, made *Angelica* look out at the window. As ſoon as ſhe perceiv'd this great pomp, ſhe gave notice to her mother and her aunt, who with *Orontes* came preſently down, and thereupon *Amaryllis* and her companions preſented them with Grapes, as preſents from the God. They gave them alſo ſweet Wine, for which they returned them infinite thanks, and ſpoke much in the praiſe of *Amaryllis*, who they were beholding to for this conceited invention. *Amaryllis* perceiving that *Leonora* and *Angelica* were pleaſant enough in their humours, quitted all her reſervedneſs and gravity before them, and anſwered among the Gatherers to *Carmelins* Songs.

Awhile after their arrival, four Gentlemen, husbands and fathers to the Gentlewomen that were with *Amaryllis*, being come another way on horſeback, came and had their part of the Vintage-recreation. About the ſame time *Hircan*, *Lyſis*, and the reſt who came ſoftly after, entred the place, ſo that *Orontes* had by that time a conſiderable Aſſembly at his houſe. Have we not ſome noble deſigne in hand? ſaies *Amaryllis*; I have this morning gathered all the Grapes in my Cloſe, there being not many Vines; and this afternoon I bring my Gatherers in triumph. You make it appear that you have read the *Dyoniſiacks*, ſayes *Orontes*, you are the moſt knowing Shepherdeſs that ever was. Yet there's ſomewhat wanting in this triumph of *Bacchus*, ſayes *Lyſis*, you have neither *Fawns* nor *Satyrs*, and they are ever of attendance to this God. Theſe women alſo whom you have brought with you, have been too modeſt to be the Prieſteſſes of *Bacchus*; they ſhould have had the Javeline, a Timbrell, or Cymbals in their hands, and they ſhould have danced moſt furiouſly and vehemently. Content your ſelf with what is done, without thinking of reforming us, replies *Amaryllis*, all thoſe I brought with me are of my neighbourhood, where never were celebrated the Feaſts of *Bacchus*; another time we'll do better.

After this diſcourſe, *Carmelin* was taken down from his Chariot, and all the company went into *Orontes*'s Hall, where was preſented the Collation. Upon that; *Anſelme* and *Montenor* come in, they were ſoon told they were come too late to ſee the greateſt piece of mirth in the world, and they deſcribed to them the preparation of the *Bacchanals*. *Montenor* was ſorry he had ſtaid ſo long, but *Anſelme* thought he was there ſoon enough, ſince he found *Angelica* there. When he was at any diſtance from her, he ſpoke to her by his amorous looks, and made it appear how impertinently the Poets make Loves without eyes, for how could one that were blind, teach us the uſe and advantage of Looks?

While this Lover was ſatisfied thus, *Hircan*, who knew that *Amaryllis* had not undertaken this gallantry but for his ſake, took it for ſuch an expreſſion of her affection, as pleaſed him extreamly, ſo that it inflamed him more and more towards her, and his diſcourſes to her were the moſt pleaſant he could think on. As for *Lyſis*, who was not then ſo much taken up with his Loves, but he could attend other things that preſented themſelves; he told *Carmelin*, that he wondred not much he had left him, and that he conceived it was the affection he bore *Liſetta*, had forced him to that eſcape. I am a conſcientious man, ſaies *Carmelin*, 'tis true, I love that wench, yet I had no deſigne to lodge at *Amyrillis*'s, had I not been kept there. It ſhall be ſeen what the Gods will decree upon thy inconſtancy, ſaies *Liſis*; hadſt thou ſtill loved the rock *Parthenice*, ſhe might haply have recovered her former ſhape, and conſcious of the obligation, would have beſtowed her ſelf on thee. But let's talk of ſomewhat elſe, this pleaſes thee not. Give notice to all that are here, that they hear me. Gentlemen and Shep-

herds, cries out *Carmelin*, and you Gentlewomen and Shepherdeſſes, be pleaſed to hearken to my Maſter.

Gracious preſence, ſaies *Lyſis!* the Triumph of *Bacchus* puts me in mind, that it were fit there ſhould be order taken I might ride in Triumph too. I have overcome *Gyants* and *Monſters*, I have accompliſhed an incomparable adventure; 'tis for this that I deſire to triumph, riding in a Warlike Chariot, in my Heroical accoutrements, with my Crown of Lawrel on my head, as I now have it. This Chariot ſhall be drawn by four white horſes; there ſhall Souldiers march orderly before me, carrying Pictures, wherein ſhall be repreſented divers things: In one ſhall be ſeen the flying Horſes, in another the enchanted Caſtle, and ſo of other things that make up the Hiſtory; but ſince I cannot have thoſe I have overcome neither dead nor alive, there ſhall be ſome ſturdy ruſticks to repreſent them, and ſhall be faſtned with iron Chains behind the Chariot, as if they were my ſlaves. There ſhall be the Conqueror *Anarimander*, the two Gyants, the hulchback'd Souldiers, and after that ſhall come the Effigies of the Dragon. Can it be thought that the *Romans* who were ſo great Captains, did not ſometimes make uſe of ſuch ſhifts, and gave not money to poor people to be their ſlaves for one day, to make their triumph the more magnificent? Let this be put off for a while, ſaies *Philiris*, till the *Pariſian* Shepherds are come. 'Tis well advis'd, replies *Lyſis*, for there will be more to ſee me, and my glory will be the greater: I will have as much patience as can be expected.

Thoſe who had never ſeen *Lyſis* before, and had only heard of him, found him a more egregious fool then they imagined, and above all things wondred at his extravagance in his cloaths. It hapned juſt then that he himſelf took notice of them, ſo that he ſpoke further thus; Now, ſaies he, that I am clad after the *Grecian* mode, I think on all the *Grecian* ſports. Their Olympick games were an excellent diverſion. I ſhould wiſh there were as well in this Country all ſorts of Games, we ſhould renew the ancient Running, Wraſtling, Leaping, and other Recreations when I am fully eſtabliſhed, I ſhall beſtow ſome thoughts that way. Beſides, ſince it is my reſolution to govern altogether according to the ancient Cuſtoms; it ſhall not ſuffice to Crown the Conquerors, but there ſhall alſo be Odes ſung in their praiſe, and Hymns to the honour of the Gods. Now to doe this there muſt be excellent Poets, which we cannot have if we have not *Muſes* to *inſpire* them; for the Poets diſcover by their Invocations of thoſe fair Goddeſſes at the beginning of their Works, that their ſpirits languiſh without their aſſiſtance. We ſhall therefore endeavour to have that Novenary Company, which is no hard matter, ſince all good Poets bring them over to their own Countries. I think I have heard ſay, that *Ronſard* went to Mount *Parnaſſus*, and brought them away and planted them in the Province of *Vandoſme*, but that they returned to their former habitation aſſoon as he died. Are not we able to make them return hither again? We need only ſend *Philiris*, who, to divert him in his journy, may have *Carmelin* with him: They are very fit for the deſigne, for *Philiris* is already as good in Verſe as Proſe; and as for *Carmelin*, he is alſo a lettered man: ſometimes he ſpeaks nothing but Sentences. You muſt take your journey one of theſe daies, my friends: the enterpriſe will be to you reputation. Then ſhall you be able to do miracles in *Poetry*, and the ſeven Liberal Sciences; for the Goddeſſes you ſhall bring with you, will teach you all things. You ſhall take ſhipping at *Marſeilles*. I do not believe the *Muſes* will come hither by Sea, ſaies *Philiris*, they would be afraid leſt all their Learning might be ſhipwrack'd. *Hircan* ſhall then lend you his Coach and flying horſes, replies *Lyſis*. We ſhall be overcrowded if we take in all the *Nine* fair Ladies, anſwers *Philiris*, I will rather between this and that time bethink me of ſome better invention. 'Twill be a brave thing to ſee the Muſes in this Country, ſaies *Meliantes*: but if they would oblige us, they ſhould endeavour to give us a ſpring of *Hippocras*, inſtead of that of *Hippocrene*. I believe they will have a many more viſitants, and that their Fountain will be preferred before any waters in *France*. Since their Maſter

Apollo

Apollo is the God of Phyſick, he will alſo enable them to cure all diſeaſed bodies, as well as divert melancholick minds. Some then ſhall go to viſit them to learn their Art, others for remedy againſt their indiſpoſitions, and moſt out of curioſity; and this is it makes me believe it will be hard to make them keep in *France*, for they muſt ever be on ſome Mountain, where every one muſt have her Grot to ſtudy in, as your Hermits do in their Cells; whereas here they'll be perpetually diſturbed by importunate viſits; and though they were troubled with none but ſuch as deſire to be *Poets*, yet would they have enough to divert them from their meditations; Nay I believe if they will permit all to drink at their Fountain, it would be dry in one day. There is yet another inconvenience they are ſubject to, if there be not order taken, and it is this, *France* is well ſtored with a ſort of people who make it their buſineſs to cajoll and corrupt young Maids; it's to be feared they may do theſe ſome injury, and ſo that honourable Chaſtity which they profeſſed ſo much before, will be deſtroyed; and you know that aſſoon as a maid is loſt once as to honeſty, in *Paris*, ſhe is preſently betrayed to the devotion of a ſort of Pimps, and ſuch other props and pillars of Taverns and Bawdy-houſes; and it may be the misfortune of the Muſes to fall under the mercy of ſuch infamous perſons, ſo that to the ſcandal of all the world, they muſt proſtitute all their knowledge to them: and where there ſhould be men of good reputation, making Verſes in the ſhade of a Lawrel Tree, on the brink of ſome Fountain, or elſe in the ſilence of a private ſtudy; there will be only a ſort of vagabonds that compoſe with a glaſs in their hand, or a pipe of Tobacco in their mouthes, and will be delivered of more hiccocks then Verſes! They will alſo be as baſe and laſcivious as Satyrs, which is the reaſon that commonly their Works come out under that name. I am obliged to you for theſe conſiderations, ſaies *Lyſis*, you ſhew your tenderneſs of the honour of the *Muſes*; but is your judgement ſo weak as to believe I had not prevention enough to provide for all theſe diſorders? When they ſhall have choſen ſome little Mountain in this Countrey for their abode, I ſhall eaſily keep away the lewd Robin-good-fellows of *Paris* to come and ſee them: They ſhall be kept in with good Walls, and there ſhall be ſtrong Guards at the Gates.

As *Lyſis* ended this diſcourſe, it hapned *Charite* had ſomewhat to ſay to *Angelica*, ſo that ſhe came into the Hall to acquaint her with it; but ſhe went out again immediately ſeeing ſo many people, and eſpecially *Lyſis*, for ſhe was aſhamed to appear before him, and was afraid ſomwhat might be ſaid to her as ſhe paſſed by. The Heroick Shepherd ſhifted off his diſcourſe when he perceived her, ſo abruptly, that all wondred at it. O God! ſaies he in himſelf, I have ſeen her, and ſhe hath ſeen me, now I have my deſires, ſhe hath at length ſhown her ſelf, notwithſtanding her ſolitary humour.

But after this, perceiving that *Charite* was gone, he was ſad as might be, ſo that he entred not into any further talk with any body. *Hircan* in the mean time having ſpoken to *Amaryllis* more clearly of his affection then ever, ſhe told him that ſhe thought her ſelf much honoured, if he loved her only on honourable grounds; and thereupon an ancient Gentleman, a kinſman of *Amaryllis*'s, coming near them, ſaid that the Aſſembly was ſo great and noble, that he imagined himſelf at the contract of a Marriage. It ſhall not be my fault if it be not ſo, ſaies *Hircan*; I wiſh the things I have ſpoken to your fair Niece here, were already effected; and if you pleaſe, you ſhall know what they are. He thereupon told him his ſuit to *Aamaryllis*, and the advantages of her marriage with him; ſo that the old Blade liked all very well; and having underſtood that his Neece, who was the moſt concern'd in it, conſented, he went and propoſed the buſineſs to *Orontes*, and the other Gentlemen. The matter was ſo advanced, that they ſent for a Notary to paſs the Contract, and a Prieſt to make them ſure. 'Twas ſaid that a divine permiſſion had brought this Aſſembly together, ſince that if they had been to be betroathed upon previous aſſignation, they could have invited none other but what were preſent, for the chiefeſt friends of *Hircan* and *Amaryllis* were there.

there. *Lyſis* was almoſt out of himſelf to ſee the buſineſs ſo ſoon effected, and becauſe he was for its going forward, he ſigned the minutes of the Contract as well as the reſt. While all this was in agitation, *Anſelme* had the oportunity to ſpeak to *Angelica*, and their paſſions were ſo violent, that though they had ſufficiently declared one to another their minds, yet they reſolved on a viſit at night, as they had deſigned the day before. *Angelica* told him that the interview might be about ten of the clock in a Bower of the Garden where ſhe would be ſure to be, and that ſhe would order the back-gate to be left open for *Anſelme* to come in at.

The complot being made, they ſeparated, to avoid ſuſpicion, when in the mean time *Lyſis*, whoſe mind was burthened with excellent deſignes, went out of the Hall and ſet upon *Jacquelina* the Kitchenmaid. Fair Companion of my Miſtreſs, ſaies he to her, ſhall I never obtain of you that favour which you may grant me without any hurt to your ſelf? Tell me what hour I may entertain *Charite* freely. 'Tis ſo long ſince I have ſpoken with her. that it even grieves me to death. Come at night between nine and ten into the Garden, replies the maid, there you will find her; ſhe commonly reſts her ſelf on a green Plat in one of the Alleys, ſo much is ſhe taken with the coole of the evening; when ſhe is to go to bed, we muſt ever go and fetch her thence. *Lyſis* thank'd the maid for this notice, and promiſed her not to fail at the time aſſigned.

The Sun being already ſomewhat low, *Anſelme* and *Montenor* retired, ſo did the Gentlemen of *Amaryllis*'s quarter; and as for her part, ſhe took Coach with the Gentlewomen her Gatherers. *Hircan* being unwilling to leave his Miſtreſs, went along with them in the Coach. As for the Countrey-people whom *Bacchus* had brought with him, they had before taken their leave. *Fontenay* and the other Shepherds ſeeing their Hoſt had left them, returned nevertheleſs to his Caſtle, and carried *Lyſis* and *Carmelin* along with them. Now that there is a freſh gale of wind ſtirring, would you not gladly be a little warmer about the head, ſaies *Philiris*? this ſingle Lawrel cannot keep off the inconvenience of the weather. I feel nothing I ſwear to thee, replies *Lyſis*; and I would not by any means have been Crowned otherwiſe in ſo honourable an Aſſembly as we have been in; beſides, that *Charite* hath ſeen me in this poſture, which comforts me above all: Nor will I be otherwiſe cloathed then I am now, at *Hircans* Wedding. 'Tis true, that when it is once night, I ſhould not think my hat any inconvenience.

With ſuch diſcourſe the Paſtoral Company came to their ordinary abode; and while Supper was making ready, *Lyſis* addreſſed himſelf thus to *Carmelin*, Thou haſt known the beſt part of my nobleſt adventures, courteous *Carmelin*, and I believe there is not any one which thou doſt not admire, and celebrate to the heavens, as the eloquent *Philiris* does, who hath promiſed me to diſpoſe them into a *Romance*, that ſhall go beyond all have been yet ſeen in the world. But I am not to diſſemble or diſguiſe my ſelf to thee; I am not yet ſatisfied, though it may be ſaid I do but dream when I think to effect any great matters to make my Hiſtory the more remarkable. I never ſpoke to my Miſtreſs in any ſecret place, and I never had any deſigne to ſteal her away; yet it may be found in Books, that a many Lovers that were not comparable to me, have done all this. 'Tis true, they are not the more to be eſteemed for any of all theſe things; for theſe were all the adventures they were ever guilty of; whereas I have run through ten thouſand: yet muſt I not omit this. I am reſolved this night to ſpeak to *Charite*, and endeavour to deliver her out of *Orontes*'s: for indeed ſhe is not in a condition worthy her perfections. She hath ſometimes told me that ſhe was abuſed, and that ſhe was kept in great ſubjection. If thou wilt but aſſiſt me in this occaſion, I will do as much for thee in another. I cannot deny you, ſaies *Carmelin*; but if I love the great Stone you would have me, would you undertake to bring away ſuch a heavy piece? We ſhall try, replies *Lyſis*, Love will furniſh us with force and artifice. Let's for the preſent think on what I propoſe: Know then that I have had notice from *Jacquelina*, to come into *Orontes*'s Garden, there to ſee my Miſtreſs.

My Miſtreſs. But I pray tell me, ſaies *Carmelin*, what ſhall we do with her when we have her? We will carry her into ſome ſtrange Country till our friends ſhall agree to the match, repy'd *Lyſis*; But in the mean time, ſaies *Carmelin*, will you take nothing of her by way of advance? What a propoſition doſt thou make? ſaies *Lyſis*, that's a thing *Pamphilus* would never do to *Niſa*, *Perſiles* to *Sigiſmonda*, *Liſander* to *Caliſta*, *Polexander* to *Ericlea*; and to go a little higher in the Chronology, what *Clitophon* never did to *Leucippa*, nor *Theagenes* to *Charielea*: All theſe Lovers had about them a modeſty which kept them from asking any other favours of their Miſtreſſes then kiſſes; They lived together like brother and ſiſter; I do not mean as *Jupiter* with his ſiſter *Juno*: beſides, thou art to know *Carmelin*, that *Charite*'s thighs are two Pillars of white Marble, which I compare to thoſe which the great *Alcides* erected at the end of his Travels. There will be found written that there is no going beyond, and that to do it is a thing forbiden our hands, nay our very deſires; it is not yet time that the ſpring of that Beauty ſhould be rob'd of its roſe. You are ſo honeſt a man, ſaies *Carmelin*, that you ſhall not need ſwear that you deſire the preſervation of *Charite*'s chaſtity; but that which troubles me is, to know how we ſhall be tranſported into thoſe far Countries where you deſire to go: It will coſt us much to carry all neceſſaries with us; I know not at preſent whether your purſe be ſo heavy or no. Muſt we not go to *Bertrands* for our Sheep, and take them along with us? That were too great a trouble to us, replies *Lyſis*, that imagination of thine is very ruſtick: Can people that run away carry a Flock with them? yet I am obliged to thee for what thou haſt ſaid, for thou haſt often put me in mind of my poor ſheep, whereof I have had no great care ſince we came hither, becauſe our Comedies and other recreations have made me paſs away the time the more pleaſantly. I know I am to blame that I have not brought them hither to feed with *Hircans*; But to ſatisfie thee in the reſt, know that we need not be ſo rich to undertake this deſigne I now have. We will take *Charite* with us into *Hircans* Coach, and ſo we ſhal be tranſported immediately into far Countries. We ſhal want nothing by the way, we ſhall meet with *Magicians* that will entertain us, and if there be but Hangings in their Chambers, we ſhall never die for want of meat. But if they be hang'd with *Mats*, ſhall we like Aſſes feed in the ſtraw? Thou are too diſtruſtfull, replies *Lyſis*, know that if we pleaſe we ſhall need take no Inn by the way, for we ſhall be in *Italy* or *Spain* in an inſtant, and there we'll put on Pilgrims weeds, and ſo ſhall be magnificently entertained in the Palaces of ſome great Lords; for it's ſeen that in all Romances, Lovers have ſomewhat charming about them, which makes them be eſteemed and ſought after by all they meet with, ſo that they never go into any place but they fare well, they having no occaſion ſo much as to open their Purſes. Let what will come on't then, ſaies *Carmelin*, I'll ſee the effects of your enterpriſe.

As theſe Shepherds were engaged in this diſcourſe, *Fontenay*, who commanded all in his Couzens abſence, cauſed Supper to be brought up, and all ſate down. Supper ended, *Lyſis* of his own accord put off his Crown and took his hat, thinking it more convenient to wear in the night. He went out ſecretly with *Carmelin*, and ſuffered the reſt to go to bed, who thought he had been abed too.

After a many diſcourſes in the fields, *Carmelin* told his Maſter, it might very well be about the time appointed; *Lyſis* thought ſo too, ſo that he took his way towards *Orontes*'s with his faithfull Companion in Love and Arms, who was ſo deſirous to ſee what he would do, that it was curioſity rather then duty obliged him to follow him.

They found the Garden dore open, *Angelica* having given order it ſhould be left ſo, to keep promiſe with *Anſelme*. This ſeemed ſuch a fortune to *Lyſis*, who was glad to avoid the ſcaling of the Walls, that it put him into great hopes his deſigne might have a happy iſſue. As he went about the Garden to find that graſſy place where *Charite* reſted her ſelf, *Anſelme* who was careſull of his hour,

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comes in at the ſame dore, and went directly to the Bower where *Angelica* was to expect him; ſhe was already there, and waited for him with ſome impatience. *Anſelme* courted her with all the Love-Complements that a favour ſuch as ſhe had done him could deſerve, and as ſhe promiſed him far greater, if he continued a faithfull Love to her, ſo he made a thouſand proteſtations of an eternal conſtancy. He was preſently paid again by her in the ſame coine; and this gave him the confidence to kiſs his Miſtreſs, as if he wiſhed that their lips preſſing one anothers, ſhould ſeal with a Love-ſignet, the promiſe they had made.

Carmelin in the mean time, who had a better ſight then his Maſter, told *Lyſis* he had found a Walk wherein there was a bank of Trifoly, and that he perceived ſomebo dy lying down thereon: *Lyſis* looking towards it, thought it had been *Charite*, but it was only a Faggot dreſſed and ſwath'd about, which *Jacquelina* had put there to deceive *Lyſis*; he makes towards it very ſoftly; and as he thought he had *Charite* by the Coat, the apparition retreats a little: How's this? ſaies *Carmelin*, your Miſtreſs ſlides along the graſſe like a Snake; Speak lower, ſaies *Lyſis*, or hold thy peace leſt thou frighten her.

Having ſo ſaid, he came nearer and nearer, and took hold of a ſleeve ſtuffed with rags, which was faſtned to the Faggot, thinking he then had his Miſtreſs faſt enough; What do you here ſo ſolitary? my Faireſt, ſaies he, do you not fear the Mildew? that you prefer this place before *Orontes*'s houſe, is it not becauſe you are more diſſatisfied then ever? Tell me without diſſimulation, for I am come hither to deliver you out of your miſery; you ſhall henceforth be with him, who is more carefull of you then himſelf.

As he had ended theſe words, his fair *Charite* made a great ſtruggle to get out of his hands, for the Kitchen-maid, and ſome other ſervants of *Orontes*'s being at the end of the Walk, held a Cord that was faſtned to the Faggot, which when they pulled, drew it away; Come and help me *Carmelin*, ſaid *Lyſis*, there is ſome rival takes away *Charite* by the other arm: I muſt needs think ſo though I can ſee none, the night hinders me to perceive it; but yet do not come, leſt we ſhould by that means pull this tender bodie in pieces. Thus was the fair *Ariſtoclea* diſmembred by her Lovers, who would all have her. Here he paws'd a little, whereupon the ſervants having given another good pull, brought away clearly the dreſſed Faggot. *Liſis* had nothing left him but an old glove ſtuffed with paper that had been ſewed to the ſleeve for to make a hand. Wo is me! ſaies the poor Lover, what have I done? wretch that I am, is not this *Charite*'s hand? my violent pulling of her hath now left her but one hand.

This he ſpoke ſomewhat lowd, and the ſervants made no ſmall noiſe with laughing, ſo that *Leonora* who was not yet aſleep, called her daughter to know what was the matter below; ſhe perceiving that ſhe anſwered not, though ſhe were alwaies eaſily awoken, concluded ſhe was not abed; her Chamber being near hers, ſhe put on her coat, and out of curioſity went in, and not finding her, would needs know what ſhe did: ſhe comes down into the Garden, at the entrance whereof ſhe found the maid and ſome of *Orontes* his men: What do you here, what noiſe you make? ſaies ſhe to them. 'Tis only to put to a trick on *Lyſis*, replies the maid, who took a buſh for his Miſtreſs. You want ſomewhat to do indeed; Tell me where my daughter is: are my brother and ſiſter abed? is ſhe not with them? They are abed Madam, replies the man, and ſure my young Miſtreſs is abed too: But ſhe is not, ſaies *Leonora*, almoſt out of her ſelf, I muſt find her out. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe went directly to the Bower where her daughter was with *Anſelme*; and the two Lovers knowing who it was, were infinitely ſurprized; and ſhe aſſoon knew both *Angelica* and *Anſelme* too: Finding him there at an unſeaſonable hour, ſhe could not but ſpeak theſe words to him, Is it thus then Sir, that you abuſe my goodneſs? Are you not content with the honourable Liberty which I have ever granted? Does it not ſuffice you to ſpeak to my daughter every day in my preſence, but you muſt bring her to this place? As for her part, I ſhall puniſh her impudence; ſhe muſt have a great

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deal of confidence to leave me to come hither at ſuch time as I think her abed Where was it ever ſeen that Gentlewomeu of quality have ever taken ſo much liberty?

Leonora was thus chiding both the one and the other, and *Angelica* anſwered her already by her tears; when *Lyſis*, who went all about looking for *Charite* in an extream affliction, as thinking he had pulled off one of her hands, came into that place, where on the one ſide there was ſo much cholor, and on the other ſo much amazement: The firſt he perceived was *Leonora*, whom his extravagance made him take for his Miſtreſs, ſo that he ran to her with his arms open, and having embraced her ſaid to her in a ſad accent, Pardon me the outrage I have done you my faireſt, there may be means to make all good again; my friend *Hircan* can do any thing. Who hath brought this fool hither again? ſaies *Leonora*, thruſting him from her; is it you *Anſelme*? I believe you have brought him purpoſely from *Paris*, to amuſe me with his extravagances, ſo that I might not heed your ill deſignes; you are to blame for it, and you have done what misbecomes the reputation which you have in the world. *Anſelme* deſirous to appeaſe this angry Mother, ſpoke to her in theſe words, I am yet ignorant, Madam, ſaies he, of that wherein yon ſhould think I have committed ſo great a fault, for I will ſwear to you that I have done nothing with *Angelica* which I ſhould not before you: all that you can ſay is, that I have ſpoken with her at a time when you thought me far hence; but can you find no excuſe for that, and will you not receive that true one which I ſhall give you? I am ſo much a lover of ſolitary walking, that in ſome melancholick thoughts I came thus far, and finding the dore open, came into the Garden; your daughter being walking for coolneſs, I could do no leſs then ſalute her; and our firſt complements ended when you ſurprized us. This is a fine tale to feed fools with, ſaies *Leonora*, I am not ſo light of belief.

Lyſis hearing this diſcourſe not without amazement, perceiv'd *Charite* was not there, and not deſiring to be informed of the occaſion of this debate, he ſpoke thus, Tell me quickly where my Miſtreſs is, and ſuffer me not to languiſh ſo long. Alas I have pulled off one of her hands which I have here; it muſt be ſew'd to the arm again, and the wound anointed with ſome Balſome, that while it is yet green the fleſh may knit again. Make this fool hold his peace, if you will, *Anſelme*, ſaies *Leonora*, I can no longer endure his impertinency; he hath no other deſigne in it then to abuſe me. I was as ignorant, Madam, as your ſelf of *Lyſis*'s being here, replyes *Anſelme*, he comes from *Hircans* Caſtle, and not from *Montenors*.

While *Anſelme* diſcourſed thus, *Carmelin* came and told his Maſter that he had no occaſion to be troubled, and that he thought he had heard *Charite* laugh, ſo that it was to be conceived ſhe had had no hurt: But have I not her hand here, replies *Lyſis*; I pray let me ſee it, ſaies *Carmelin*. *Lyſis* gave it him to hold; and *Carmelin* finding preſently it was but a glove, acquainted his Maſter with it, who coming ſomewhat to himſelf, began to ſee the truth: he took back the glove with admiration, and taking his ſervant aſide, ſee, ſaies he, there's *Anſelme* in the Bower, he is with *Angelica*, and queſtionleſs he had a deſigne to carry her away. Thou maiſt infer from this, I am not the only Lover that hath ſuch intentions; but take notice that *Leonora* is there too: I took her erewhiles in the dark for *Charite*; ſhe is extreamly angry with *Anſelme*: all this have I obſerved, though my mind was in an extraordinary agitation; wherefore we were beſt begone, leſt we be taken as acceſaries, and be endicted as raviſhers of young maids; 'tis true, if things be taken as they ſhould be, I am not ſo much in fault as my Miſtreſs; for whereas I had only the deſigne to raviſh her, but have effected nothing, ſhe hath effectually raviſhed me; and if I would have raviſhed her fair body, ſhe hath raviſhed my poor ſoul: But theſe ſubtile reaſons haply are not ſo eaſily underſtood, therefore it's beſt provide for our own ſafety; I have already ſuffered for it. Then, Maſter, let's begone, replies *Carmelin*, you

ſhall not need ſpeak to me twice : I have ever feared dangers.

Hereupon they took the ſame way they came, without the notice of any body; and when they had recovered *Hircans* Caſtle, they both went to bed well ſatisfied; for though *Lyſis* had not brought away *Charite* as he intended, yet was he glad he had not pulled off her hand, as he imagined, which made him reſolve ever to preſerve the glove he had gotten inſtead of it. As for *Carmelin*, his comfort was, that he was not beaten, becauſe he imagined that enterpriſes, ſuch as he had engaged in, were ſeldome attempted, but at the hazard of the ſhoulders.

While they were going their waies, *Orontes* having heard a noiſe in his Garden, asked one of his Lacquays what the matter was; he was loath to tell him that it was only a trick put upon *Lyſis*, but choſe rather to tell him that *Leonora* was angry with her daughter: The ſtrangeneſs of that accident made him preſently get up, and putting on a night-Gown, he came down into the Garden; he firſt of all asked his ſiſter in law what was the occaſion of her crying out, ſhe in few words told him the cauſe of her diſquiet: I believe your complaints may be juſt, ſaid he to her, but there are means to remedy all: and thereupon taking *Anſelme* by the hand, he took him aſide to tell him, that if he loved *Angelica*, he ſhould openly acknowledge his pretentions to her, and not make uſe of theſe amorous ſhifts, as being not a little prejudicial to the reputation of young Ladies. *Anſelme* reply'd, that if he thought *Leonora* did not ſlight him, he ſhould think himſelf much honoured to ſerve her daughter before all the world, and that he could never diſpoſe of himſelf into a better allyance.

Orontes being ſatisfied with this diſcourſe, went to appeaſe *Leonora*, aſſuring her that *Anſelmes* intentions were honourable; and that he had no other deſigne then to marry her daughter. This ſhe gave ear to, knowing that *Anſelme* was rich, and that ſhe could not meet with a better match: She asked his pardon for having been ſo rough with him, and told him that on the morrow they would talk further of the buſineſs. Now ſince it was too late for *Anſelme* to go back to *Montenors*, *Orontes* kept him at his houſe, and ſent for one of his Lacquays, who ſtaid for him in the fields with his horſe.

Montenor was ſomewhat troubled for his friend who returned not; but betimes in the morning, his Lacquay brought him an account of him, and deſired him from his Maſter, to come to *Orontes's* aſſoon as he could; he failed not to come, and *Anſelme* propoſed the preſent tranſaction. The paſſion of this Lover was more violent then to ſuffer any delay; ſo that *Orontes* and *Leonora* having drawn up the Conditions of the Contract, he granted all they deſired, one only thing provided, that there ſhould be no further ſtay in the buſineſs; *Leonora* made ſome exception, and would not be ſo haſty, ſaying that ſhe muſt firſt return to *Paris*: But *Florida* adviſed her not to put her ſelf to that trouble, ſo that *Anſelme* and *Angelica* were made ſure that morning.

In the mean time *Lyſis* being got up, the firſt thing he did was to contemplate *Charite's* glove: he took out al the rags of paper that were within, and when he had unfolded them, thinking they had been Love-Letters that ſome Rival had ſent to his Miſtreſs, he found occaſion to quit the jealouſie, for he found nothing but pieces of accounts for the Kitchin; thoſe he valued not, ſuppoſing they were thruſt in there by chance: but as for the glove, he folded it up in white paper, to ſhew it ſome day to *Philiris*, as an evidence of the deſigne he had to carry away *Charite*, which would have been as great an ornament to the ſtory, as if he had effected it.

He and *Carmelin* being alone talking of divers things, *Fontenay* and the other Shepherds came into the Chamber. He wondred to ſee them clad like Gentlemen, and that of the braveſt: What, ſaies he to them, will you forſake me, my dear friends? will you continue no longer in the happy condition you had engaged your ſelves in with me; Alas! who is the author of this diſorder? but if any leave me, let *Philiris* ſtay, the incomparable ingenuity that promiſed me to do ſuch great matters: Do not imagin we ſhall be guilty of ſuch a ſignal unfaithfullneſs

fullneſs as to forſake you, replies *Philiris*, that we are not now clad as Shepherds, but as the Country requires, 'tis becauſe *Hircan* is married to day, and that we muſt be gallant to ſet forth the ſolemnity of the Wedding: Nay then you give a good account, ſaies *Lyſis*, and for my part here's my Heroical habit which I have put on with my buskins as doubting much ſuch a buſineſs; I will alſo put on my belt and Sword, and will wear my Crown of Lawrel on my head, to do all the honour I can to the incomparable *Hircan*.

Lyſis having ſpoken thus, took all his equipage; and being he was invited to the Wedding with the reſt, as alſo *Carmelin*, they took *Hircans* Coach for to go to *Amaryllis's*, where the ſolemnity was kept; There they found *Clarimond* and his mother, who were in like manner invited: They had been married betimes in the morning, and few people were preſent; but at Dinner there was a fair Company: They now ſtaid only for *Orontes* and thoſe of his houſe, with *Anſelme* and *Montenor*, but they came in good time, and excuſed themſelves for having ſtaid ſo long, becauſe they had been buſie at a betroathing: You jeſt, do you not? ſaies *Clarimond*, or is it only *Orontes* his man that marries a Countrey Laſs he's fallen in love with? 'Tis notably gueſt, replies *Orontes*; no, 'tis between perſons of greater quality; ask *Anſelme* and *Angelica* what they know of it.

Montenor hereupon related the whole truth of the buſineſs, whereat they were all very joyfull; and yet *Lyſis* could not but break out thus; Since all the world is reſolved to be married here, without ſtaying till I marry, to make a fair concluſion of all amorous adventures; why are you not all marryed together? Why was not *Anſelme* made ſure yeſterday, that he might have been married to day as well as *Hircan*? that had been according to the mode of the moſt famous Romances, where all the Marriages happen on the ſame day, and in the ſame place. Would you not alſo have them lie all in the ſame bed? ſaies *Clarimond*, interrupting him, you give us indeed fine examples by quoting your Fables to us. Do you not yet perceive that they are abſurdities imagined at the Authors pleaſure? can there be ſuch a concernment and relation between the affairs of ſeaven or eight ſeveral Families, that they ſhall in one day agree all on Marriages? Is there not ever ſome delay of one ſide or other? And as for the Weddings of divers perſons all in the ſame place, where hath there ever any ſuch thing been ſeen? In ſuch a confuſion, how can each Bridegroom obſerve his duty to his friends, and place them all according to their qualities?

Lyſis would have made ſome lewd reply to this, but his deſigne was prevented by aſſigning him his place at Table, where he was ſo placed, that he had a hard task to anſwer all that ſhould queſtion him on divers points of his Loves. When his mind was any thing at liberty, he fell into a very deep conſideration: It came into his mind, that when he was diſguiſed like a maid, he was called *Amaryllis*; and ſeeing now another *Amaryllis* marryed to *Hircan*, who was the perſon ſhe moſt loved; he knew not whether he might thence preſage any thing to his advantage, and that it ſhould ſignifie that he ſhould one day by the Knot of *Hymen*, be joyned to her whom he adored above all things. Beſides, this *Amaryllis* was ſomewhat like the Nymph *Lucida*, of whom he thought he had been loved, for whom alſo he had ſome ſpark of affection; but ſeeing this *Lucida* had repreſented *Charite* to him, and that this *Amaryllis* had repreſented to him that *Lucida*, and that he now ſaw this *Amaryllis* between *Hircans* arms, he ever and anon ſuffered a viciſcitude of imagination, and ſtood between hope and fear. Thus out of too great ſuperſtition, he reflected on particulars of no conſequence, thinking thence to preſage what was to come.

In the midſt of their dancing after dinner, comes into the Hall the Worſhipfull *Adrian*, with his wife *Pernella*; all that knew them were very glad to ſee them, except *Lyſis*, who forgetting all other conſiderations, went to hide himſelf in the Chimney-corner: You are welcome, ſaies *Hircan*, I wiſh you had been here ſooner to have dined with us; Truly Sir, replies *Adrian*, I thank you for

your good will, I come hither only to fetch away my Couſin; I have bin at a Caſtle, which I think belongs to you, where I asked for him, but I was told he was here, ſo that I have cauſed the Waggon to come thus far out of the way: I had told you I ſhould ſtay in this Countrey ſomewhat longer then my Pilgrimage required, for I have been with a Gentleman that ought me ſome money, he hath paid me, I thank God, and beſides he hath entertained me well till now, which, without offence to you, is a quality ſeldom found in ſuch people; but it may be he did it to draw me in to truſt him further another time: That may very well be, ſaies *Hircan*, but I pray reſt your ſelves a little, while ſomewhat be made ready for your dinner.

Adrian hereupon ſaid he had din'd, and that he deſired only to ſpeak with his Couſin, which obliged *Meliantes* to bring him into the midſt of the Hall; *Adrian* ſeeing him accoutred as he was, was extreamly angry; What, ſaies he to him, wilt thou never give over thy follies? thou every day takeſt up new faſhions: At St. *Clou* thou wert clad like a Shepherd; the other day thou wert like a Witch, and now thou art like a Player: Well Gentlemen, continues he, turning towards thoſe that were preſent, you are to blame to make your ſport of this poor lad: 'Tis true, your Couſin finds us much ſport, ſaies *Anſelme*, but it ſhews his ingenuity greater then ours to invent new paſtimes: That he is clad as you ſee him, is only out of gallantry. How now Couſin, (ſaies *Lyſis*, not heeding what had been ſaid in his excuſe) are you amazed to ſee me clad thus? know that I am not ſimply a *Shepherd*, but that I am an *Heroical Shepherd*; you ſhall find me one day painted in Books as you ſee me now. *Adrian* thought not theſe reaſons good payment, and ſwore he would carry away his Ward with him to *Paris*: You ſhall ſtay here two or three dayes, ſaies *Anſelme* to him, this is but a Wedding: you ſhal ſee it is ſo, and withall conſider whether our actions are ſo much to be found fault with, as that there ſhould be any danger to leave your Ward among us.

This diſcourſe ſomewhat appeaſed *Adrian*; and though he had a pair of riding Boots on, yet a Gentlewoman went and invited him to dance a Galliard; he durſt not refuſe her, and took it as an occaſion to ſhew what he could have done in his youth. After that they danced a Roundelay, wherein both he and his wife were ingaged, as alſo *Lyſis* and *Carmelin*, ſo that it was no ſmall pleaſure to ſee their ſeveral poſtures. The Company decreaſed by little and little, becauſe ſome that were invited to dinner, were not to ſtay ſupper: There were in a manner none but what belong'd to *Hircan*, that ſtaid. *Adrian* and *Pornella* having ſtaid the Wedding Supper, though they were ſtrangers, yet were they lodged in another houſe, for they had need of reſt, being quite wearied, both with dancing and travel.

Awhile after the Married Couple went to bed, and *Philiris* with his Companions having ſung an *Epithalamium* at the done, as they were to come down; there were Nuts ſo ſcattered on the ſtairs, that they came to the bottom ſooner then they deſired: Beſides which there were a many thrown at them, which made a ſtrange noiſe; however they had no hurt, and took all in jeſt; but it made better ſport when they underſtood all proceeded from the Illuſtrious Shepherd, who had not been with them to ſing, but had been on the top of the ſtairs to ſhew them this trick. You have done nobly, ſaies *Meliantes* to him, I believe you have ranſacked all the Town, to what purpoſe is it to caſt away ſo many Nuts? Ah! ſayies *Lyſis*, with a diſdainfull ſmile, how little are you acquainted in the *Grecian* and Heroick affairs! 'Tis to be learned out of all good Authors, that the Wedding night, Nuts were caſt all about the houſe, that the noiſe was made in gathering them again, ſhould ſtifle the crying out of the Bride: 'twas my deſigne to imitate that good Cuſtome. Having by chance found a quantity of Nuts in the Cockloft of this houſe, I put them into bags, and caſt them at you as you paſſed by: And thus ought we to obſerve the excellencies we find in the Poets, and ancient Authors. You never mind theſe things, and that I now appear, is leſt you might omit any of the nuptial rites: Have you ſung *Hymen*,

Hymen,

Hymen, Hymenee? Have you invocated *Juno?* have you lighted the Sacred Torch? We have done all this, ſaies *Fontenay*, but for your part you have been much out: You have caſt away abundance of Nuts, for *Amaryllis* does not cry out, there's no Maidenhead to loſe; did you not know ſhe was a Widow, and that her firſt husband had the firſt fruits? You ſhould have kept your Nuts till to morrow that *Angelica* is to be married: There you might have beſtowed them according to the ancient Cuſtome. Whatever's done, ſaies *Polidor*, we muſt admire *Lyſis*'s ingenuity, to be ſo ready to put in practice a thing ſo ancient as that no body thought on't, it being a thing of no neceſſity in the times we live in, when both widows and maids are ſo tractable, that they never cry out the firſt night. For my part, ſaies *Meliantes*, I am not ſorry for my fall, were it not but to learn this Cuſtom of *Lyſis*.

Philiris hereupon, who was more pleaſed with this humour then any, went and knocked at the Chamber-dore where the married couple were abed, not deſiring it might be opened, and bid *Amaryllis* cry out as lowd as ſhe would, telling her no body would hear her, becauſe *Lyſis* had taken order to the contrary, having ſown Nuts all about the houſe, according to the ancient Cuſtom which he finds in his Books. *Hircan* who had heard the noiſe, whereof he would gladly have known the reaſon, was very well pleaſed at this news, which made him laugh heartily; and as for *Amaryllis*, ſhe was no leſs ſatisfied, as having now ſhared with him the greateſt pleaſures of this life. But in the mean time the Dairy-woman hearing the noiſe of the Nuts cracking under their feet, began to remonſtrate the loſs ſhe ſuffered, becauſe all belonged to her. *Lyſis* who was free enough, would have given her money to hold her peace, and let him alone; but his Heroick Coat had neither money nor pockets, ſo that *Fontenay* could not but tell him that the Heroes were poor people, ſince they never carried a half-penny about them, nor had any bag nor pocket to put in their neceſſaries, as may be a knife, ſome ſweet-meats, or notes, In the time when theſe habits were ordinarily worne, ſaies *Lyſis*, a man needed not carry any thing about him; all he met were ſo courteous as to furniſh him with all neceſſaries. As for Handkerchiefs, were there none worne? ſaies *Meliantes*, I believe not, for the Hiſtories nor Fables mention no ſuch thing: 'Twas handſom to ſee a Heros wipe his noſe with his fingers in a full Aſſembly, and caſt the filth of his brain on the Marble of ſome Temple, to make it more ſlippery. Yet it was ſo then, ſaies *Lyſis*, and it was not abſurd, becauſe it was the faſhion: We do now things that are more ridiculous, which yet no body wonders at, becauſe every ones does them, and that we have ſeen them done ever ſince we came into the world. As concerning the convenience of an handkerchief, I ſhall only tell you what *Montagne* ſaies of a Gentleman, who thonght nothing ſo abſurd, as that a man ſhould carry about him the filth of his noſe pocketed up in cloath, and thought it more convenient, it were preſently caſt to the ground.

While this diſcourſe laſted, the Dairy-woman cauſed her children to gather up the Nuts, and ſeeing there were but few ſpoiled, ſhe took comfort; there being ſtill ſome ſcattered about, it chanced *Lyſis* got a fall, as if his heels were as quick as his mind. His fall was ſo violent, that his guard-coat opened, and his ſhirt that was tyed up between his legs was unbound, which becauſe it diſcovered thoſe parts which civility would have ſecret, gave occaſion of generel laughter: They alſo abuſed him for the inconvenience of his Heroick habit. This gave him occaſion to tell them that it was no ſuch offence that a man by chance ſhould ſhew his privy parts, and that the moſt part of the Golden age knew not what cloathes meant. I believe, ſaies *Philiris*, you are of Doctor *Charron*'s opinion, who in his Book of *Wiſdom*, would perſwade us to go naked, proving as much as he can, that nakedneſs is no ſhame.

Philiris ſaid no more, and made the reſt give over laughing, leſt *Lyſis* might think he was openly abuſed. They thereupon took Coach, and though it was late, yet returned to *Hircans*.

The

The next day *Anſelme* married *Angelica* as he had reſolved; and as they had been at *Hircans* and *Amaryllis*'s Wedding, they alſo came to theirs: they brought along with them *Adrian* and his wife, who though they much obſerved civility, yet never fared better then when it coſt them nothing. Their Couſin *Lyſis* came with *Fontenay* and his gang, but he had not his *Heroes* habit on. He was ſo ſad at his Guardians coming, that he would not cloath himſelf magnificently; he choſe rather to put on his Shepherds cloaths. *Adrian* thought that Faſhion not ſo extraordinary, and therefore chid him not; *Clarimond* came alſo to this Feaſt, but quarrelled not at all with the Shepherd, becauſe he was engaged in ſome other diſcourſes.

There was no great dancing after dinner, ſo that *Hircan* and his wife returned to the Caſtle, and his friends brought *Adrian* and *Pernella*, and their Couſin *Lyſis* thither afterward. The poor ſhepherd was the ſaddeſt man in the world, to ſee that his Couſin was come back to fetch him away in a time when he hoped to be moſt merry with the new married: Had it not been for him, he would have found out a thouſand waies to paſs away the time jocondly; and would not have parted from *Orontes*'s without ſpeaking to *Charite*, or ſo much as ſeeing her. His Companions diſcourſed the beſt they could to cheer him up at ſupper, but he took no pleaſure in any thing they ſaid.

Awhile after all went to bed; *Hircan* was now a lover of the night rather then the day. When he was up the next day, he deſired his friends to put on their Shepherds Weeds again, and to play the fools more then ever, to make ſport with *Adrian*.

When the honeſt Citizen was up, he was for his return to *Paris* immediately, reſolving not to go to *Orontes*'s to take his leave of *Anſelme*, becauſe he would not diſturb the enjoyments of Marriage: He went only to ſee *Hircan*, and gave him thanks for the honour he had done him and his Couſin, telling him he would be no further troubleſome to him, but return to *Paris*, whither if ever he came, he would entertain him the beſt he could. As he was in his ſhallow Complement, *Fontenay*, *Philiris*, *Polidor* and *Meliantes* came into the room, and *Fontenay* ſpoke the firſt; What, ſaies he, Seigneur *Adrian*, you will rob us of the deareſt treaſure we can ever poſſeſs; will you take away *Lyſis* from us, who is the Prince of the Shepherds of *France*? you would carry him into a dirty City, which is not his element; 'tis here he takes pleaſure to be, you do him as much injury as us: If he go hence, all the Divinities of the Country will bewail his departure, and will endeavour to puniſh you for it: I underſtand nothing of your Shepherdry, ſaies *Adrian*, and my Couſin ſhould know no more then I: His father was no Shepherd, he was a good honeſt Silkman, as I am; let him follow the way we have gone before.

Lyſis hearing this conteſtation out of another Chamber, went down preſently, where he found *Carmelin*, and bidding him take his ſheephook, as he had his, told him he would go into the fields to hide himſelf from his Couſin, who would carry him away: *Carmelin* thought it the beſt courſe; he began to be in love with a Country where he had ſo long fared well; he did not imagine he could meet with a better fortune in *Paris*: He therefore cheerfully followed his Maſter; and *Lyſis* meeting in his way one of *Hircans* Lacquays, deſired him to bid *Philiris* return to his Flock, and come to him ſecretly in his ordinary Paſtures, if he had any thing to ſay to him. *Adrian* in the mean time being reſolved to carry him away, whatever they ſaid to the contrary, ſought him out every where, but not finding him, grew very angry, ſaying they were much to blame to keep from him a youth that was committed to his Tuition: You know not where you are, ſaies *Fontenay* to him, if you had ſpoke to your Ward of this Caſtle, he would have told you it belonged to a Magician that hath great power: If you do not hearken to our admonitions, do you know how he will puniſh you, and that juſtly? He will take ſuch order that you ſhall never hear any thing again: I care much indeed for all your follies, ſaies *Adrian*, I defie you all, whatever you are, to do me any hurt.

The

The Shepherds having reſolved with *Hircan* what they ſhould do, began to open their mouthes one before another, as if they had ſpoken; ſometimes they came near *Adrian*, and ſpeaking as low as they could, ſaid to him, Well do you hear us now caitife that ſlighteſt the power of the ſage *Hircan*? We are afraid to burſt a vain by forcing our ſelves to cry out.

Amaryllis having had notice of this pleaſant adventure, came into the plot, and moved her lips a long time before her husband: ſome Eccho's that came in did the like; *Adrian* ſeeing all this, and not hearing ought, was extreamly troubled. He went into the Kitchin to ſee if he could hear any thing there; but they had given the watch-word to all there to do the like. They came round him bawling in his ears, and ſometimes moving their lips very faſt, that put him into ſuch a vexation that he ſtamp'd again, and told them it was out of ſpight they ſpoke ſo low: For their part they ſeem'd to be as much as a dumb man, who by all his ſignes cannot make people underſtand him. *Adrian* cry'd out ſometimes as lowd as he could, What do you ſay? ſo to invite them to ſpeak as lowd as he: He would fain have met with his wife, to ſee if he could hear her; but ſhe was gone out with the Waggoner to ſeek *Lyſis*. At laſt he was almoſt perſwaded that he was deaf for all his life; but *Hircan* coming near him, ſpoke ſoftly in his ear, yet with the ſame action as if he ſpoke very lowd, My good friend, ſaies he to him, you ſee you are deaf, ask my pardon for having ſlighted me, if you will be recovered; I cry you mercy with all my ſoul, ſaies *Adrian*, oblige me ſo far as to reſtore my hearing to me, and as long as I live I will be your moſt humble ſervant.

Upon that, *Hircan* brought a little oyle on a plate, and with a feather he anointed his ears, to obſerve ſome ceremony, which done, he ſaid to him in an ordinary tone, do you not hear me now? O Lord! yes, replies he; VVhat a gallant man are you; I alſo hear the noiſe of a Threſhers Flail, and the Turky-Cocks which are in your Court: I ſhould never have heard the Muſick of our Pariſh; I ſhould never have heard all the clocks of the City; and I had been an undone man as to my Trade, for I ſhould never have underſtood any thing but by ſignes. You ſhould have had this convenience in recompence, ſaies *Philiris*, that if your wife had been untoward, you ſhould not have heard her ſcolding: and if our Magician had been pleaſed to deprive her of her ſight, as he hath done you of your hearing, you would have made a fit couple according to the Philoſophers, That is, A deaf husband, that he may not hear the tatling of his wife; and a blind wife, that ſhe might not ſee the ill carriage of her husband; VVe live ſo quietly together, replies *Adrian*, that there is no need of theſe expedients, I am glad I am not deaf, that I might not fall into that miſery of having worſe then hanging ſpoken of me, and I not hear it: Acknowledge then the power of the Maſter of this place, ſaies *Fontnay*; know alſo, that had it not been for him, inſtead of finding here a Couſin that you look for, you had only found a Tree of his name. This illuſtrious Shepherd the Gods had once Metamorphos'd; he lived within a bark as the *Hamadryads* do, but *Hircan* reſtored him to his former ſhape; and hath done the ſame courteſie for a maid of his wife's, called *Liſetta*, who had been chang'd into a Cherry-Tree. I do not mention how he made *Lyſis* put on the form of a maid; that's not ſo great a miracle; but who will not admire his power, when ſeeing the Shepherd *Lyſis* and his man *Carmelin* prepared for ſtrange accidents, he made them invulnerable, as I believe they are ſtill, ſo that they fought with Gyants and Monſters, and received no hurt: Here's my Companion *Meliantes*, that knows all well enough, 'twas by that means he obtained his Miſtreſs, who was kept in an Enchanted Fortreſs: But obſerve what is yet moſt ſtrange in this buſineſs; 'twas not in this Country that your Couſin accompliſhed all theſe VVarlike enterpriſes, 'twas in an Iſle ſix thouſand miles diſtant from this place whither they were carried in a Coach by flying horſes: 'tis but four daies ſince they came back; I ſpeak to you of a freſh adventure. The equipage he was in the day before yeſterday, when you came hither,

hither, was accordingly warlike. If you think I abuſe you in all this, I give you leave to inform your ſelf from his own mouth, you will find he will tell you much more.

Adrian was aſtoniſhed at this diſcourſe, whereof he underſtood not much, as being of no experience in *Romances*. The Lacquay who had met *Lyſis*, had a little before, told *Philiris* his meſſage; but *Philiris* having no mind to go to him alone, told his Companions that they muſt break faſt ſo as to need no dinner, and that done, go to the place where he ſhould find their incomparable Shepherd, and carry *Adrian* with them, to ſatisfie him at leaſt in ſomewhat. Upon this his wife returns, who ſaid ſhe could hear nothing of her Couſin: They bid her not trouble her ſelf, for it would not be long ere ſhe ſhould ſee him. The Shepherds after they had eaten, took every one his Sheephook, and leaving *Hircan* with his *Amaryllis*, who was the beſt company he could deſire. They took along with them *Adrian* and *Pernella*.

The End of the Eleventh Book.

THE

THE Anti-Romance; OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The Twelfth Book.

ALL the way-long *Philiris* and his Companions entertained *Adrian* and his wife with the wonders of *Lyſis* his life, and his ſtrange adventures. They knew not whether they ſhould take all for true misfortunes, or for fictions; and that which troubled them moſt was, to ſee the ſerious faſhions of thoſe from whom they had thoſe fine relations. They went on till they came near the little houſe of the Vine-dreſſer *Bertrand*, whence they ſaw *Lyſis* and *Carmelin* come forth. Aſſoon as *Fontenay* perceived *Lyſis*, he cry'd out to him, Do you hate us ſo much Shepherd, that you would be gone and not bid us adiew? My journey hath not been far, replies *Lyſis*, and beſides, I uſe no ceremony towards you: But alas! can I call my ſelf a Shepherd and not ſhed tears? *Carmelin* will tell you I am a Shepherd without Sheep: 'Tis too true, ſaies *Carmelin*, Our Hoſt, ſeeing we came not back in a long time, and that we ought him ſome money, hath ſold our ſheep to the firſt Drover that came by; nay he ſaies we are ſtill in his debt; the poor dumb creatures being ſo out of caſe that he could make nothing of them: My Maſter was much the better to tell him again, that he ſhould have kept them for us, and have ſent them abroad every day: He told him he had not the leaſure to do it, that they would have grown worſe and worſe, and that he had a Vintage to look after. That's the true account of my

misfortune, ſaies *Lyſis* with a ſad countenance; this is all the ſatisfaction I could get of the ruſtick beaſt. The worſt on't is, that being unwilling to be at the charge to keep my dear *Muſedore*, a loving cur I had left with him, he hath beaten him ſo, that he is run away to get a condition ſomewhere elſe; If I knew where he was, I would go for him: and if I thought my ſheep were yet alive, I would buy them again, though they coſt me ſo much apiece as the whole Flock ſtood me in. Here's my Couſin, who once before did me the like diſcourteſie; but for that time I was comforted by *Anſelme*, as being reſolved to leave the place I was in then: As for this Country, the caſe is not the ſame, for I intend to live here alwaies, and in the mean time I ſhall have nothing to do, having no flock to look after. You ſpeak as if there were no more ſheep in the world, ſaies *Philiris*, I undertake you ſhall find enough; you muſt not be troubled for ſuch a ſmall matter: That which adds to my grief (ſaies *Lyſis* to him ſoftly taking him aſide) is that thou haſt not done as I deſired thee by the Lacquay; thou art not come privately to me that ſo no body might know where I was, but haſt brought *Adrian* along, who is the only man in the world that I fear, and whom I deſire not ſo be near. I muſt tell you the reaſon why I did it, replies *Philiris*, 'tis becauſe we have prevailed ſo far with this your troubleſome Couſin, as that he is not ſo eager to take you away: Nay it's more likely he and his wife will ſtay with us: O God! what good news is that, cries out *Lyſis*, if it be ſo, I will never be ſad, for this adventure will furniſh me with joy as long as I live. It is then true my dear and ſweet Couſins, that it is not your deſire I ſhould return any more to *Paris* (continues he, turning towards his friends) all theſe Shepherds will be obliged to you, becauſe they eſteem my company; but I am moreover aſſured that you will enter into *Shepherdry* as well as we: O what a commendable thing it is! you ſhall be added to the number of the *Pariſian Shepherds* that are to come hither; can you tell any news of them? I will not contradict you for the preſent, ſaies *Adrian*, do me only the favour as to tell me what kind of life you have led ſince you left *Paris*, for theſe Gentlemen, whom I have born company hither, have told me ſtrange things, whereof I would be aſſured from your own mouth: You deſire what's moſt juſt and reaſonable, as I am an *Heroick Shepherd*, ſaies *Lyſis*, ſince you are he among my friends, to whom Authority hath given me in charge, 'tis fit I give you an account of my actions. It's only neceſſary we go into the ſhade; Here we have it, ſaies *Polidor*, ſhewing him a little thicket; but is there no need you feed your own body before you entertain the minds of others; I and *Carmelin* have juſt now been at a banquet where a man fears neither poyſon nor exceſs, replies *Lyſis*, bread, nuts and grapes which we bought of the Country-people, have been varieties wherewith we have ſatisfied nature, to reduce our ſelves to moderation after the ſumptuous Feaſts at the Marriages of *Hircan* and *Anſelme*. A little water taken up in the hollow of the hand out of the fluid Criſtal of a Fountain hath afterward baniſhed our thirſt, in commemoration of that happy time of the *Golden Age*, which knew no other drink, nor other cup. There needs not much to ſatisfie the man who bridles his appetite with his reaſon; but he that ſuffers himſelf to be carried away by the flattery of his ſence, though there were a thouſand worlds; yet 'twere not enough to ſatisfie him. Theſe indeed are golden words, ſaies *Adrian*, who was a lover of Temperance, if you ſpeak thus alwaies, I ſhall have a better opinion of you then ever I had yet. He having ſaid ſo, they made towards the thicket, where all being ſate down on the graſs, *Lyſis* ſpoke thus.

Since you are already acquainted with a good part of my life, Couſin *Adrian*, you deſire not I ſhould loſe time in long relations; I ſhall only tell you briefly the ſum of my affairs: Being come into this Countrey with *Anſelme* and *Montenor*, the firſt thing we did was, to go and ſee *Leonora* and *Angelica* at *Orontes*'s houſe, where I muſt confeſs to you, I love to be above any place, becauſe *Charite* lives there, which *Charite* is that incomparable Beauty by whom I have long ſince bin enchanted: The amorous diſcourſes we had together, are unſeaſonable as

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to the preſent occaſion: It ſhall ſuffice to tell you that when I parted thence, I made acquaintance with *Clarimond*, who lives here hard by, one whoſe diſpoſition pleaſes me extreamly, were it not that he beſtows his wit in abuſes. The next day I gave my fair one a *Serenade* with much reputation, for I did wonders on the Gitarre; but in purſuing a *Hamadryad* that plaid on the Lute, I loſt my way, ſo that I lay that night in the fields, which was an adventure rather pleaſant then troubleſome. The next day I met with a Hermit who put me into my way, which I loſt again, but ſo fortunately that I met with the Magician *Hircan*, who entertaining me very courteouſly, did me the honour to let me ſee his *Nayad Synopa*: He afterward changed me into a Maid, and I lived in that condition at *Orontes's* with all the content in the world. He after that unchang'd me again, becauſe they would have put me to death upon a falſe accuſation: And awhile after I met in the fields this *Carmelin*, whom you ſee, who told me I was in *Brie*, and not in *Forreſts*; upon which conſideration, as alſo becauſe of his great learning, I took him into my ſervice; and went my waies to *Clarimonds*, reſolv'd to have no more to do with *Anſelme* and *Montenor*, who had put ſuch an affront upon me. I ſent to buy Sheep, which done, I went to *Hircans*, where I had almoſt quarrelled with *Fontenay*. I was once like to be impriſoned by the Vineyard-keeper: I received a unſatisfactory anſwer to a love-Letter I ſent to *Charite*; and at laſt my afflictions obliged the Gods to change me into a Tree: I could not become a man again for all *Clarimond* could do; he did nothing but water me to make me bud forth, and when it was once night, I play'd, I danc'd, I collation'd with the Divinities of the Country. *Carmelin* would not believe any of theſe miracles, but I made him taſte part of our entertainments: After this *Hircan* reſtored me to my former ſhape. I returned again to *Orontes's* being as much a man as ever I was, I ſent a Letter and a Bill to be poſted up and down, to *Paris*, to invite the Wits of the times to come and ſee me, which hath already had its effect. About that time I received a heavy *Command without Command* from *Charite*, and was ſick in imitation of her: I met with *Philiris*, *Polidor*, and *Meliantes*, who were newly arrived into this Country, and I ſaw two converted Shepherdeſſes, *Parthenice* and *Amaryllis*, one is married to *Hircan*, and the other was chang'd into a great *Stone*. Theſe brave Shepherds here preſent have all related their Hiſtories to me, which are moſt admirable: They have ſeen the Ambaſſadors were ſent to me from the Shepherds of *Paris*: We have acted Playes before them, to ſhew them how pleaſantly we paſs away our time; you came hither when we were at one, but ſince that, *Hircan* ſent me to an Inchanted Caſtle, whence I delivered the fair *Pamphilia*; but the dangers I ran through were ſo great, that the very relation is enough to cauſe horror: I was fifteen daies in the air with *Carmelin*, much higher then the region wherein the Meteors are formed; I have bin in places blacker then the abode of *Pluto*: I have fought with Gyants, ſo high as that they might have ſcal'd heaven without Ladders, and with crump-back'd and breaſted fellows, who ſeemed to be made to diſgrace nature. I overcame alſo a Dragon, which roſe up out of the foam of the Serpent *Python*, which was killed by *Phœbus*. And theſe are my principal adventures, which I am very glad I have had the occaſion to relate, both that you may believe, and to rub *Philiris's* memory, who hath undertaken to diſpoſe them into a Book. When it is perfected you will find theſe things better deſcribed and more adorn'd; for being to ſpeak to you in haſte, I have not had the leaſure to ſcrue my ſelf up to any imbelliſhments of diſcourſe.

Lyſis having ſpoken thus, *Adrian* was quite beſide himſelf to find that what he ſaid, anſwered to what the other Shepherds had told him. He knew not what to think of it, and yet he told his Couſin that he did not half underſtand his language, becauſe his terms were extreamly Poetical. He thereupon takes *Carmelin* aſide, and there being no other of whom to enquire the truth of what he deſired, ſaid to him, I ſee thou haſt the countenance of an honeſt fellow, and therefore am I glad my Couſin hath entertained thee, for he muſt have one to help

him in a place which is not his native Countrey. I will do any thing, lies in my power for thy preferment, thou ſhalt in requital only tell me whether all thy Maſter hath related be true or no: I ſhall tell you no more then I know, replies *Carmelin*; as concerning his transformation into a Tree, 'twas not ſo much as he thought it, for his face could be ſeen; but for the Divinities which viſited him, to paſs away the time, I have known by experience but too much of the certainty thereof, as a puniſhment of my incredulity. As for our Combats with Monſters, they are as true as that I am *Carmelin*; though we got the victory yet did we receive good blowes, but I cannot ſhew you any marks to verifie what I ſay, for *Hircan* had made us both, as he cals it, invulnerable, that is to ſay, that we could not be wounded.

Carmelin having ſaid thus, *Adrian* turned to the reſt, and ſaid to them, this honeſt man doth alſo confirm what his Maſter told me; but though I ſhould believe all more firmly then I do, yet it but obliges me the more to take him with me to the good City of *Paris*, for there's not ſo much danger there, nor any Monſters to fight with: If any one have done you wrong, there's juſtice to do you right; and if a Witch ſhould change one thing into another, ſhe may be burnt in the *Greve*. What ſimplicities do you ſpeak, good man? replies *Meliantes*, if your Couſin hath run any danger for me, he hath done the greateſt work of charity in the world; and beſides that the Gods will reward him, he hath gotten eternal renown thereby: ſuch a reputation as his, cannot be too dear bought. That he hath undergone a Metamorphoſis in this Country, and ſuffered much affliction, it hath been on occaſion ſo noble, that there's not any but could have wiſhed the ſame fortune. 'Tis for love that he ſighs, 'tis for love that he weeps; and which is yet more remarkable! 'tis for the love of the fair *Charite*: would you forbid him ſo noble a paſſion? would you put off humanity to commit ſuch a ſignal act of brutality? Since you have married the Gentlewoman your wife, is it to be queſtioned whether you love her? If it be ſo, would you forbid another man that you could not be without your ſelf: But is it in your power, or any mans in the world, to hinder *Lyſis* to love, ſince Nature hath furniſhed us with the precepts thereof from our infancy? All this is well and good, ſaies *Adrian*, I know well, that as one hand waſhes the other, and both the face, ſo the husband and the wife help one another mutually, and may afterward do good to their whole race: and this is the reaſon why I married, and I ſhould not be ſorry if my couſin were ſo too, nor conſequently can I find fault with him for being in love; but there are many things to be wiſhed in his perſon, before we entertain any thoughts of that buſineſs. We have it from *Plutarch* that *Lycurgus* put a note of Infamy on thoſe that did not marry, ſaies *Carmelin*. They durſt not appear at the publick Feſtivities, and in mid-winter they were forced to dance naked, ſinging a certain Song made in abuſe of themſelves. Beſides all this, when they were old, the younger ſort of people went before them, and did them no reſpect. Thus you ſee how the ancients deteſted *Cœlibate*, and deſired nothing ſo much as to propagate man, who is the King of all the other creatures. Moreover, happy marriages make us enjoy on earth the felicity of heaven. 'Tis all the comfort we have againſt the miſeries of this life: There is no affliction ſo grievous which the hearts of a husband and a wife joyn'd together, cannot ſupport. Thus the wife of *Mithridates*, having cauſed her hair to be cut off, bore arms as well as he, which comforted him infinitely.

Carmelin having ended his diſcourſe, ſcratch'd his head a little, as if he would have made ſomewhat more come out by the ſtirring it received from his nails: This ſtart of *Carmelin* is not to be wondred at, ſaies *Philiris*, we know he hath his common places as a Sergeant of a Company his Halbards. If all his ancient Lectures came but into his mind, there's no Subject on which he is not able to entertain us: Truly, ſaies *Carmelin*, when I heard Marriage ſpoken of, I could not but out with what was at my tongues end. There's ſomewhat elſe in the wind, ſaies *Meliantes*, queſtionleſs thou haſt a great mind to be married, and

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wouldſt fain have us find out a wife for thee. But not to quit the diſcourſe we were in before; let's ſpeak to *Adrian*: We deſire him to tell us what fault he finds in his Couſin. He wants many things, replies *Adrian*, eſpecially that he knows neither Trade nor Traffick to get his living by: How ſhall he maintain a wife and children? what quality ſhall he be of in the world? He will be ſlighted every where, and taken for an idle perſon: 'Tis true, ſaies *Carmelin*, that ſince man ſinned, God hath condemned him to get his bread in the ſweat of his brows: 'tis ſaid that he that doth not labor ſhal not eat, and that to do nothing is to do ill; ſo *Solomon* ſends the idle perſon to ſchool to the *Ant*. Hold thou thy peace *Carmelin*, ſaies *Lyſis* to him, no body asks thee any thing: Thou wilt anon ſpeak more againſt me then thou canſt for me, for thou powreſt out thy ſentences as they come without any conſideration. Be not thou among thoſe that are troubleſome to me; I am ſufficiently afflicted to be far from my expectation, as alſo to ſee that my couſin will not be a Shepherd, nor ſuffer me to be one, as I had been made believe. Do not impoſe ſilence on your man, who ſpeaks ſo well, replies *Adrian*, I am glad you are with ſuch a brave Doctor; you have in him a good preceptor; he would ſhew you that you ought not to ſpend your time here in acting of Comedies and dancing with young maids: 'Twere better be in ſome good imployment, that were the way to find a good match, ſince you are ſo much in love, for it is ſaid at *Paris*, That Offices are the Porters that let a man into the Palace of Marriage. Will you never give over doating, ſaies *Meliantes*? Is not *Lyſis* in the nobleſt condition in the world? Is he not one of theſe illuſtrious Shepherds which we find in the *Arcadia*? That we are clad in white, is only in imitation of him; he hath undertaken to reſtore the felicity of the firſt age of the world. If you will participate with us, you muſt be a Shepherd as well as he: Otherwiſe you muſt ſtill live at *Paris*, where all vices are in their thrones, and where you are lock'd up to the mercy of afflictions and diſquiets. The infections are ſo great, that the Phyſician often dies before the Patient, and thoſe that carry the dead to the ground, leave them at half way. 'Tis true, ſaies *Carmelin*, Multitude is never without contagion, and what is worſt of all, there is a plagne of ſouls as well as of bodies; I deſire my Maſters pardon for this word: I'll ſpeak no more. When he ſpeaks only of Shepherdry or Metamorphoſis, I ſeem to be ignorant enough; but when it comes to morality, I'll make it known I am no ſmall Clark, and therefore 'tis not to be wondred if I lay hold on any occaſion to ſhew my Learning. Every one is glad to ſhew what he knows; 'tis I know not how long ſince I have ſpoken ſo much: I pardon thee ſince thou deſireſt it, ſaies *Lyſis*, but do not interrupt any body but to ſom purpoſe. *Carmelin* obſerves his time to ſpeak very well, ſaies *Palidor*, it puts me in mind of thoſe pickeerers in an Army, who charge, and fall off, then charge again, ſo doing for a many times together.

Every one was taken with that conceit, and as the Shepherds went on ſtill in diſcourſe, *Pernella* takes her husband aſide, and told him ſhe knew no reaſon why he ſhould talk ſo long with people, who ſeemed to be as great fools as their Couſin, and that if *Lyſis* would not return to *Paris*, they muſt, were it but to acquaint the reſt of his friends with it. He anſwered, that ſince the day was farr ſpent, there was no thinking of going till the morrow, becauſe he would not lie by the way, and that then they ſhould ſee what were to be done.

In the mean time *Clarimond* who had been abroad upon ſome occaſions, paſſed by, and alighted to ſalute the Shepherds. We are here in a great conteſtation, ſaies *Fontenay* to him. Here's *Adrian* who would take away from us the Shepherd *Lyſis*, who is the honour of this Country: He will have him by all means take another courſe of life, and get into ſome Office in the City. He is in the right, replies *Clarimond*, with a ſmile, and you that would hinder it, I muſt tell you you are all fools: That's it we would tell them Sir, cries out *Pernella*, ah! you are a brave Gentleman. For my part I have been theſe three hours with them, but I durſt not open my mouth, leſt they ſhould ſpeak to me, for their

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ſtrange diſcourſes do ſo amaze me, that I think my ſelfe in another world. I'll promiſe you Miſtreſs, continued *Clarimond*, to make them find their wits, before a few daies be over. They are perſons at leaſt of as good quality as *Lyſis*, and yet they will do no good in the world: They entertain themſelves with Poeticall extravagances, and becauſe they find your Couſin ſick of the ſame diſeaſe as themſelves, they love his company. I am now come from a great man in this Country who hath promiſed me to found an Hoſpital purpoſely for them; there ſhall they moſt charitably be whipt till this humour be over. May that Gentleman have his hearts deſire, ſaies *Pernella*, he muſt needs be a very devout man, I would I might ſpeak with him, that I might get him to do ſomewhat for our Couſin: We'll talk of it when we meet next, replies *Clarimond*, at the preſent I am ſomewhat in haſte.

Clarimond in ſaying this went his way, and the Shepherds would ſtill make *Adrian* and his wife believe that they would live in a Paſtoral way, and that they were not out of their wits. They therefore looked very modeſtly, and ſwore that *Clarimond* himſelf was mad, and that it would not be long ere he ſhould put on the fools Coat. They adviſed *Lyſis* not to walk any more near his Caſtle, nor take any Paſtures that way if ever he had any ſheep.

He thought their councel very good, and ſo returned cheerfully to *Hircans* with his Companions and his Couſins too, ſince he could not avoid it. *Fontenay* told *Hircan* what diſcourſe had paſſed, wherein there wanted not matter to laugh at. *Adrian* comes to ſee *Hircan*, to whom he ſaid, that he could not but wonder how a man ſo wiſe and ſo learned as he was, would entertain into his houſe ſuch people as *Lyſis* and his companions, and that he had met a Gentleman who told him they were all out of their wits, which was eaſily diſcovered by their actions and words, though ſometimes they ſtrived to be very ſerious. *Hircan* reply'd, that that Gentleman was deceived, and that he would give him the lie wherever he met him So *Adrian* was ſent back again with little ſatisfaction: He and his wife retired to conſult what they ſhould do, and *Lyſis* and *Carmelin* did the like.

Thou maiſt eaſily perceive *Carmelin*, ſaies *Lyſis*, that this Couſin of mine who cals himſelf my Guardian, is a moſt importunate fellow: Though I were not reſolved to paſs away my time in the Country, yet ſhould I hardly be brought to live with him in the City. As for his wife, ſhe is no better then he; I muſt therefore find out ſome way to get them hence, without force or noiſe; but the myſtery of all will be at the ſame time to accompliſh ſomewhat that may recommend me to *Charite* and all poſterity. 'Tis there I muſt make appear the very edg of ingenuity. Without any long preambles, I will in a word tell thee the beſt expedient I know, and that is to counterfeit my ſelf dead for awhile: *Adrian* will preſently return to *Paris*, as having no more to do here: But you do not conſider, ſaies *Carmelin*, that he or your heirs will poſſeſs themſelves of all you have, and you ſhall be forced to beg: I can re-enter into my poſſeſſion when I pleaſe, replies *Lyſis*: I ſhall ſoon make my ſelf known; and beſides, though I had nothing of all my father and mother left me, muſt I be caſt down and fare ever the worſe, ſince that in all *Romances* you will find divers in ſtrange Countries having nothing in the world, who yet were Princes or Knights, of better houſes then I am of. They lived only by what they borrowed of good friends whom they found every where; does that ſeem ſtrange to thee? Do the *Romances* ſpeak any thing incredible as to that point? Sometimes *Montenor* hath entertained us, ſometimes *Orontes*, ſometimes *Hircan*, nay ſometimes *Clarimond*, though he ſeem now to be my greateſt enemy; and this is a thing not to be paſſed by without admiration. As plainly ſhewing that all true lovers are favoured by heaven. Thou ſeeſt alſo that *Polidor* and *Meliantes* who are of a Country further diſtant hence then ours, and have nothing of their own, do yet live plentifully enough, by the courteſie of thoſe friends they meet, who are their benefactors. There are in ſome books Lovers mentioned who have lived only upon Roots in the deſerts like Hermits,

Hermits, and divers have been hirelings to Shepherds to get a livelyhood: What ſhould hinder but we may do the like if we be brought to that extremity, ſince 'tis no more then we have done for our recreation? You are wiſer then I, replies *Carmelin*, and therefore all the anſwer I make you is, that I will not contradict you in any thing, but will be alwaies of your opinion. Hear then what my deſigne is, ſaies *Lyſis*, I will feign my ſelf dead, both to get away this *Adrian*, and withall, to find out whether my Miſtreſs will have any compaſſion on me, and that's it I aim at principally. Now there's a great difference between *death* and a *Metamorphoſis*; for I ſuffered my ſelf to be metamorphoſed into a Tree without any reſiſtance, becauſe there was ſome hope I might one day be reſtored to my former ſhape; but as concerning death, when we go that journey we ſhall never return: That makes me reſolve to die only in jeſt, for if I ſhould diſpatch my ſelf as many have done that I could name, 'twere a ſtrange folly, ſince 'tis not beyond hope I may one day be happy. There are a many in your *Romances* that have killed themſelves becauſe of the cruelty of their Miſtreſſes; and they again, ſome of them having notice of their death, have murdered themſelves after them, or at leaſt have all their lives repented their cruelty and diſdain. It may be ſeen by this, that if thoſe deſperate people had had the wit to feigne death, they might have been extreamly happy. My invention thereof is ſo much the more excellent, and there is now no more to do then to bethink us of the means to put it in execution. There are ſome that hide a piggs bladder full of bloud between their skins and their ſhirts, and give themſelves a ſtab there; they fall and ſeem to be quite gone, till every one runs to help them; but I do not like that way: a man might hurt himſelf if the Ponyard went a little further then it ſhould; but there are other accidents ſtranger yet; beſides, that when they came to ſearch your wound, the cheat would be diſcovered, which would be ſcandalous and laught at. I will therefore play my game better if I can. I will take a glaſs of Wine with ſomewhat in it which every one will conceive to be poiſon, and when I have drunk it off, I will be as ſtiffe as an iron barre, and will keep in my breath as if I were dead; awhile after thou ſhalt make as if thou hoſt buried me, and the buſineſs is done. Now I will lurk ſomewhere till *Adrian* be gone, and *Charite* being acquainted with my death, ſhall have time enough to bewayle my loſs. When thou ſhalt perceive her grief exceſſive, and that ſhe wiſhes from her heart I were alive again, that ſhe might honour me with her affection, which ſhe had denied me before, let me know it immediately, that I may go and take her at her word, and receive the recompence of my afflictions. Now when we are come thus farre, there are inventions enough to make the world believe I have bin rais'd again; and thus I ſhall ſo much the more ingratiate my ſelf with *Charite*, who will look on me as a man highly in favour with the Gods. Thus will I compaſs my deſire; and what will moſt comfort me is, That I have run through all the adventures of the beſt Hiſtories, and that my own will be the moſt accompliſh'd in all the world. As for the ſtealing away of *Charite*, I think no more on't; 'tis enough I once had ſuch a deſigne. My thoughts are now all taken up with my feigned death; perhaps 'twill be generally believed that I was dead indeed, and was raiſed again; ſo that *Philiris* ſhall not mention it as a fiction in his book, or if he do, he ſhall ſpeak of it as an opinion of ſome few, but which he ſhall condemn as erroneous, affirming my death to have been real.

When *Lyſis* ſaid this, he thought little of *Polidors* being behind him, and hearing all his diſcourſe. This Shepherd having heard *Liſis* his deſigne, retired as if he had heard nothing, and reſolved to give notice to his Companions, that they might act their parts well when the buſineſs came upon the Stage. As for *Carmelin*, his Maſters enterpriſe, to him, was very indifferent, for he thought better to do ſo then loſe him quite, which haply he had done if *Adrian* had taken him away to *Paris*. He therefore promiſed him his utmoſt aſſiſtance, and ſo they went both to *Hircan*. *Adrian* and *Pernella* came thither at the ſame time to know whether they might be gone with their Couſin the next day; *Hircan* told them

them that after three daies they ſhould have him away, deſiring in that time, to ſatisfie himſelf with his converſation; *Pernella* told him they could not ſtay ſo long, that it was a good while ſince they had been from home, and that they had left in the Shop but one Prentice, of whoſe fidelity they were not over-confident. *Hircan* regarded not much theſe remonſtrances, and while *Pernella* was thus taken up, *Fontenay* who had bethought himſelf of a new invention to make ſport, ſate down in a chair, whence he pronounced theſe words with a languiſhing voice, What my bright Sun, ſaies he, will you leave us already? Would you ſhine in another hemiſphere, whence you will never return? Alaſs, 'tis fit the world be all ſerved by degrees: Why will you forſake me fair *Pernella*, the ornament of this age; life of my ſoul, what will you return to *Paris*, there to be the Pearl of your Quarter? Continue rather in this Country, where you ſhall receive greater honours; I will make Verſes of you ſhall make you famous over all the world, and you will be more talked of then *Petrarch's Laura*. If the fair *Cytherea* be ſometimes drawn by Swanns; I would have you like that Goddeſs, and I will be your ſweet ſinging Swan to draw your glorious Chariot. What do you think on dear Couſin, ſaies *Hircan*, have you ſo rgot you are married? have you loſt all remembrance of the fair *Theodora* your wife? You muſt love her eternally, you muſt not be inconſtant: When I married her, I was not acquainted with Miſtreſs *Pernella*, replies *Fontenay*, had I known her, I ſhould have loved none but her: 'tis ſhe that is deſtined for me, let *Adrian* turn her over to me, I earneſtly intreat him, and let him look after *Theodora*, he ſhall have her in exchange that he may have no occaſion to complain: What trick is this put on me? cries out *Adrian*, am I come among a ſort of Adulterers? what vilany is this to propoſe to me the greateſt baſeneſe in the world! I will have my wife and my Couſin together; if I ſhall not be ſuffered to take them away, I will bring the power of juſtice to do it. You do not conſider where you are when you ſpeak this, ſaies *Meliantes*, no Officer dares come within three miles about of this place. There are in this houſe charms that can reduce them all to duſt: There came hither one once and took one of *Hircans* men by the chollar, his hand preſently fell off, and ſome Sergeants being ſomewhat incivil, were all faſtned to ſtakes, and after they were rubb'd well with oyle and brimſtone, they burned a long time to give light to Travellers in the night.

While *Meliantes* ſaid this, *Lyſis* asked *Hircan* whether he and *Carmelin* were ſtill invulnerable, and whether for his own part, he had not loſt that priviledge by putting off his Heroick Coat: *Hircan* aſſured him he had not, ſo that he reſolved to defend himſelf couragiouſly, if any Sergeants preſumed to touch his body to carry him away to *Paris*. There came up on this occaſion a freſh imagination into his mind, which he never had before: he would needs know how *Hircan* could aſſure him he was invulnerable, ſince he was wonnded every day by the darts of love: *Hircan* told him it was true indeed, that love had wounded him, but that it was before he had made uſe of his charms, and that beſides, he had promiſed only to fortifie his body againſt the *Arms* of *Mars*, but not againſt the *Arrows* of *Cupid*, which are ſo ſmall that they are inviſible, and pierce inſenſibly through the eyes even to the heart. This ſatisfied *Lyſis*, and being retired with *Carmelin*, he told him he was very glad to know he was as invulnerable as when they were in the Caſtle of *Anaximander*; and there's one thing, ſaies he, will much promote my deſigne, which is, when I have taken the poiſon, it will be ſaid that in regard I could not be hurt in any part of the body, and that ſwords and daggers could do no good upon me, I could not poſſibly die but by a drink.

Carmelin approved this, and in the mean time *Hircan* ſeeing *Adrian* was almoſt mad for anger, entertained him with this diſcourſe. You are to conſider, my good friend, ſayes he to him, that you are now among *Shepherds*, whoſe principal profeſſion is to love: All their books ſpeak of nothing elſe; they know nothing elſe, and therefore be not offended at their too free diſcourſes; they are a ſort of people that are much given to the exerciſe of the paſ-

ſions,

ſions, and will be in the purſuit of a woman ten years, ſo that at the end of ſuch a term ſhe requite them with a piece of old ribbond wherewith ſhe have tied up her hair: They are not impudent as you think them; their lawes are againſt it: they do not ſpeak to their Miſtreſſes but they tremble; and if they deſired to touch her breſt, fear would ſo benum them, that their hands would grow ſtiff at half way. I have a wife as well as you, but if fifty Shepherds, ſuch as *Fontenay*, ſhould be in love with her, I ſhould have never a worm the more in my head, becauſe I know he is the fearfulleſt man in the world; and beſides, that he hath the reputation to be impotent; you muſt in your ſelf laugh at ſuch a mans paſſion, yet make as if you were angry before him, that he may not take you for an arrant fool: if you carry your ſelf ſo, I believe you cannot do amiſs, and you may afterward tell ſtories of your Lovers affections.

Adrian was not ſatisfied with theſe reaſons, nor indeed did *Hircan* endeavour much to appeaſe him; what he had ſaid to him was by way of abuſe. *Adrian* therefore was extreamly troubled, and though his wife had turned over thirty, and was black and lean, yet did he think her handſome, and was a little jealous: 'twas an infinite pleaſure to ſee him ever and anon look towards *Fontenay*, to obſerve what countenance he made on *Pernella*. This feigned Lover having fetcht three or four deep ſighs, fell down all along upon chairs as if he had ſwouded, whereat his companions ſeem'd much troubled, rubbing his temples, and caſting water on his face.

When they had brought him to himſelf again, he for a long time ſtared on all that were about him, Alaſs! my dear friends, ſaid he, why have you ſo ſoon interrupted the ſweet extaſie? My mind pleaſed it ſelf in the Ideas of all worldly pleaſures, and now it knows nothing real but its own affliction: I burn witout hope of enjoyment, for an ungratefull woman, that hath not vouchſafed me ſo much as a look, ſince I have declared my affection to her.

Hircan upon this, ſaid that ſince he was ſo ill he were beſt be had to bed, which made his companions lead him to his chamber, making a thouſand extravagant poſtures. Thus theſe Gentlemen, ſince they became acquainted with *Lyſis*, were ſo accuſtomed to abuſe him, that they abuſed oneanother, and would not ſpare *Adrian* nor his wife, ſuppoſing their minds of the ſame mettal with their Couſin, and that ſimplicity was entailed on the whole race from generation to generation.

There was only *Lyſis* that ſtaid with *Hircan*, who began to bring afreſh into his mind the pleaſures of their former life, becauſe *Adrian* was preſent, whom he would alſo perſwade that the ſhepherds life was the moſt happy. In the mean time *Carmelin* took occaſion to go and ſee *Amaryllis*, who was alone in her Chamber, where ſhe asking him what the other Shepherds had done ſince they were returned? He anſwered, that he knew not what to ſay of them, and that they knew not what they did themſelves, they were ſo in love. And is it poſſible *Carmelin* can be, and not be in love? Truly Madam, reply'd he, ſince I have ever found you my good friend, I will freely tell you what my heart thinks. A man muſt once in his life at leaſt, diſcover what his inclinations are. 'Tis poſſible I may be in love, but not with *Parthenice*: Were I a ſtone like her whom my Maſter will have me love, 'twere not amiſs I were joyned to her; but then ſhould I not love her neither: and thus would I reaſon; I would ſay, that in ſuch a condition I could neither receive nor return any thing of love. Let every thing love what's like it, let ſtones be in love with ſtones, graſs with graſs, plants with plants, and let the vine if it will, clime up an elme: I have often heard it ſaid that this is done by a certain ſympathy of nature, whoſe deſigne is to joyn all things together: But it makes for me, whatever my Maſter ſaies; I ſhould ſin againſt nature if I ſhould not love what were of my own ſpecies: It ſignifies much indeed, that *Lyſis* tels me that Ivie ſcales the walls to ſhew it loves ſtones, and that I ſhould do ſo too, as having ſome relation to the Ivie, ſince I repreſented *Bacchus*. This was the ſubject of our diſcourſe this morning, where we were alone; but my full and final anſwer was, that I was a man, and could eat and drink, and not Ivie, good

for nothing but to clap on iſſues. He thereupon told me, that to puniſh my contempt of the Ivie, the Gods would change me into that plant, and that he thought the part I plaid in the paſtimes of the Vintage, was a great preſage thereof, ſince I was then compaſſed about with branches which I ſhould one day really bear. At laſt, *quoth he*, 'tis the moſt convenient Metamorphoſis for thee, and *quoth he*, thou art to hope no leſs. I have given over, *quoth he*, the deſigne of changing thee into a Fountain, as I once thought, *quoth he*, when I thought it fit thou ſhouldſt water the bottom of the beloved rock. It will be more proper, *quoth he*, that thou be Ivie, that *quoth he*, thou maiſt climb up the rock of *Parthenice*, and embrace it, *quoth he*, with thy branches. Your diſcourſe indeed is not amiſs, I muſt confeſs, ſaies *Amaryllis*, interrupting him, but I muſt tell you one thing, if you did not uſe that *quoth he*, ſo often, you would do better: I have often heard you uſe that kind of expreſſion, which is not good, for that repetition is ſuperfluous; but yet I would not tell you ſo much till now that we are alone. I am obliged to you for being ſo tender as to the ornament of my language, replies *Carmelin*, for it is a ſigne you will ſhew me favour in things of more importance: but I muſt tell you it is not without reaſon that I repeat the word *quoth he*, ſo often; for 'tis to let you know that it was not I, but my Maſter ſaid ſuch a thing: if I durſt, I would not cloſe up every period, but ſecond every word with it, that you may not be miſtaken; and know that all I tell you, is by way of allegation. I ſhould be very ſorry you ſhould think I my ſelf ſaid that it was convenient for me to be metamorphoſed into Ivie.

Amaryllis laught at this very heartily, and confeſſed that *Carmelin*'s excuſe was extream pleaſant, and thought that no other body could have had the wit to imagin ſuch a one, though many in their relations uſed the like repetition, and that as frequently: However ſhe told him, that if he was troubled to make appear that his Maſters diſcourſes were not his, it ſignified he did not eſteem him much: You'll pardon me there, ſaies *Carmelin*, but I muſt tell you freely, that my Maſter ſpeaks many things which a man muſt not believe, which proceeds from that diſturbance of mind he is in by reaſon of his love, and in this he will not contradict me, for it were not for his credit. Since you will not believe him, ſaies *Amaryllis*, what is your deſigne then? 'Tis only that I dare not declare my ſelf, leſt I ſhould be thought unconſtant, reply'd *Carmelin*; as for your part Madam, you know partly what I would ſay: I would to God I had ſeen *Liſetta* before *Parthenice*! I ſay no more. You would tell me, ſaies *Amaryllis*, that if you had fallen in love with *Liſetta* before *Parthenice*, you ſhould have been ſent to the former, which you would have been glad of, becauſe ſhe were the better company. I have found out an expedient in this buſineſs of yours, for *Hircan* having related to me all your adventures, told me how that one night, being with *Lyſis*, while he was a Tree, there was a Nymph called *Lucida*, who ſaid that you ſhould have for Miſtreſs the greater of the *Hamadriads* which were in the Company: She that was ſpoken of was *Liſetta*, who is now reſtored to her former ſhape. Now it muſt be ſaid that you have been in love with her ever ſince that time; and that all the hurt you have ſaid of her ſince, was only to ſhew how far you were ſenſible of the ſmart of your whipping.

Carmelin was almoſt out of himſelf at this good councel, which he was the gladder to receive from *Amaryllis*, becauſe 'twas ſhe had been the Fountain *Lucida*: She was thanked with almoſt as many conges as words, whereupon *Carmelin* left her and returned to his Maſter, to whom he ſaid that he had conceal'd a great ſecret from him out of a certain fearfullneſs, but that he could hide it no longer. *Lyſis* told him he ſhould be glad to hear it, ſo that *Carmelin* acquainted him, that he had been in love with *Liſetta*, ſince the time ſhe was an *Hamadryad*, and that he had obeyed the command he had received from *Lucida* to love her: Why didſt thou not tell me ſo? replies *Lyſis*, why didſt thou profeſs love to *Parthenice*, committing an inconſtancy, and an infidelity wherein I confirmed thee, as not knowing thou hadſt before loſt thy liberty? I did no further

ther inform my ſelf, becauſe I thought thou hadſt had it ſtill; for when I ſpoke to thee of *Synopa*, *Lucida*, *Liſetta*, and her companion the *Apricock-tree-Nymph*, thou ſaidſt they were all witches, and that thou wouldſt avoid their aſſemblies, as thoſe of the *Sabat*. I beg your pardon for theſe faults, ſaies *Carmelin*, my mind was then full of bad opinions: I believe it and pardon thee, ſaies *Lyſis*, it was eaſily judged that thou never hadſt but a feigned paſſion for *Parthenice*, ſince thou didſt ſo ſoon forſake her, and didſt diſclaim her aſſoon as ever that misfortune of loſing her proper form hapned to her. 'Tis ſaid, that he who leaves off loving, never lov'd; I did much ſuſpect that there was ſome reaſon for thy averſion to that poor *Rock*: Let's think on't no more, *Carmelin*, fate hath decreed that thou love *Liſetta*: Thou art now the happieſt among the happieſt Lovers in the world, thou liveſt in the ſame place with thy Miſtreſs, thou canſt ſpeak to her at any time, or thou maiſt ſee her at leaſt: O how would far more illuſtrious Shepherds then thou art, wiſh ſuch an adventure, nay even the diſgras'd and disfavour'd ſhepherd *Lyſis* who muſt die anon, becauſe he cannot enjoy that happineſs Alaſs! my tongue, diſcover no more, leſt you be over-heard of ſome who are ſtrangers to what hath been reſolv'd in the councel of our thoughts.

Carmelins joy at this time made no harmony with the ſadneſs of his Maſter, ſo that he only thank'd him in common expreſſions for the favour he did him by ſuffering him to love *Liſetta*. *Lyſis* in the mean time, whoſe thoughts were very changeable, reſolved to ſpeak thus to *Hircan* who made towards them. I have been awhile ſince in thy Kitchin, where I obſerved the killing and dreſſing of a pigg, ſaies he to him, which put me in mind of the ancient ſacrifices; wherein they conſulted the entrails of the Beaſts: 'Twere requiſite my Couſin ſhould be deſired to ſacrifice, to know if he ought to oppoſe my being a Shepherd. I ſhould alſo deſire to be reſolved of it by the flight of birds, and ſuch other waies of preſaging: Speak no more of it, ſaies *Hircan*, I ſhall uſe no more perſwaſion to him, you ſhall be a Shepherd in ſpight of all his fooliſh conceits: Yet would it at leaſt be a noble thing to ſacrifice and obſerve all the ancient Ceremonies, replies *Lyſis*, we ſhould have brought victims for the proſperity of your Marriage, as alſo to thank the Gods for their aſſiſtance to me in divers dangerous adventures. Some Shepherdeſſes ſhould bring baskets full of Flowers, others Veſſels with fire and a romatick odours, and then the Shepherds ſhould lead up the Crowned Victims: Thus ſhould we gain admiration by that excellent order, as a thing that had not been ſeen of a long time. Men ſometimes are not pleaſed with novelties, if their minds are not prepared to receive them, replies *Hircan*, and therefore let us not ſo haſtily introduce thoſe cuſtoms you ſpeak of: 'Tis true they are ancient, but they would be new to us becauſe they have been ſo long diſcontinued.

Hircan having ſaid this, retired, and *Carmelin* preſumed to ask his Maſter what were the moſt certain and remarkable preſages beſides the flight of birds; He told him that when a man undertook any buſineſs, he muſt obſerve the perſons he firſt met, and what diſcourſe he had with them, or ſome other circumſtance, and thence make ſome conjecture at what may happen. *Carmelin* thought himſelf able enough for this; and ſo leaving his Maſter to his melancholick thoughts, he would go and ſee his Miſtreſs, but before-hand would trie ſome preſage, thereby to know the end of his loves: he went into a place where he found a maid heating the oven, which having acquainted his Maſter with, he told him that that maid repreſented *Liſetta*, who had put fire into his breſt; and as for the bread ſhe put in to bake, that ſhewed that the fair one ſhould participate of his flames, and ſhould give him her heart to heat. This good preſage could no leſs then ſtir up *Lyſis* to ſeek ſuch another; but he would go more ceremonially to work, and the many other deſignes he had to bring about, diverted him from thinking on this.

Carmelin being over head and ears in love, would needs trie once more whether he could meet with his Miſtreſs. He came down into a Parlor where he

found *Amaryllis* talking with three Countrey-peoyle, who had brought her some wheat which they ought her for rent. There was a napkin laid at the Tables end, with a piece of salt pork, the better to make them taste a glass of wine. *Amaryllis* bid *Carmelin* do as they did, which he would not be entreated twice to do, such was his fear to be troublesome.

Being all four at Table, there was a Lacquay filled them some wine, and laid every man his glass at his trencher; *Carmelin* seeing the others did nothing but eat, and were not yet disposed to drink, as being not so bold before *Amaryllis*, he who had a greater gift of confidence, took his glass that sate next him, and drank it clearly off. This it may be was a mistake, for that glass stood as it were between them; but awhile after he took anothers glass and did the like, so that for this there could be no excuse; it is to be supposed that he seeing he came off so well, no body saying ought to him, would needs try to shew the same trick for the third: He took therefore the third mans glass, and dispatched it so neatly, that there remained not so much left, as to make a ruby on the nail.

Amaryllis, who in the mean time looked out at the window, turns towards them, and seeing that the Country-men had taken off their glasses, and *Carmelins* only stood full before him she thought they had all drunk but he: Why do you not drink *Carmelin*, saies she to him? you are too bashfull. Upon this the Country-men began to murmur, and *Carmelin* to laugh. What would these good people say, continued *Amaryllis*; the Lacquay who had seen *Carmelin* play the trick, went and acquainted his Mistress: She thought it a very pleasant one, yet asked the feigned modest man, why he would drink others mens wine? he answered, That he thought they would not drink any, and that for his part who had much need of it, he had taken it without saying ought, because he was loath to trouble any body to fill so often. Having satisfied himself, rose from the Table, and the Countrey-men had other wine. If *Amaryllis* excused *Carmelins* drunkenness, the Lacquay who had seen it did not; nor had he suffered it but to see his impudence, and he made it his business to relate this action to his Comrades, to enrage them the more against him: Nor was this all they had to say to him, for they could not but be envious to see *Carmelin*, who was but a servant no more then themselves, speak as confidently to their Master as if he had been his companion; besides, they could not brook to see him at Table every day with Gentlemen of quality; and their greatest regret was, that they were forced to serve one that was no better then themselves, and presented him with wine as the rest. Upon this occasion they all entred into a league against him, which may teach us not to wonder so much to find envie in Kings Courts, since it can find room under the roof of a Country-Gentleman.

Being therefore at supper, the servants minded not *Carmelins* drink, whereas at other times they were wont to present him before he asked for it. He shak'd his head as he looked on one of the Lacquays, to tell him he wanted somewhat, but the Lacquay looking on him as seriously, shook his head as the other did: If *Carmelin* made any signe with his hand, the other made the like, and all the other Lacquays did the like whenever he made any addresses to them: For they were resolved to punish him now, for having drunk too much at collation. When the fruits were served up he was so drie, that he would have cry'd out for drink, but that he was loath to make any noise: He therefore rose from the Table, and went and drank at the side-Table himself. *Hircan* taking notice of it, said that he would have him waited on as well as the rest, and that he would not have his men think themselves his fellows, because he was neither waiting-man nor groom, but might be rank'd among Gentlemen dependants, as being received into an association of Shepherdry with *Lysis*.

This troubled the servants extreamly, but for the present there was no further tumult. *Adrian* and *Pernella* sate at *Hircans* Table, and *Fontenay*, who still plaid the discontented person. After a short walk in the Garden, *Lysis* and *Carmelin* were dismissed to bed, and for *Adrian* and his wife, they might when they pleas'd have

have done the like. *Adrian* had all ſupper time obſerved whether *Fontenay* did not out of affection drink out of the ſame glaſs as *Pernella*, or trod not on her foot to appoint the time. He had all the while been in the like diſquiets, ſuch was his jealouſie, and as they walked he was almoſt reſolved to tye her to a lether girdle he wore on his doublet, leſt any body might take her away from him. Having therefore ſeen her a bed in the chamber aſſigned them, he ſearcht under the bed, and on the bed-ſtead, nay under the very feather bed and mat, behind it, and in the chimney, to ſee if ſome body were not hidden there. Finding nothing, he made faſt the dore with a bar, and beſides put a Cupboard againſt it; and yet he did not think himſelf ſafe enough, as fearing there might be ſome body locked up in a great cheſt which was near the window, who might force his wife, for he was not only jealous of *Fontenay*, but of all the other Shepherds. At laſt finding the Cheſt emptie, he laid himſelf by *Pernella's* ſide.

He was no ſooner a bed, but *Fontenay* who was reſolved to make what ſport he could with him, comes to the dore and ſings a Court-air with a languiſhing voice, as if he had been ready to dye for love. *Hircan* helped him with his Lute, and a while after, the other Shepherds and *Amaryllis*, deſirous to ſhare in the ſport, made an excellent conſort with them. They ſung all manner of ſongs, and that in ſuch abundance, that *Adrian* and *Pernella* were almoſt ſtunn'd with the noiſe. When they had given over, *Fontenay* fetch'd three or four ſighes, and made this complaint.

Muſt then another be maſter of her whom I cannot be ſervant to? Muſt another body enjoy my ſoul? Ah my Faireſt! why do you ſlight me? There is ſuch a Nymph of *Diana* that loves me better then her Miſtreſs. There are thoſe that run after me, and offer me all that I offer you; but I reſerve my ſelf for you alone. If you will grant me nothing, yet refuſe not my heart, which I preſent unto you. Do me the favour to accept it, and aſſure me only by one word of your mouth, that you do it: Let your fair lips, whoſe motion is the reſt of the ear, neatly pronounce what they ought to ſay to me. Though you loſe nothing thereby, yet I ſhall think my ſelf a great gainer.

The Shepherd *Fontenay* uttered a many other amorous diſcourſes, and ſometimes ſung with the reſt. *Adrian* in the mean time ſwore he would be gone the next day, though he left *Lyſis* behind him; and that he would ſue for reparation for the affronts done him. The more he ſpoke, the greater noiſe did they make, that it might encreaſe his madneſs that he was not heard.

This diverſion having laſted above an hour, the company of Muſitians permitted him to ſleep. The good mans ears was ſo ſtunn'd, that he thought he ſhould be deaf, as he had been before: however theſe diſquiets were not ſo great but they ſuffered him to take ſome reſt. Being gotten up the next day, as he came down to ſee if there were any means to be gone, *Carmelin* comes out of his maſters chamber, and told the other Shepherds that he was very ſick. *Fontenay* and his companions went thither immediately, and *Adrian* with them, but his wife was not with him; for he had locked her in the chamber while ſhe was a dreſſing. A while after, *Hircan* comes in; and *Lyſis* ſeeing all that company, ſate up in his bed and began this diſcourſe.

The Gods have at length had compaſſion on me, and delivered me out of *Adrians* tyrannie. See they have ſent me a ſickneſs which I ſhall never recover. He that having ſometime been a tree, ought to have hard fleſh: He who hath been invulnerable, who hath quelled ſo many Monſters; and he laſtly, who thought himſelf ſo reſerved to reſtore the earth to its firſt felicitie, behold he is beaten down by the firſt approaches of a feaver that have aſſaulted him. Fear not that ſayes *Hircan*, be of good courage; what ails you? will you have any thing to breakfaſt? I have an extreme head-ach replyes *Lyſis*, but I think that when I have drunk a little wine, I ſhall be able to ſuffer my pain more patiently and more chearfully.

'Twas hereupon conſidered whether any wine ſhould be given him, for *Adrian* ſaid,

ſaid, that if it were a feaver, it would encreaſe it; but *Hircan* having felt his pulſe, ſaid he had yet no feaver, and that he might have what he deſired. *Carmelin* had wine ready in a little bottle, he brought him a glaſs of it. *Lyſis* drank it off ſo haſtily as if he avoided the taſting of it, and when he had done, he made ſuch wry faces as if it had been phyſick, and after that, he continued his diſcourſe thus:

My dear friends, be not amazed that I have with ſome trouble taken down this wine, though I gave it no long time to ſtay in my palate: it is becauſe it hath ſuch a lewd taſte, that if all the drink in the world were ſuch, you would dye for thirſt rather then taſte any. 'Tis not but that the Territorie of *Brie* is favourable enough to the wines, for the wines of this Country, is in its nature good: but it is becauſe I have made it otherwiſe on purpoſe, and having a deſign to dye, I put in the laſt night a certain poiſon which I had carryed about me a long time to make uſe of, as I have, when any occaſion ſhould preſent it ſelf. And if you deſire to know more particularly why I would at this preſent diſpatch my ſelf, it is not only to avoid going to *Paris* with *Adrian*, but alſo to obey the command of my Miſtreſs. When I asked her a while ſince, what Laws I ſhould obſerve under her Empire, ſhe anſwered me roughly, *I command you not to obey me any more.* I had much adoe to underſtand this command, and therefore propoſed the difficultie of it to *Carmelin* and *Clarimond*. All I could gather from their anſwer was that I ſhould not obey *Charite* in that command which charged me not to obey her, and contradicted it ſelf; and that I was only to regard her former commands, taking this to ſignifie nothing. This ſubtle explication had ſome appearance of truth and I was ſatisfied with it for want of a better. But it being not in my power to ſpeak with *Charite*, to have one from her own mouth, I had a day or two ſince, a certain inſpiration which hath given me all the ſatisfaction I deſired. Methinks I hear it ſtill in my ear, telling me that all thoſe who have offered at any explication of *Charites* command, underſtood nothing in it, and that there is no doubt but to have commanded me not to obey her any more, was as much as to bid me dye as ſoon as I could, and not be any longer ſubject to her laws. Let him therefore, that is unworthy to ſerve her, dye; and in his death will be found the fulfilling of that inviolable Commandement. *I command you*, ſayes *Charite* to me, that word tells me I ought to obey her, and that according to her good pleaſure I ſhould dye. That is a thing ſoon doon, and as for the other part which will have me *to obey her no more*, that will be executed when my ſoul and body are ſeparated. This argues not but that I muſt ſtill love *Charite* even in the other world, but becauſe I ſhall be nothing but an unprofitable ſhade uncapable to do her any ſervice, it may be conceived I ſhall obey her no more.

Lyſis having ended this diſcourſe, began to roll his eyes in his head and to feign tremblings; ſo that *Adrian* was in a pittiful taking, and asked *Carmelin* whether it were true his Maſter had put any poiſon into the wine he had drunk. I am ſure ſayes *Carmelin*, that I having brought this bottle hither laſt night, not knowing what occaſion there might be of it, *Lyſis* put I know not what into it: But wretch that I am I was not ſo careful as to ask him what it was, and yet it will be ſaid that I am partly a cauſe of his death, by reaſon of my negligence. Beſides that it breaks my heart, when I think he took that mortal draught from my hand, O heavens! why would you ſuffer it?

Thus did *Carmelin* ſeem to be extreamly troubled according to the directions of his Maſter, and *Adrian* amazed as much as poſſible, turned to *Hircan*, entreating him to apply ſome remedy to his poor Couſin, and to ſend for an Apothecarie that might give him ſomewhat to make him caſt up what he had taken.

Hircan and all the ſhepherds who had been acquainted by *Polidor* of the diſſimulation of *Lyſis*, made as if they were extremely troubled; and one of them tells *Adrian* that he knew not of any means to give his Couſin an Antidote, though the Apothecary had brought any, becauſe he being reſolved to die, would never take it. Yet *Hircan* made as if he would ſend a Lacquay to the City for that purpoſe.

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In the meantime *Lyſis* having trembled a great while, pronounced theſe words with a dying voice. *A certain benummedneſs begins to ſeize my nobleſt parts; I am gone my friends. Farewel Shepherds, chooſe out one from among you, who being the moſt illuſtrious, may give you lawes. If my advice be of any weight with you, take* Philiris. *I believe the* Pariſians *that are to come, will be much aſtoniſhed not to find me; but there is no remedy, I muſt obey my Miſtreſs one moment, that I may obey her no more: I will execute her command without command. As for your part Couſin, you are partly the cauſe why I embrace death, for ſeeing that you would needs carry me to* Paris, *it ſhould be my endeavour to dye, though I received no occaſion, as being deſirous to end my dayes here, that I may have the honour to be buried by my companions, and in ſpight of your teeth remain in this happy country.*

This diſcourſe ended, *Lyſis* ſlides down into the bed, as if he had fainted; and after he had fetched ſome ſighes, he turned to the other ſide, and ſpoke no more. He kept himſelf ſo much from moving and taking his breath aloud, that the ſhepherds concluded he was dead, who was the deareſt friend they had in the world. *Carmelin* caſting himſelf on his bed, cryed out, Alas my poor Maſter! why would you dye in the flower of your age? you might have yet a good while enjoyed the pleaſures of life. Ah! ſince he is dead that comforted us all in our afflictions, ſayes *Fontenay*, it is fit I dye too. He hath ſhewed me the way, I am not leſs miſerable in my Loves then he. I love a cruel one whom the relation of my ſufferings can make never the more favourable to me. Give me poiſon as thou didſt thy Maſter, *Carmelin*: I will take it off preſently, and lye down by him that I may dye in his company. Am I a common Executioner ſayes *Carmelin*? Am I an adminiſtrer of poiſon? Had I known that the wine I had given my Maſter had been poiſoned, do you think I would have ſuffered him to take it? Go ſeek poiſon ſomewhere elſe, there is no more in our bottle: I would to God there never had been any. If I cannot get poiſon, cryes out *Fontenay*, I will take a knife and cut my throat; and if I am denyed weapons, I ſhall find ſome other ſhift to diſpatch my ſelf: I will caſt my ſelf out at the window, I will hang my ſelf, or ſwallow burning coals, and will keep in my breath till I am choaked. Take away this deſperate perſon, ſayes *Hircan*, you *Polydor* and *Meliantes*, carry him into ſome chamber, where let him be chained up as a mad man. O God! how does Love let us ſee this day the ſtrange effects of his mighty power.

Hircan having ſaid this, *Fontenay* was conveyed away, and *Adrian* having himſelf felt his Couſin, was ſo ſimple as to think him dead. He went preſently to his wife and told her this ſad news. They were both extremely troubled, conſidering it would be ſaid generally that they were the cauſe of this poor lads death, for want of having a better care of him; and were too blame to let him goe into the Country among ſtrangers, who had ſo confounded his imaginations, that he dyed out of deſpair. Their recourſe was to diſcharge their fury on *Carmelin*, telling him he was a Rogue, a Traytor, and a Mutherer, and that it was he had put poiſon into his Maſters wine. He reproached them with being the cauſe of all this unhappineſs, and that *Lyſis* had confeſſed at his death, that he dyed to avoid going with them to *Paris*. *Hircan* came and told them it was irreverent to quarrel in the place where the dead body lay; and that there was as much reſpect due to the dead as to things ſacred. He thereupon cauſes all to depart the chamber and locked the dore, not permitting any to go in, and then takes up *Adrian* after this manner. Let us ſpeak a little with reaſon good friend, ſayes he to him: What do you mean by making ſuch a noiſe here? Will you have all the world take notice that *Lyſis* is poiſoned? If that be once known, his body will be taken hence, and juſtice will proceed againſt him as a ſelf-homicide. He will be hanged at a Gibbet by his feet: he will have a brand of infamie, and his goods will be confiſcate: You that are of his kindred will get neither profit nor credit thereby. All you have of *Lyſis*'s in your hands will be taken away, and the children will point at you as they goe to ſchool, as being of near kin to one

that

that was hanged. You muſt therefore conceal the truth, and give out that *Lyſis* dyed a natural death.

Theſe conſiderations ſilenced *Adrian* and his wife: They had ſome part in *Lyſis*'s inheritance, which would have fallen to them very ſeaſonably, for they had already two children, one tabling abroad, and the other at nurſe, and they were not over-rich. As for *Carmelin*, nothing could make him give over his complaints; theſe and the like were alwayes his words. I who have ſo faithfully aſſiſted my maſter, ſhall now be no more thought on He that hath laboured ſhall go without his reward, and they that have done nothiug ſhall carry away all. Who hath been with *Lyſis* night and day? Who hath faſted with him for companys ſake, when there was a neceſſitie? Who hath broke his ſleep to entertain him with love diſcourſe? Who made clean his cloaths? Who told him fine tales? Who taught him ſentences taken out of the choiceſt Common-places? Alas! It was his faithful *Carmelin*: Yet he ſhall inherit nothing of his. Now he is dead, he muſt be thruſt out of dores like a Rogue. Had he but made his Will, I ſhould have ſeen whether he had loved me me or no; I ſhould have been content with what he would have left me. Muſt the next of kin whom he loved not at all, and to avoid whom, he is departed the world; be his abſolute heirs? Tis as much as the beſtowing on the murtherer the goods of him he hath murthered. Here are his freinds who pretend to be very ſad for his death, but they have not the fiftieth part of my affliction. 'Tis a good author hath taught me, that if heirs have tears in their eyes, they laugh in their hearts and as for that invention of Cloſe Mourning at the burial it was out of a diſtruſt they might not conſtantly obſerve the ſame ſadneſs in their countenance, and that their joy might not be diſcovered at their eyes, which would be a thing of ill example to the people.

Thus did *Carmelin* continue his complaints, which I believe he had ſtudied, but *Hircan* told him that he would order things ſo, that his ſervices ſhould not be forgoten, and though his Maſter had ordered him neither wages, nor conſideration, yet ſhould he have what would ſatisfie him. He bid him not trouble himſelf that his Maſter made no will, for that would have been only a ſeminary of ſuits, and *Lyſis*'s heirs wonld not have paid what had been bequeathed. To give you an example of theſe inconveniencies, continues he, a rich man making his will, left all he had to a company of his fellow Citizens to diſpoſe of it, and to let his right heirs have what part thereof pleaſed them. The heir ſuing the communitie, the Judge told them: Well, if you are deſirous to accompliſh the Will of the Teſtator, you muſt let this ſon have what pleaſeth you. What diviſion will you make? he ſhall have a tenth part; and we will have the other nine replyed the company. Take then the tenth part to your ſelves, ſayes the Judge, and leave the reſt to the heir, for he is to have what part pleaſeth you. By this querck the lawful heir was reſtored to his right: but all Judges have not ſuch good judgments as this had; ſo that it would be very doubtful pleading, both for the Inheritors and Legataries. What ever *Lyſis* had left you, Sir *Carmelin*, *Adrian* would have gotten one half, and the Law another. What courſe ſhall I take then? ſaies *Carmelin*, were it not better be in hazard to get ſomewhat, then to be aſſured of nothing? What ſhall I ſtay for? wretch that I am, fortune never ſmiled on me in my life. Do you wonder *Fortune* never *ſmiled* on you, replies *Hircan*, did you ever ſee one ſmile upon the *wheele*?

Carmelin underſtood not this ſcoffe at the firſt, but at length he remembred that that unconſtant Goddeſs was repreſented on a wheele: He prayed *Hircan* not to add to his affliction by deriding his miſery; and though *Hircan* knew he was not ſo ſad as he pretended, yet he ſwore to him, that in caſe the heirs would give him nothing, he would ſatisfie him out of his own.

About this time comes in a Lacquey from *Anſelme*, who ſaid his Maſter was much troubled about *Lyſis*, having heard nothing from him ſince the laſt time he had ſeen him, and that he was ſent to know whether he had been ſo ill bred as to

return

return without bidding him adiew, or asking whether he would any thing to *Paris*. My friend, ſaies *Hircan*, tell your Maſter that *Lyſis* is juſt now departed this world. The Lacquey would not have believed it, had not *Carmelin* with a ſad countenance confirmed it. He therefore returned with this anſwer to his Maſter. *Anſelme* knew not whether it was only a trick put upon him, or that it was true, ſo that however it were, he thought beſt to go immediately to *Hircans*. At the outer gate he met *Meliantes*, who acquainted him with the whole buſineſs. To comply with the brave Shepherds that were there, *Anſelme* counterfeited the diſconſolate as much as could be.

In the mean time *Adrian* and *Pernella* asked *Hircan* what he intended to do with the body, and deſired it might be buried, and put into the ground: He ſhall not be interred to day, ſaies *Hircan*, his fellow Shepherds will not permit it, their Cuſtom is to keep the bodies two daies at leaſt, and then waſh them to ſee if they are quite dead; for there are ſome who being only fallen into a lethargy have been thought dead, and ſo buried, they recovering again have died mad. Beſides that you are to know that the bodies of *Illuſtrious Shepherds* and *Heroes*, ſuch as your Couſin was, are never interred, that's a thing was never ſeen. Read all good Authors, and you will find it was never done: We think it a baſe thing to be thruſt into the earth; you cannot do worſe with thoſe that die as Malefactors: is there any thing more ignominious then to rot, and to be eaten of worms? Is it not a deſpicable thing to be beſtow'd into the groſſeſt of all the Elements? 'tis better chuſe the pureſt, as a thing more noble and more deſirable. We perſons of quality, have our bodies burned after our death. The fire which ſeems to aſpire to the higheſt ſphere, ſeems to carry thither with it our Reliques, and that our bodies are conveyed to the Gods as well as our ſouls. *Lyſis*'s body ſhall therefore be burn'd on a heap of fagots, in the midſt of my Court; but there are ſome neceſſarie ceremonies to go before. *Hercules* was burnt alive before he went to heaven; 'is there any danger to burn a dead man? the bodies of all the *Ceſars* have been ſo.

Adrian who underſtood nothing of Hiſtory nor fables, was beſide himſelf at this propoſition of *Hircan*, and proteſted more then ever to apply himſelf to Juſtice for ſatisfaction for all the injuries he had received. He ſaid they were to blame not to ſuffer his Couſin to be buried after the ordinary manner, ſince it did not appear he died a Heretick, nay contrary to *Hircans* opinion, he maintained that it was an ignominious thing to be burn'd; nay worſe then to be caſt into the common ſhore, ſince they were the moſt wicked that were condemned to the fire, as Witches, and Traitors. *Philiris* ſtood up to make good what *Hircan* had ſaid, and would have brought his reaſons out of the ſubtile *Wiſdom* of Dr. *Charron*; but *Hircan* told him he muſt keep within the limits of *Poetry*, and that they ought not to engage themſelves in things over ſerious. *Adrian* not being able any longer to keep in his vexation, turn'd to *Anſelme*, and quarrelled with him in this manner; If I come to any trouble for my deceaſed Couſin, I declare to you now as I did then, and I ſhall declare to you then as I now do, that I will be righted againſt you. You have taken this poor youth from under my hands, and though you promiſed me to treat him well, yet you have brought him hither among a ſort of people that have made him run quite out of his wits. 'Tis quite contrary to what you ſay, replies *Anſelme*, for if they are mad as you ſee they are ſometimes, 'tis your Couſin is in fault; they were diſcreet enough when he came hither, but he hath perverted them, and filled them with his corrupt opinions. If I had not had a great care of my ſelf, and kept at a diſtance from him, he would have brought me into the ſame high-way of madneſs: I have ſufficient witneſs to prove that he would have perſwaded me above a hundred times to turn Shepherd. Theſe are cheats, ſaies *Adrian*, you are all of you old enough to look to your ſelves: 'tis not to be conceived that one young man alone ſhould corrupt ſo many; my couſin could not be worſe in any place of the world: theſe are Ruffians & Atheiſts that fear neither God nor devil; ſince I came into this place I have

not heard one word of our Religion. How is it that theſe Apoſtates are ſuffered in *France*, who are worſe then *Nero's* and *Julian's*?

Adrian uttered a many exclamations to the ſame purpoſe, but *Meliander* told him that it were not his beſt courſe to uſe ſuch language, and that he had already felt the greatneſs of *Hircans* power. You are an ignorant Cockney, ſaies *Hircan* very roughly to him, you know not what belongs to Heroick grandeur: Know that *Heroes*, ſuch as we are, have priviledges which other men have not. They live after another manner, they are clad otherwiſe, they ſpeak otherwiſe, and they die otherwiſe. *Adrian* had an itch to ask whether they had not a Paradice by themſelves, but he kept it in for fear of further offence. Conſider with your ſelf if you have a mind to ſee the Ceremonies we uſe to the dead, continued *Hircan*, we will not do any thing the leſs, or more ſecretly for you; if you will not appear there, hide your ſelf where you pleaſe; nay the truth is, you are too profane to be preſent at ſuch ſacred Funerals.

This diſcourſe made *Adrian* and his wife retire to their Chamber, and in the mean time *Hircan* opens *Lyſis's*, whereinto the whole company entred, not excepting *Fontenay*, who having overcome his deſpair, thought it ſufficient to be ſad. *Carmelin* went and caſt the ſheet over *Lyſis's* head, who diſcovered no more motion then before; and the Gardiner having brought ſuch flowers and ſweet hearbs as could be found in that ſeaſon, all the Shepherds caſt of them upon the dead body.

Hereupon comes in *Amaryllis* ſinging an aire had been purpoſly made on the death of the Shepherd. Her voice was ſo ſweet and languiſhing, that *Adrian* thought at firſt ſhe had ſung ſome good prayer, or hymne; but when he underſtood the ſence of what ſhe ſung, and the other Shepherds anſwering her, he was ſtark mad, becauſe the ſubject of it was ſome amorous paſſion. See here my duck, among what a ſort of people we are fallen, inſtead of praying to God for the ſoul of the poor dead party, or ſending for Prieſts to do it, they go even into his Chamber ſinging *French* aires, whereas the *hymnes* of the Church are in *Latine*. In the mean time I doubt not but my Couſin hath more need of good prayers, for he died without confeſſion.

The Muſick having laſted a good while, he ſtill complained, and in the mean time *Carmelin* being come out of the Chamber for more branches of Cypreſs which *Hircan* wanted, a Lacquey met him, and fell on him in theſe words; Thy glory is now in the duſt, poor ſnake, thou ſhalt play the fool no more, thou haſt loſt the Maſter for whoſe ſake thou wert entertained every where. I ſhall now ſee thee a poor rogue again. *Carmelin* was ſo peaceable a man that he made no return again to theſe abuſes, but fell a weeping to ſhew how great his grief was; but yet in himſelf he took comfort, when he conſidered that thoſe who domineered over him, as if he had no dependance of any man, would be one day deceived, when they ſhould find *Lyſis* ſtill alive. He went therefore to the Garden and gathered ſome Cypreſs, and carried it quietly to *Hircan*, who ſtrewed it all about the Chamber, according to the cuſtom of the Ancients, who held that Tree mournfull.

Carmelin hereupon reflecting on what he had heard *Hircan* ſay, that *Lyſis's* body ſhould be burn'd and not interr'd, fell into ſtrange diſquiets; for as to the effecting his Maſters deſigne, it was neceſſary he ſhould be interr'd, to the end that there being nothing to detain *Adrian* in *Brie*, he might return to *Paris*, and *Lyſis* get out of the Sepulcher in the night, and go into ſome private place, whence he might afterwards return to his former way of life; whereas on the contrary, ſhould they burn him, the poor man knew not whether he were not oblig'd to declare that he was not dead, leſt they ſhould commit ſuch a cruelty as to burn him alive. At laſt he reſolved to be patient awhile, leſt he ſhould have incurr'd the diſpleaſure of his Maſter, who would have been angry to find him no better a keeper of his ſecrets, ſo that he reſolv'd not to declare the truth, till extream neceſſity ſhould require it.

While

While he was thus conſidering, *Philiris* being gotten up into a chair on his knees, and leaning his hands on the back of it, began to hem, as one that prepares himſelf for a long ſpeech. All the Shepherds ſate down knowing his intention was to make a *Funeral Oration* on the death of *Lyſis*, and every one keeping ſilence, he ſpoke thus.

I am not able to tell you, ſad and diſconſolate Shepherds, what we have left us we can call good, if we conſider what we have loſt, unleſs it be the reflection of our memory on the content and ſatisfaction we had to poſſeſs the incomparable *Lyſis*; for we are rather to continue our thanks to the Gods that we enjoy'd him ſome time, then cenſure them that they have now taken him from us. They are poſſibly our crimes have caus'd it, in that we deſerve not to have among us ſo rare a Maſterpiece, to whoſe excellence heaven and nature had contributed equally. Whether we conſider the features of his countenance, and the proportion of his body, or repreſent to our ſelves the delicacy of his diſpoſition, and the excellency of his mind, there was nothing the earth could be worthy of. Nevertheleſs this common mother of men being deſirous to enjoy him eternally, had obtained of *Jupiter* that he might be received into the quality of *Trees*, which ſhe nouriſhes by their roots; but the ſage *Hircan* oppoſed the decree, and delivered the illuſtrious Shepherd out of captivity; which though it was honourable, yet could not but be inconvenient. But heaven not being long able to be without its own work, hath prevailed ſo far as that it hath taken him hence, and it might be eaſily judg'd it was reſolv'd to have him, ſince it was the decree of fate he ſhould expoſe himſelf to all manner of dangers to deliver a Lady out of the Priſon of an Enchanter, though his principal profeſſion was far from that of a Souldier. Notwithſtanding all this, 'twas no violent death ſnatcht him from us; but methinks the firſt fruits of thoſe delights he now enjoyes, ſhould not have been ſo burdenſome to him; a natural death came and gently cloſed up his eyes, and hath not broken nor cut the knots which faſtned his ſoul and body together, but hath moſt dexterouſly and without any violence untyed them.

Theſe words moved *Lyſis* ſo far, that he almoſt forgot he was departed. He was ready to ſpeak, and to tell the Shepherds they were to blame to ſay his death was natural, ſince it was violent. He thought that if it was not ſaid he had poiſoned himſelf, his hopes would have been fruſtrated, and he ſhould deſerve nothing of *Charite*. He never imagined it would have been ignominious to him if it ſhould be ſaid he had diſpatched himſelf. The agitation of his mind was ſo great, that his body moved a little, which *Meliantes* perceiving, acquainted the Oratour with it; but they perſwaded him it was an illuſion, ſo that *Philiris* proceeded in his Oration.

I ſhould then have told you, Paſtoral Aſſembly, that it was neceſſary *Lyſis* ſhould die, ſince it was the pleaſure of heaven, but yet there was no conſideration ſhould oblige us to receive his death otherwiſe then with the greateſt afflictions that men are capable of. There's none among us ought for ten years be guilty of the leaſt ſmile, and if any ſuch thing happen it ſhall be a forfeit. How can we diſclaim ſadneſs? ſince love himſelf, though a God, is not exempted; and I believe he will no more go naked as he was wont to do, becauſe he muſt now put on mourning: Nor indeed could he not but be extreamly obliged to this Shepherd, as who made it his daily employment, the dilatation of his Empire while he lived, and at his death commended and conſign'd his ſoul into his hands to be conducted into that place, where all faithfull Lovers are eternally rewarded. I ſhould not tell you all theſe things, did I not herein obey cuſtom, who will have it ſo; for I conceive you are all ready to do *Lyſis* all that is due to him, without any excitation from my words. However I ſhall preſume to deſire you againſt to morrow to prepare your ſelves for the ſolemnity of his Funerals, then I ſhall have more to ſay then I have now, and then I ſhall make a particular relation of all his perfections, and the nobleſt adventures of his Loves, not for your ſakes

who are acquainted with them; but to ſatisfie ſuch as are ſtrangers to them that may happen to be then preſent, and would be glad to underſtand the life of the *Heroick Shepherd*, whoſe deſigne was to introduce among us the felicity of the firſt age.

Philiris here ended his diſcourſe, whereof *Lyſis* miſſed not a word, being extreamly elevated with the honour they did him. *Hircan* cauſed all the Shepherds to leave the Chamber, and left *Carmelin* alone to watch the dead body. They dined a while after, and they brought him what he wanted; but though there was not too much for himſelf, yet was he ſo charitable, as having lockt the dore, to preſent his Maſter with half, who confeſſed he never had a better ſtomack then ſince he was dead.

Anſelme returned to *Orontes*'s, there to give an account of *Lyſis*'s pleaſant adventure, and to ſatisfie all as to the report they might have received of his death. In the mean time *Adrian* and *Pernella* would needs eat apart, and not go any more among the Shepherds, whom they took for excommunicated and abominable people: Their reſolution was not to return till they had ſeen their Couſins body put into the ground in ſpight of all *Hircans* oppoſitions; though they had buſineſs that much required their haſtening to *Paris*.

The day being ſpent in divers entertainments, as every one was pleaſed to paſs it away, it was thought fit *Carmelin* ſhould lie in the Chamber where the dead body lay, though he ſeem'd to be ſomewhat unwilling, and the reſt were diſpoſed into their ordinary Chambers. *Lyſis* ſeeing himſelf alone with his faithfull *Carmelin*, talked with him a good while, and would needs know what was generally ſaid of his death. Having underſtood that every one bewailed it, he believed it might be ſome affliction to *Charite*; and as for the conſultation was had about the burning of his body, it troubled him more then all. At laſt he deſired *Carmelin* to bind a faggot about with cloathes, and to put it upon the heap in his ſtead. *Carmelin* promiſed to do whatever lay in his power. The morning was not far ſpent, but *Orontes* and all his houſe came to *Hircans*, being extreamly deſirous to ſee the iſſue of this feigned departure of *Lyſis*. *Montenor* and *Clarimond* were alſo preſent, the report it ſeems having ſpread ſo far. All the Shepherds were already entred *Lyſis*'s Chamber, when *Adrian* comes thither once more to relate his afflictions, telling them they were to blame, not to have beſtowed Chriſtian burial on the poor deceaſed party. *Clarimond* comes in juſt as he was ſpeaking, ſo that having known him to be the man he had ſpoken with in the fields, and finding him more ſtaid and diſcreet then any of the reſt, he entreated him to ſtand his friend. *Clarimond* who was of a very good diſpoſition, went and ſpoke ſoftly to *Hircan*, telling him, that he knew not what pleaſure they took by perſecuting the poor Citizen in that manner, and that he was ſufficiently abus'd. You may perceive well enough ſaies *Hircan*, that it is his couſin *Lyſis* hath begun, we have only promoted the buſineſs a little; when an humour took him to counterfeit himſelf dead, would you have us ſay immediately that there was no ſuch thing? Not ſo neither, replies *Clarimond*, the humour was too pleaſant to let it die; but let it now have an end.

Hircan made no other anſwer to that, then with a nod approve what he had ſaid; and ſeeing that *Charite* was come with the reſt into the room, he led her by the hand toward the Shepherds bed, and ſaid to her, Conſider fair *Charite*, what are the effects of your cruelty: You have given this illuſtrious Shepherd a *Command without Command*, which hath been the cauſe of his death: you are to be commended that you are come hither, to water his body with your tears: It ſhall be waſhed with no other; but yet, O cruel one, before you darken the fair Suns of your eyes with the clowdes of ſadneſs, be ſo favourable as to dart ſome of their rayes on this breathleſs body. It may poſſibly be, that ſince you have had the power to make it die, you may by the ſame power revive it.

Lyſis perceived by this diſcourſe, that his Miſtreſs was there, and being unwilling it ſhould be reproacht to her in time to come, that ſhe was not able to raiſe

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upher Lover, he reſolved to return immediately into the world in her preſence. He therefore rais'd up his head by little, and having uncovered it with one hand, he rub'd his eyes a long time together, as if he had had a deal of trouble to get them open.

The Shepherds cry'd out preſently a miracle, a miracle, a miracle of *Charite*'s eyes, this beauty hath not only reſtored life to *Lyſis*, but even to all his friends who would have died with him. Let us give her thanks, let us adore her, and erect Temples to her as a Goddeſs. On your knees Shepherds before this fair one, ſubmit your ſelves to her. *Charite* ſeeing that they came to embrace her knees and kiſs the border of her garment, was ſo baſhfull that ſhe repented ſhe had come along with her Miſtreſs, and would have run away, had not *Hircan* held her very faſt.

Lyſis beheld her with a languiſhing look, and after awhile ſaid to her, Is it you fair *Charite* that commands me from the other world after you had ſent me thither? What new reſolution have you taken? Will you have me ſtay and languiſh here for ever? Do not you imagin any ſuch thing, ſaies *Hircan*, 'tis to reſtore you to happineſs, that you are reſtored to life. O! if it be ſo, ſaies *Lyſis*, how much better is it for me to be on earth, then to be in hell, or the Eliſian fields, whence I am now come, and where I have ſeen wonderfull things.

Adrian, who was in the Chamber with the reſt to ſee what ſhould be done, was extreamly overjoy'd to hear *Lyſis* ſpeak. He went and cry'd out to his wife that their Couſin was ſtill alive; but *Polidor* told him that he was miſtaken if he thought that *Lyſis* had not been dead at all, and that he had not ſeen him depart, but that he was raiſed again both through the charms of *Charite*, and thoſe of *Hircan*. *Adrian* who underſtood nothing of ſuch miracles, anſwered not a word, to avoid further diſpute, but with *Permella* returned to *Lyſis*'s Chamber.

The Shepherd would have riſen to have caſt himſelf at *Charite*'s feet; but they told him he were better keep his bed a little, becauſe a man could not die without being very ſick, and that there was ſtill ſome reliques of the diſeaſe. However he lifted himſelf up a little higher then he was before, and having a pillow under his head, he began to ſpeak thus to all that were preſent:

It is but reaſonable, dearly beloved companions, that I tell you from what place I come, and that I give you an account of thoſe things I have ſeen. My ſoul was no ſooner out of my body, but *Love* came and ſeiz'd it to carry it to *Hell*: I would not have my Couſin *Adrian* nor yet his wife, whom I ſee there in a corner, ſtart back at that word; they are not to think that going to hell in the expreſſions of Shepherdry is to be damn'd, as it may be they have heard their Parſon teach; but it ſignifies only tranſlation into the other world, which is called hell, becauſe it is lower then this. It is certain that in that place there is a priſon for thoſe that are found guilty of any crime, but that is called *Tartarus*. All men are obliged to go into thoſe ſubterraneous places to do homage to *Pluto*, who is the King thereof, unleſs it happen by eſpecial favour to ſome to be deified aſſoon as they are dead, and that ſome God plunge them into a river to purifie them, as *Venus* did her ſon *Æneas* This honour being not due to me, Love carried me away into hell; for you are to obſerve that though they are the good or bad Angels which do this Office for all other mortals, yet this little God did it for me, becauſe the fates never commended me into the cuſtody of any other Genius then him. When we had paſſed down through an obſcure valley, we came to the banks of the River *Acheron*, where Love left me, and I met with the Ferryman, who was going to tranſport certain ſouls: I would needs have gone with them into the boat, but he thruſt me back with all his might, ſaying he would not carry me over unleſs I paid him his fair before-hand. I have no other mertal then that which is within me, that is my ſelf; thou ſeeſt there are remain'd in me certain grains of the firſt age, and that by my vertues I have guilt the iron of the preſent. Conſider if I may not be able to ſerve thee in ſomewhat may

recompence

recompence thy pains; for as to the piece of braſs which others give, I have not brought it with me. All this would have ſignified nothing had not there been a charitable ſoul that had a double piece, and ſaid it was for us both, conſidering ſhe had no further uſe of money. When I had croſſed over and was got aſhore, I went to Hell-gate, where *Cerberus* could do me no hurt, becauſe he was at that time tyed up with a great iron chain. Being come into the midſt of that great Palace, I perceived all the other ſouls flying before me, whereat I was extreamly troubled, for I would have been glad to have diſcourſed with them, and have asked them how they paſſed away their time in that place. At length there were two more confident then the reſt, who took me and lead me before the *three Judges* to whom they repreſented, that *Pluto's* Kingdom was decaying, if there were not ſome order taken; for whereas a ſoul incur'd greater torment if it endeavoured to avoid the darkneſs, I had at once brought ſo much light with me, that I had frighted all the inhabitants of that low Region. I well perceive the reaſon of it, ſaies *Radamanthus*, 'tis the ſoul of a Lover, whoſe fire is as pure and as clear as the Sun, it muſt be plunged into thoſe frozen Rivers, wherein we quench the flames of *Ambition*, *Avarice*, and other paſſions. Let it not be ſent thither, replies *Æacus*, it deſerves far otherwiſe, we were unjuſt if we did it: You have not maturely conſidered the buſineſs. *Minos* was of the ſame opinion, who having a long time conſulted with his brethren, it was ordered I ſhould be conveyed to the *Elyſian fields*. I ſaw, as I paſſed by *Tartarus*, where the ſinfull are ſo tormented, that their cryes are heard a league off. *Tantalus* is there, *Ixion* is alſo there, and a many others that have offended the Gods. After I had travelled a great way with a ſpirit that was my guide, I ſaw the aire grew by little and little more clear, and in a moment I found my ſelf in a Countrey which had light enough to diſcover the excellent things that were in it. There was a Medow cheequered with an infinity of flowers, which could not be ſeen otherwiſe then by travelling over all the Countrys of the world, at the end of that there was a Grove which had as many different trees, and there I met with a many happy ſouls who began to receive me with complements for the ſatisfaction they found in my company. I had not left my civility behind me here, ſo that I anſwered them in as courteous expreſſions. They were all clad in white, and their ordinary recreation was to recite Verſes, to play on the Lute or the Gitarre, and not at Cards nor Dice, which was the diverſion of evil ſpirits. As they were ſhewing me all their pleaſures, it came into my mind to ask them why we were called by no other name then *Souls*, and why we were put in the feminine gender, ſince divers among us had been ſometimes men? There was one going to anſwer me, when I perceived Love hovering over my head, who took me in his arms, and carryed me ſo ſwiftly through the air, that the greatneſs of the agitation ſoon lulled me aſleep, ſo that I found my ſelf in this place ere I thought on't.

Lyſis having thus ended his diſcourſe, which was a knot of lyes invented on the ſudden, all admir'd the fruitfulneſs of his conceptions. *Philiris* told him, that as to the doubt he was in, that we were but ſouls only after our death, it was not becauſe were were women rather then men, but that not being of one ſex more then another, we had been called by a name uſed in the feminine gender, without any deſigne. Be it as it will, ſaies *Lyſis*, but I am glad that my ſoul is feminine, for then it ſhall be of the ſame ſex as the object of its love; ſince it is the only deſire of the *Lover* to be changed into the thing loved. See fair *Charite* how great the affection I bear you is, continued he, nay when I was in the other world, I had no other regret, but that I had left this too ſoon, and had not ſtaid to ſee you, that you might not have doubted but that you were the cauſe of my death: But fate hath laid this obligation on me, that if I dyed not in your preſence, it was in your preſence that I was raiſed up again.

Charite knew not what anſwer to make to theſe fine words, ſo that when ſhe perceived *Hircan* looſen his hold ſomewhat, ſhe made but one ſtride of the chamber, into the gallery, and as ſhe went down, being followed by no body, ſhe

conſidered

conſidered of her returning to *Orontes*'s to avoid further abuſe.

Adrian in the mean time was extremely comforted at the arrival of thoſe who were come in laſt, who ſeemed to him to be of more ſtaid minds then the Shepherds. He therefore approaches his Couſin, and asked him whether he would not return to *Paris*; whereat the Shepheard was extremely troubled, imagining his diſſimulation had been all to no purpoſe, and had not laſted long enough to ſend away that troubleſome Guardian. As he was ſtudying what to anſwer, *Hircan* prevented him, ſaying, he was too importunate in diſturbing a poor man, who was but newly returned to life, and that it was ſufficient if *Lyſis* had ſo much ſtrength as to get up and walk about the houſe.

This check roughly delivered, made *Adrian* retire, and *Hircan* having promis'd *Lyſis* on his word, that his Couſin ſhould not diſpoſe of him as he pleaſed, entreated him to riſe and come to dinner with the company. He was at that time in ſo good an humour, that he ſuffered *Carmelin* to help him put on his cloaths. *Hircan* had retained to dine with him all that were in the houſe. As they were ready to ſit down, *Lyſis* was like to make an ill meal of it, becauſe he ſaw not *Charite* whom he had ſought all over the houſe. He thought the expreſſions of Love he had made to her, were come to nothing: but *Angelica* having overheard ſome of her complaints, would give him ſome comfort, making him believe that the reaſon he found not *Charite* there; was not becauſe that ſhe had left him out of diſdain, but that *Leonora* had ſent her to *Orontes*'s about ſome buſineſs.

On the other ſide *Adrian*, who imagined his Couſin would be no better then he was before, had not quitted his deſire to carry him away; and his recourſe was to *Anſelm* though he had quarrelled with him, but a little before.

He asked if he might not be permitted to be gone; to which *Anſelm* replyed, if you are in ſuch haſt you may go your wayes preſently: but as for *Lyſis* I promiſe you, that as I brought him hither, ſo I will bring him hence. Within 15 dayes at fartheſt I muſt be at *Paris*, there being ſome occaſions that call me thither. It is not ſo long that there can happen any great alterations in your Couſins mind that you ſhould much fear. *Adrian* was loath to ſubſcribe to this, but *Clarimond* interpoſing, adviſed him to accept what was propoſed. He was forced to it out of the good opinion he had of that Gentlemans faithfulneſs and ſincerity. However, ſince it was too late to get to *Paris* that night, he deferred his journey till the next day, and *Hircan* being acquainted with his reſolution, made him very welcom, becauſe he gave him that further time to make ſport with *Lyſis*.

While all this was working, *Carmelin* knew not whether he ought to be merry or ſad. As ſoon as his Maſter was gotten up, he went to ſee *Lyſetta*, to whom he had not proffered his ſervice ſince he had *Lyſis*'s permiſſion. His Maſters death had taken away all ſuch thoughts. The firſt propoſition he made thereof to her, ſhe only laughed at him for his pains, ſo that he was very ill ſatisfied. The worſt on't was, that he durſt not declare it to *Lyſis*, becauſe he would have given him no other advice then to play the mad Lover like *Fontenay*. He could not ſing to entertain her with *Serenades*, and could play upon no other Inſtrument then a Flute. Beſides he was a man that would not abate any thing of his reſt, to obſerve your Lovers laws. He returned therefore with theſe diſquiets to dine with perſons of honour and qualitie, as he was wont to do.

As they were waſhing before they ſate down, *Hircans* man acquainted him that there was below an ill favoured fellow, and as ill accoutred, who had a great deſire to come up. How came he to thee ſayes *Hircan*, ſaid he nothing of any buſineſs he had with me? When I ſaw him alight, replies the man, I asked him what he would have. I am lately come out of *Champagn*, replyed he, and deſiring to return thither again, I am gotten out of the way, ſo that I have hitherto in vain ſought out an Inne for to bait in, in theſe Quarters. You are very ill directed, ſaid I to him, Do you think to lodge here? Do you not know that

this

this is a Gentlemans houſe, and not an Inne? Notwithſtanding theſe words, he ſticked not to tye his horſe up to a Lattice and give him ſome hay, which he gathered up and down near the ſtable; and very faintly made this reply, Since it is a Gentlemans houſe, it is better for me then if it were an Inne. I am every day honourably received at Princes tables, and therefore your Maſter will be glad of my company, and I deſire you only to acquaint him that *Muſardan* is here, that name is ſufficiently known all over *Europe*; they that know it not muſt needs be ſuch as have not forgotten their pap. Having told me ſo I thought beſt not to diſpute with him any further, but rather to make haſte up to acquaint you with his coming: but becauſe he followed me very cloſely, I entreated him to ſtay at the ſtair-foot, as I believe he does ſtill. You will find it is ſome Maſter Fool I warrant you, ſayes *Clarimond*. Do not ſay ſo, replyes *Lyſis*, art thou come hither again to ſpight me, and quarrel with all good people that ſhall come to me? If this *Muſardan* be he I mean, he is one of the moſt excellent men of this age. I will go and entertain him upon your commendation, ſayes *Hircan*. He went preſently to this man, who had a cloak and breeches of black Serge, with a doublet of Dowlaſs, foul enough in conſcience, ſo that the perſon ſeemed not to be of any great qualitie.

This *Muſardan* ſeeing *Hircan* coming to him, made a low congie, and ſaluted him with this complement, which he had ſtudied before. " I crave your pardon " Sir, ſaid he to him, that I have preſumed to give you a viſit ſo privately; for I " beleive, that ſince you may not at any time ſee thoſe labours of my mind " which I have put forth a while ſince, I may alſo be permitted to ſee you.

He thought he had done wonders in diſcovering himſelf by this diſcourſe, that he was an Author of the Times; but *Hircan* made him this return. 'Tis true indeed Sir, that you have a priviledge to viſit when you pleaſe all thoſe that have ſeen your excellent Works, and that they are every one obliged to entertain you once at leaſt, ſo that if you will, you need never eat at home; and I muſt acknowledg that though the Books I think you ſpeak of, never came to my acquaintance, yet ſhall I be one of thoſe who think themſelves not the leaſt honoured to ſee you at their table.

Though this anſwer was full of ſecret Satyre, and touched this Paraſite with his impudence, yet he reſolved to accept what was proffered him. He told *Hircan* alſo that he was out of his way, but that he was happy in the misfortune that had procured him ſo noble an acquaintance. *Hircan* without any farther ceremonie, deſired him to walk up, and ſent a Lacquey to the ſtable to ſee his horſe provided for. When he was come into the dining room, he was ſomewhat put out of countenance to find ſo many there. Here is a man knows you very well by reputation, ſayes *Hircan* to him, pointing at *Lyſis*; he hath read the Books you have put out. This is then the *Muſardan* I ſpoke of, ſayes *Lyſis* preſently, let me embrace him, let me kiſs him; he is my dear friend though he ſay nothing of Shepherdry in all his books. In ſaying this, *Lyſis* embraced him about the neck, and *Muſardan* told him he was much obliged to him that he had vouchſafed to look on his Works. After this *Lyſis* turned to his companions, and ſaid to them, run Shepherds and ſalute this excellent wit. There are above eighteen books that bear his name, and they are all Love ſtories. O the rare ingenuity! cryed out *Phylirus*, he teaches us to govern our ſelves amidſt the violent flames of that nobleſt paſſion, which ſeizeth our ſouls. Why are not all that live in *France* like him! Ignorance ſhould then be baniſhed the Kingdom.

The other Shepherds made ſome ſuch like exclamations in ſaluting him, ſo that it heightned him into an inſupportable vanitie, and made him believe he had already obtained the general approbation. *Hircan* commanded a ceſſation of theſe complements, and that all ſhould ſit down to table according to their ſeveral qualities. *Lyſis* whoſe memory was very much taken up with the cuſtoms of Antiquitie, ſaid he did not think fit they ſhould ſit all about the table, but only on one ſide, and leave the other for the Steward and waiters. He wiſhed alſo they

they were laid on beds to eat, and not ſit on chairs; and his deſign was that they ſhould not go to the table, but that it ſhould be brought to them, and taken away when they had done. 'Tis very convenient indeed to lie on a bed and eat, ſays *Hircan*, for a man hath this advantage at leaſt, that if he be drunk, he is in a good place to ſleep. But if we ſhould now get Workmen to make tables and beds as *Lyſis* would have them, we might ſtarve before they were done. Wherefore let us now fall to dinner, another time we'l think on't.

Lyſis made no reply at all, becauſe he inſenſibly fell into another thought. He thought *Muſardan* to be a very good Author, and was in doubt whether it were not better give him his Hiſtory to compoſe then to *Philiris*, of whoſe eloquence he had experience only in his diſcourſe, and had no tryal of his Elegance, which is a thing requiſite to write well. At length, to look further into the man, then he could diſcover by his books, he thought it not amiſs to ask him whether he had not ſeen the Letter he had ſent to *Paris*, directed to all Poets and Romanciſts. *Muſardan* replyed, that his friend the *Fabuliſtus* had ſpoke to him of a Letter ſent from an unknown Shepherd, but that he had not ſhewed it him. Then it ſeems you are not come hither purpoſely to ſee me, replyes *Lyſis*, and as concerning that *Fabuliſtus* whom you ſpeak of, though he be as great a *Poet* and *Romanciſt* as your ſelf, as his works ſpeak him; yet it ſeems according to what you ſay, he thought very indifferently of my Letter, ſince he hath not communicated it. By this I perceive you are not of that company of *Pariſians* who are to come hither and turn Shepherds; you ſhould have ſhewn others the way, and you give me occaſion to remit of that good eſteem I had of you. You ſee all that are about me clad in white, they are Shepherds, ſuch as I would have you to be alſo.

The Shepherds to comply with *Lyſis*, confeſſed they were all of that happy condition he attributed to them; and to make the better ſport, they fell into the moſt extravagant diſcourſes they could imagine. Their talk was like that of their late comedies, unleſs it were that they changed their ſtile oftener, and that the ſame Shepherd ſpoke ſometimes by *Hyperboles*, and ſometimes *Gallimathias*. *Philiris*, who read bad books as well as good, had had the patience to read *Muſardans*, and picked out the ridiculous abſurdities; ſo that having a good memory, he ſpoke only in the expreſſions of that Author, which was the beſt humour of all. 'Twas not to give his words any other ſenſe, they were ridiculous enough of themſelves, without any addition. *Muſardan* was nothing moved at it, whether he took no notice of it, or was proud to hear himſelf quoted.

As for *Fonteney*, after he had a long time beheld *Pernella* with a languiſhing eye, he renewed his diſcourſes of the deſperate Lover, whereat *Adrian* and ſhe were not well pleaſed; but yet ſuffered all, as being fully reſolved to be gone the next day. *Clarimond* having obſerved the divers poſtures of thoſe Shepherds, thought them ſuch as he could not bear with, ſo that he was not able to contain himſelf any longer. He told *Hircan* that he thought their deſign was to play the fools perpetually at this houſe, but that it was now time to break up the enchantment, ſince they both abuſed thoſe that knew them and that knew them not; and that for concluſion of the Comedie, *Lyſis* muſt be convinced of his errours. What errours doeſt thou mean? ſayes *Lyſis*: ever ſince I have known you I have done nothing elſe but told you of them, replyes *Clarimond*, I mean thoſe imaginations which the *Romances* have infuſed into you. Its now time you ſhake hands with them. Thou art then it ſeems the ſame *Clarimond* who contemneſt the inventions of good Authors, replyes *Lyſis*, I am glad *Muſardan* is come hither ſo ſeaſonably. He ſhall maintain his companions quarrel and his own. I have often promiſed thee that when we met with any able wit of the age, I would give thee leave to ſay what ever thou canſt againſt the books which thou doeſt ſo much hate, that thou mayeſt be confuted and confounded by one that can tell how to anſwer thee. I do now take you at your word, ſayes *Clarimond*. I will ſet upon all your *Fabuliſts* both ancient and modern, we cannot chooſe a fitter time then

now that we are in the most honourable Assembly in the world. For my part I take *Anselm* for our Judge. Be it so sayes *Lysis*, he is an indifferent person, he is not prejudiced for either partie.

Every one having heard this controversie which was newly risen, all endeavoured to advance it by approving it, that that excellent resolution of a fair and regular dispute, might not be lost. *Clarimond* endeavoured nothing so much as to shew his reasons why he hated *Romances* and *Poetrie*: and as for *Musardan*, they bid him prepare himself to answer what might be said against his *Profession*. He was so vainglorious as to promise full satisfaction in all things: and as for *Anselm*, though he would not confess himself able to discharge what was laid upon him, yet was he forced to undertake it. They dispatched dinner out of eagerness after the pleasure to hear the pleading of two such famous cases as now presented themselves.

The End of the Twelfth Book.

THE

THE Anti-Romance; OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The Thirteenth Book.

WHen the Cloath was taken away, the Judge was ſeated near the Table, and ſome others ſate on both ſides of him; which done, *Carmelin*, as if he had been Cryer, cauſed ſilence to be kept, and for *Clarimond*, he ſtood and began thus.

The Oration of *CLARIMOND* againſt Poetry, Fables, and Romances.

" WEre there remaining in the world but a confuſ'd memory only of all the " fabulous Books which antiquity brought forth, and that there could be " ſeen but the Titles of them ſome where, I ſhould have no cauſe to quarrel with " a thing whoſe miſchief expired with the age that bred it, and did not ſurvive to " injure this: But when I conſider that the moſt abſurd imaginations and *reſue-* " *ries* of the world have outlived thoſe that believed them as articles of faith, " and have been tranſmitted to us though our Religion condemns them, I can- " not contain my ſelf, but muſt openly diſcover how little reaſon men have to " hold ſo many impertinences for Oracles. The miſchief they do, ought to " make the greater impreſſion on us, when we find that theſe ancient follies do

" not only gain eſteem, but men make it their daily imployment to invent others " in imitation of them. And this is the reaſon, why (out of a deſire to ſerve the " publick, and eſpecially ſome particular men who pleaſe themſelves in reading " or compoſing ſuch things) I have undertaken to acquaint them how they miſ- " ſpend their time, and what impertinences they are to meet with in *Romances* " and *Poetry*. He who would diſcourſe of all the ancient Poets, would not in " one day ſee the end of his labour; I muſt therefore encounter only with the " moſt famous among them, and in the firſt place bring *Homer* on the Stage, who " is called Prince of the *Greek* Poets: A man needs do no more then read his " *Iliads* and his *Odyſſes* to find all the fopperies imaginable amaſs'd together. I " will not taxe him with the overturning of the whole *Hiſtory*, and whereas it " is held that the *Trojans* overcame the *Grecians*, he hath feigned that the *Gre-* " *cians* overcame the *Trojans*, to honour his own Country; but there's ſo much " to be ſaid againſt him, that that may be abated: Let all his Works be read, " and there will be found leſs invention in them then in thoſe of your old " Knights of the *round Table*. The whole ſubject of the *Iliads* is briefly this, " That *Briſeis* being forced away from *Achilles*, he ſtaid all alone in his Ship, and " would go no more to the Wars, during which time the *Trojans* made ſeveral " ſallies upon the *Grecians*, wherein the *Grecians* being put to the worſt, they ad- " dreſſed themſelves to that ſon of *Peleus*, who would not bear arms till his friend " *Patroclus* was dead: he after this kils *Hector* in a duel, and having faſtn'd his body " behind his Chariot, drew it up and down through the Camp. Though this name " of *Iliad* ſeems to promiſe an entire relation of the ſiege of *Ilium*, which is a " Fort, by which was meant the whole City; we find in *Homer* neither the begin- " ning nor ending thereof; and if we had it not from other Poets, we ſhould " have known nothing. 'Twas a ſtrange want of judgement not to put down nei- " ther the cauſes nor progreſs of ſo great alterations: 'twould not have coſt " him much; he had no more to do then to bring it in by way of relation from " ſome old Captains to one new come into the Service: So that whereas we " now can hardly underſtand what was done in two or three months of the War, " we ſhould then have been acquainted with the actions of ten years and above, " for he ſaies the ſiege of *Troy* laſted ſo long, which ſo embroyles our minds, " that we cannot imagin how both ſides ſhould ſtand it out ſo long, and what no- " ble adventures paſt between them. It had been better *Homer* had made it his " buſineſs to tell us that, ſo to leave a perfect work, then to have undertaken " that of the *Odyſſeys*. But all this ſignifies not much, for it may be ſaid he died " in his deſignes, or that ſome of his works have been loſt; we muſt therefore " be content that he hath left us any thing worth our notice. Inſtead of bring- " ing into *Olympus* the war of his imaginary Gods fighting among themſelves, " he brings them fighting amongſt men. He makes them rail at one another, " and commit ſuch palpable impertinences, that I know not how the *Grecians* " that did adore them, could poſſibly ſuffer him. He makes the Gods carefull " and tender only of the *Trojans* and *Grecians*, as if there were no more people " in the world. They never ſpeak of any other Nations, whereof there were no " ſmall number on earth and whom they were equally obliged to protect. But " though they are only troubled to make thoſe two peoples fight, and ever and " anon have their Aſſemblies to that purpoſe, and are as many for one ſide as " the other, yet have they not the wit to reconcile the difference, and prevent the " ruine of the moſt ſignal Heroes in the Camp. Do you think it a good exam- " ple for men to ſee *Jupiter* and *Juno* quarrelling every foot, when they were bro- " ther and ſiſter, husband and wife? Is it not a fine tale that *Jupiter* tels that " Goddeſs, when to threaten her, he asks her whether ſhe had forgotten the time " that being angry with her, he hanged her up in the air with two anvils at her " feet? Was it not a fine ſight to ſee her in that poſture, was it not an invention " worthy a God? 'Twas indeed an expedient to make his wife longer by a

" pearch. She was alſo much given to drink; when ſhe was angry, *Vulcan* to ap-
" peaſe her, preſented her with a drink, and ſhe had a trick to put her husband a-
" ſleep, and in the mean time execute all her deſigns; for though he were King
" of Gods and men, yet he knew not what was done in the world while he ſlept.
" As for the Ornaments of this *Iliad*, you will find them all of a barrel, and
" that *Homer* convers'd with no other Poetical figures then ſimilitudes; ſo that he
" could not expreſs the leaſt engagement or ſcuffle of the Army, but by one;
" but that which is moſt ridiculous is, that they are all of a ſort. You will find
" that a man that's mortally wounded and falls to the ground, is every where
" compared to a Tree blown down by the wind, or cut down with an axe; and
" what is yet more tedious is, that in every page almoſt, you ſhall find ſome He-
" roes furiouſly aſſaulting his enemies, ever compared to ſome wild beaſt rava-
" ging among a flock of ſheep, or a bird of prey, purſuing or devouring the leſ-
" ſer ones. If ſuch compariſons through the book do not amount to the ſum
" of four hundred and better, I'll deſire no credit be given to ought I ſay. Be-
" ſides theſe there are others which are not ſo frequent, yet are they the moſt im-
" pert nent in the world. The *Grecians* marching in battalia are compared to
" Cranes which flie in Troops; and in a certain place where they make a great
" noiſe about *Sarpedon* who had been put to death, they are compared to flies
" buzzing about the milk-pans and the cheeſe-fats A little after there is the naſtieſt
" and loathſomeſt compariſon that could be. Thoſe who drew one againſt ano-
" ther who ſhould have *Patroclus*'s body, are compared to the prentices of a Cur-
" rier liquoring an oxe-hide to make it ſupple, and pulling it with their nails to
" ſtretch it. As for *Homers* language, it muſt be conceived the *Greek* is not too
" pure or elegant, for that ſeven Cities ſtroye whoſe Citizen he ſhould be, was
" only becauſe he made uſe of ſo many different dialects, ſo that it could never
" be judged what Countrey-man he was; and I only leave it to be judg'd what
" grace it were in one of our Poets, for to make up his rimes and cadences, to
" huddle together, with the pure French, the expreſſions and phraſes of *Gaſcony*,
" *Picardy*, *Champaigne*, and *Normandy*. And yet this Prince of the *Greek* Po-
" ets who hath done what's as bad, muſt yet carry away the general eſteem; yet
" I ſhall be told that ſome very famous Authours have thought their diſcourſes
" ſingularly adorned when they made uſe of ſomewhat of his; whereas if a
" man ask them why they commend him, they will tell you, becauſe he is fraught
" with ſentences; but what ſentences are they doe you think? They are, for ex-
" ample, ſuch as theſe.

That it is not reaſonable a Prince, to whoſe care others are committed, ſhould ſleep away his time or be idle; That Jupiter *does eaſily make known his power to mortals, by ordaining whom he plaaſes to reigne: And that it is a great honour for a man to die for his Countrey.*

" Is there any Countrey-fellow ſo ſimple as could not ſay as much? any man
" that can ſpeak can do it as well, for reaſon dictates as much to us, word for
" word, without ſeeking to Philoſophy, though a mans language know nothing
" of the flowers of Rhetorick. There are a many that make uſe of examples
" drawn out of *Homer* as moral and political diſcourſes, as to ſay that *Agamem-*
" *non* wiſhed he had ten *Neſtors*, that *Diomedes* had but one companion to ac-
" compliſh an enterpriſe. They apply that diverſly to their purpoſes; but
" what commendation can ariſe to him hence? Is there any thing ſo miraculous
" in all this? Are not the leaſt things in the world applicable thus? It will
" be inculcated again, that if *Homer* be not to be eſteemed for his language,
" he ſhould be for the excellent precepts he gives Souldiers; and that the *La-*
" *cedemonians* who were a warlike people, ſaid he was their true Poet; but
" that *Heſiod*, who treated of Countrey-affairs, was only a Poet for the
" *Helots*, their ſlaves.

" I ſhall not ſcape the baiting of the *Pedants*, who will be ſure to ſpeak for him
" who makes them Lord it in the Chair, and will tell me that there being found

among

" among *Darius*'s Gods a rich Cabinet, *Alexander* thought nothing worthier to " be put into it then *Homers Iliads*, which he had ever under his pillow; but ſup- " poſing this ſtory to be true, I ſay the book is never the better for it, and that if " that Prince made ſuch uſe of it, it was for want of other books: For is there " any likelyhood that he who was ſo great a Captain, ſhould ſo highly eſteem " diſcourſes of Warr written by a man that was never in any, and ſpeaks of Arms " with as much impertinence, as that a School-boy that were at this time to write " a Romance, could not poſſibly commit ſo many faults of judgement: Can " there be any greater then to make his Heroes relate long ſtories on their Gene- " alogies, or ſome other as trivial diſcourſe, in the heat of the battel, when it " ſhould be conceived they had not time to breath, and that the reſt who were in " the ſcuffle had not the leaſure to hear them? Is there any thing in the world " more ridiculous then that combat between *Ajax* and *Hector*, which was fought " with a great preparation in ſight of both Armies? Theſe two valiant Cham- " pions having broke a Lance or two, fell to throw ſtones at one another, and " preſently the Herald came and ſeparated them, fearing they ſhould come to " diſpute the buſineſs with their ſwords: Is it not a pleaſant combat to make " ſuch a noiſe in the world as it does? Is it not another fair impertinence in ano- " other engagement, to make *Helenus* who perceived that the *Trojans* had the " worſe, go and bid *Hector* charge *Hecuba* to pray to the Goddeſs *Minerva*? " why did he not go to her himſelf, he who was a Prophet? Was there any " reaſon that great Captain ſhould leave his Souldiers to go upon a meſſage " which any boy belonging to the Army might do as well? and yet *Hector* was " ſuch a cockſcombe as to return to *Troy*, where he trifles away a deal of time " to talk with his wife, and play with his ſon, while the *Grecians* committed a " great ſlaughter on their enemies. *Alexander* was too great a wit to think well " of this, and I could never imagin he could eſteem himſelf more unhappy then " *Achilles*, becauſe he had not ſo good a voice to ſing his praiſes, ſince he could " not but know that if his conqueſts had been as fabulouſly deſcribed as the " ſiege of *Troy*, the world would not have believed the leaſt part of them. That " he cauſed a City to be built to the honour of *Homer*, there's not ſo much glory " in it as is conceived, ſince he built another to the honour of his horſe. This " Poet hath nothing that can any way entertain great minds: He makes Heroes " do things mean and unworthy, they turn the ſpit, boyle the pot, and they are " ſuch gluttons, that to ſtir them up to their duty, their Captains are to remon- " ſtrate to them that they ſhall have the beſt bits at the Feaſts, and their Goblets " full. It may be alſo eaſily obſerved that honeſt *Homer* hath not obſerved any " decorum at all; and if we will paſs into the *Odyſſeys*, we ſhall find that when " *Ulyſſes* was to depart the Iſland, where *Calipſo* retained him, that Nymph makes " him build his own ſhip, as if ſhe who was ſo powerfull could not have found " ſome other to have taken that pains inſtead of her Lover. But 'tis true, he " was not only a Carpenter, but a Joyner too, for he had made in her houſe a " fine bed-ſtead, having no other tool but a pair of Ciſſers, as he makes the re- " lation to his wife at his return.

" Theſe *Odyſſeys* are fraught with nothing but abſurdities, and that *Ulyſſes* " whoſe travels are deſcribed in it, is ſuch a ſimple fellow, that hearing a certain " Poet ſing the Wars of *Troy*, at the relation whereof he ſhould have rejoyced, " ſince he had gotten great fame there, he could never refrain weeping; and " yet his Hoſt *Alcinous* is ſo well ſatisfied with his perſon, though he had been " found naked as a worm at the river ſide, that the very firſt day he asks him " whether he will be his ſon in law: But 'tis true, he makes the propoſition " very pleaſantly, and ſhews how little he deſires it ſhould take effect; for he " tels him at the ſame time, that if he have no mind to ſtay any longer, he " will give him a Veſſel to be gone.

" There are the like viſible lowneſſes all through that Book, nothing that's " noble or generous. This *Ulyſſes* tels fooliſh tales to his Swine-herd: he asks

an

" an alms of his wife, and fights with a beggar. One of *Penelope's* Suiters tel-
" ling him he should have his share as well as the rest, he cast an oxe-hoof at his
" head; and if the good man be to relate any thing, he weeps excessively; and
" the reason why he gives over talking, is (saies he) *that it might not be thought it*
" *was the wine that made him weep.* I know no reason why that *Pallas*, who was
" so strong of his side, should not restore him to his possessions, without suffe-
" ring him to commit so many simplicities. From all this it may be well con-
" ceived that *Homer* who was the author of all this, was but a Bagpiper, that bog'd
" his bread from dore to dore, and would needs describe some part of his own
" beggery, under the name of a Prince. But if you think I pass over any noble
" inventions that may be found in the *Odysses*, let us now consider if they are
" worth the mentioning.

" *Ulysses* was in *Sicily* when *Polyphemus* devoured three of his companions,
" he told him his name was *Nobody*, so that having struck out his eye, when *Poly-*
" *phemus* cry'd out, and the other Cyclops running to him, had asked who had
" done him that mischief, he could make them no answer but *Nobody*, wherein
" they laught, thinking he had made himself blind. This is a tale so fond and im-
" pertinent, that Country people are able to make as good; and I assure you
" that ancient servant-maids of this Country have one in imitation of this, that is
" far more ingenious. As concerning *Circe* the Sorceress into whose Palace *Ulys-*
" *ses* comes, I wonder how he could meet with men so blunt, as to make them be-
" lieve this fable had any thing in it, because by the *Grecians* chang'd into swine,
" are represented the voluptuous; and by *Ulysses* who kept himself from that
" charm, the vertuous and discreet person, but there is a secret in this which never
" any Author was troubled with. *Homer* saies that *Ulysses* lay with *Circe* a whole
" year together: Is this the rare example of continence that your Mythologists
" find here; Were those who had but drunk of a pleasant poison, more blamable
" then he that had committed adultery with a sorceress? The Poet delirous af-
" terwards to take occasion to make the shades of the dead, do (one what in their
" turn, makes it be told *Circe* that *Ulysses* must go to hell to speak with the divine
" *Tiresias*, to know how he should preserve himself as he went into his Country,
" as if she who was daughter to the Sun, and a knowing sorceress, could not have
" done him a courtesie in that point; but there is besides her in a notable impe-
" tinency: for without all these ceremonies the silly fool might have as easily re-
" turn'd to *Ithacia*, as traverse a spacious Sea that brought him into the Country
" of the *Cimmerians*, a horrid and solitary passage, through which he was to go
" into hell.

" Thus are there an infinity of superfluous things in the *Odysses*, as well as in the
" *Iliads*, where *Achilles* is forewarned of his death by his horse, which might have
" been brought about some other way, without making a beast speak.

" As for the adventure of the *Syrens*, was it necessary that this *Ulysses* who was
" so wise a man, should be bound to keep him from going to them? As for the
" principal occasion of the History that mentions the young Lovers of *Penelope*,
" who wooed her with so much heat, I find that too, extreamly impertinent; for
" she having a son of age to bear arms, and twenty years being passed over since,
" must needs be at least forty years of age, so that she could not raise such passion
" as *Homer* would make us believe.

" The same thing may be in a manner said of *Helen*, when she had continued
" ten years in a City full of desolation, her beauty must needs be decayed, and
" that might take away much of the eagerness of having her in possession.

" Now I have told you all that lies open to censure in this Poet; as time I
" speak of *Virgil*, who without dispute is more polite, as having conversed with
" great one, yet is he no more censure-proof then the other. I meddle not with
" his *Æglogues*, nor yet with his *Georgicks*, for 'tis not there he hath most shew'd
" himself a *Poet*, and fallen into fabulous narrations. We must pass immediately
" to the *Æneids*, and to shew you it deserves not the reputation it hath obtained,

besides

" beſides that the chaſte *Dido* is there innocently calumniated, and that there " is a huge error in the Chronologie, in regard *Æneas* could not go to *Carthage*, which was not built in two hundred years after the taking of *Troy*; I " declare to you that there is not in that piece any thing of invention that may " ſurprize an ordinary mind.

" *Æneas* being toſſed up and down at ſea, *Juno* promiſes *Æolus* a wife " on condition he perform her will, as ſhe promiſes one to *Somnus* in the " *Iliad*. *Æneas* relates to *Dido* the taking of *Troy* with the ſtratagem of the " woodden horſe, which was an invention abſurd enough; but we muſt excuſe this Author, ſince it is borrowed of *Homer*, who mentions it in his *Odyſſes*. He afterward gives an account of his Voyage, and how he eſcaped the " Gulfs of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, as *Ulyſſes* had done. If that *Grecian* took a " journey to hell, this *Trojan* muſt do the like; all that I wonder at is, how " they met not there.

" The exerciſes which were at the Anniverſary of *Anchiſes*, were the ſame " which were at *Patroclus*'s death. *Juturna* helps *Turnus* in the fight, and " *Venus* aſſiſts *Æneas*, for the Gods are no leſs concerned in all theſe affairs " then in thoſe of the *Trojan* War. To quote yet a more ſtudied imitation, " as *Thetis* gave her ſon a buckler made by *Vulcan*, *Venus* gives her ſon one: I " forgot erewhile to ſpeak of this *buckler*, though it be one of *Homers* moſt " egregious impertinences, becauſe I would mention it with that of *Æneas*, " that ſo I might compare them together. In the Buckler of *Thetis*'s ſon, the " heavens were repreſented, with all the ſignes of the *Zodiack*, *Vulcan* had gra- " ved therein two different Cities, in the one there was nothing ſeen but feaſting, " dancing, and marriages; and in the midſt of the Aſſembly might there be ſeen " two Councellers pleading before the Judges; one ſaid he had ſatisfied the debt, " the other proteſted he had received nothing; and at length they agreed the buſineſs ſhould be referred to arbitration, and the people cry'd out that they de- " ſired it ſhould be ſo. The other City was all in arms, by reaſon of the many " factions among the Inhabitants; ſome lay in ambuſh near a River, where the " herds came to be watered, ſaies *Homer*, and as two Shepherds came near play- " ing on their pipes, they ruſhed on them, and having killed them, carryed away " their oxen and their ſheep. This tumult being heard, there came others on " horſeback to fight the enemy; *Vulcan* had beſides made on this Buckler a " Harveſt and a Vintage, with ſome other conceits which I mention not. But was " not this an excellent piece of ſculpture? This comes nearer a true Hiſtory " then a Picture; and as *Homer* deſcribes it, it is to be believed that all the perſons he ſpeaks of marched in the buckler, and fought one with another, and " talked ſo loud that you might have heard them. There was no leſs want of " judgement in that of *Æneas*. *Virgil* would perſwade us that *Vulcan* had " incloſed in it the whole fate of the *Roman* Empire; and thus he repreſents it to " us: He ſaies there was ſeen in it the ſhee-Wolfe that ſuckled the twins, and " *Rome* at a little diſtance, where the *Sabine* Virgins were raviſhed. There was " alſo repreſented the Warre between the two peoples, and then their agreement " before the Altar of *Jupiter*; *Porſenna* there beſieged the City; *Cocles* cauſes " a bridg to be broken under him. *Clœlia* croſſed the *Tyber* on horſeback: " *Manlius* ſtoutly defended the Capitoll; the Geeſe awoke the ſleeping Sentinels.

" The Poet deſcribes all theſe things as if they had hapned all of a day. I " would fain know how all this could be repreſented in the ſame place. For old " *Rome* who *Romulus* founded, was nothing like what it was in the time of the " *Gaules*: Beſides that, it muſt needs be very hard to repreſent a City ſometimes " full of mirth, ſometimes of war, ſometimes beſieged by the *Etruſci*, ſometimes " by the *Gaules*. All theſe divers faces of affairs cannot be at once deſcribed; " and *Virgil* ſpeaks of ſo many particulars, that to make them be underſtood " clearly, as he relates them; there muſt of neceſſity have been above fifty di-

viſions

" viſions in the buckler, like ſo many ſeveral pictures to repreſent the different " conditions of the City of *Rome*, and ſome other affairs which paſſed at ſome " diſtance; but *Virgil* never troubled his thoughts with any ſuch order. It may " be now ſeen how well he hath thrived in imitating his predeceſſor; and if there " were an exact inquiſition made, it will be found that other places lie as open to " cenſure. He ſaies *Vulcan* forged a Thunderbolt which conſiſted of three " parts of rain, three of a moiſt cloud, three of fire, and three of a ſouth-wind. " Is it not a huge abſurdity to make a Smith work in moiſt things? This cannot " be pardoned him, unleſs it be anſwered that he is conformable to the other Po- " ets who ſpeak diverſly of *Vulcan*, that the Gods have nothing which " comes not through his hands. He makes their Arms, he makes them Jewels " inriched with divers precious ſtones, he furniſhes them with Chariots, and he " builds them houſes, ſo that at this rate it can never be diſcovered whether he " be an Armorer, a Goldſmith, a Carpenter, or a Maſon?

" And thus is *Virgil* wanting alſo, as to the diſtinguiſhing of things: nor can " I learn what age *Aſcanius* was of when his Father went into *Italy*, for though " the Poet ordinarily ſpeaks of him as a child to be carried in ones arms, yet he " attributes (very undecently) as much ſtrength and valour unto him as to his " Father. Moreover he finds us more work when he ſpeaks of the Golden " branch about which the Mythologiſts have ſweated ſo much; he ſaies that " that branch is like the Miſſeltoe that grows on Oaks; it muſt be then no ſmall " trouble to know what it is, ſince it muſt be conceived to be infallibly the " Miſſeltoe it ſelf.

" *Ovid* ſhall come next this Poet; as being his contemporary, and I ſhall " only quote his Book of *Metamorphoſis* which is his Maſterpiece. His only " deſigne in that Book was, to faggot together all the fables which his predeceſ- " ſors had invented; and if he added any thing not written before, they " were only old Tales he had learned of the Spinſters in *Rome*.

" I oppoſe againſt all the Divinities he there mentions, that little Treatiſe " of mine, called the *Banquet of the Gods*, which I believe my Judge hath " read, and divers in this company; and as for his ſeveral tranſmutations, I " have already made them ridiculous enough by the diſcourſes I have divers " times made upon them in ſo many places, that there's none here preſent " can pretend ignorance. Yet I ſhal add thus much, that though the Metamorpho- " ſis be nothing but an extravagance, yet it is not ſo much to be found fault with " when there is a pertinent reaſon given thereof, as to ſay that ſuch a Lover " was Metamorphoſed into an hour-glaſs, becauſe he ſhould have no more reſt " after his death then he had before; but to make a man be changed into I know " not what Tree, and bring in no occaſion that carries any likelyhood of ſuch " a thing, then is it a thing below contempt.

" Now you ſhall find that *Ovid* fails in this particular almoſt every where; " and for to quote his incongruities, a man muſt quote the whole book: I " will only touch at that which ſeems to be moſt ſolid, and fulleſt of Philoſo- " phy. I come to the Metempſychoſis, or tranſmigration of ſouls he would " ſpeak of. He puts down, That *Pythagoras* ſaid that he had ſometimes been " *Euphorbas*, and that in the Temple of *Juno* he knew again the Buckler he had " uſed in the *Trojan* Warr: But how comes it that this impertinence hath " been ſuffered and he not laught at? I will not reproach it unto him, that " the tranſmigration of ſouls out of one body into another is a falſhood; we " will forgive theſe opinions in Heathen Poets; but on condition they bring " ſome colour for their lies, and not ſuffer them to lie open to contradictions.

" Now here's a manifeſt one, not only in *Ovid*, but alſo in all thoſe who " ſecond him in the ſame opinion: For they affirm that the God *Mercury* be- " ing to ſend away the ſouls that were in hell, to aſſume new bodies, makes " them drink of the river of oblivion, that having loſt all memory of the mi- " ſeries they had ſuffered in the world before, they ſhould make no difficulty

" to return thither. It may be infer'd hence, that *Pythagorus* could not call to " mind the parts he had plaid before, and if he could have done ſo, I would " have asked him why others had not the ſame priviledg. I queſtion not but the " chiefeſt glory *Ovid* can pretend to is, to have knit together ſo many ſeveral " Narrations: But in ſpight of all the Pedants from whom I have heard that " ſaid ever ſince I was a child, I will maintain that couching of them, to be " the moſt impertinent thing in that Poet: He that will fill a book with di- " vers ſtories, ought to obſerve ſome order through his work; as for example, " he ſhould follow the Chronology, or treat of every thing according to the " ſeveral heads which he divides his books into; but *Ovid* hath done no ſuch " thing. His ſtories do naturally and inſenſibly ariſe out of the Metamorpho- " ſis, they are nailed one to another; and 'tis eaſily ſeen he rather wanders then " follows a direct line, ſo that there's no memory ever ſo great and happy, " which reading his book, muſt not loſe the occaſion of the diſcourſe where it " is once interrupted. Some Metamorphoſis having hapned, there chances to " be ſomebody that relates a thing as ſtrange as that, and after his narration, " the Author introduces ſomewhat of his own, and then thinks himſelf obliged " to ſpeak of what had fallen out before in all that Countrey where this was " done. To be ſhort, his method is ſo unſatisfactory, that I could never read " his book but I pittied him, and all thoſe blind people that eſteem him.

" There were ſome other *Latine* Poets of his time, but they are not very fa- " mous, or they have left behind them nothing but *Odes* and *Epigrams*, which " do us no hurt.

" I come forward to the *Italian* Poets. There's *Arioſto* hath made a *Ro-* " *mance* that's peſtered with moſt abſurd inventions. His Fable is an imitation " of thoſe of the Knights errants, and yet it contains many things taken out " of *Ovids* Metamorphoſis. The flying horſe of *Aſtolphus* is the *Pegaſus* of " *Perſeus*, and both thoſe Warriers relieve a young Virgin expos'd to a Mon- " ſter. Any one may find other relations: Beſides, the order is ſo disjoynted, " that there's above fifty ſtories heaped one on another. The Authour at ſea- " ven or eight times finiſhes them, and will leave you two Knights with their " ſwords lifted up ready to ſtrike, to go and ſee what another does; and then " he returns to them and makes them exchange two or three blows, and then " leaves them again.

" Thus does he make us languiſh after his fooleries, and his Knights are " tranſported from one Countrey into another with as much ſpeed as if their " horſes had wings.

" As concerning *Taſſo*, we are as much beholding to him as to *Arioſto*, for ha- " ving turn'd our Hiſtory into a Fable. This laſt hath made it equiſitely imper- " tinent; for though he be obliged to ſpeak as a Chriſtian in his *Jeruſalem be-* " *ſieg'd*; yet he makes nothing to talk as a Pagan, and bring all the anci- " ent divinities on the Stage. There are a many more who have thus made a " confuſion of things without any judgement; but its enough to condemn " them all at once.

" To come up to our own time, I ſhall bring in play the moſt famous Poet " that ever was in *France*: Any one may conceive I mean *Ronſard*; and what " reputation ſoever his works have gotten, I ſhall venture to encounter them. " Let a man conſider his *Sonnets*, his *Poems*, and his *Elegies*, they are all full " of ancient abſurdities; and as for his *Hymnes*, wherein he is thought to have " been moſt fortunate, pitch upon that of the four Seaſons of the year, which " is the moſt eſteem'd becauſe the Fables are moſt of his own invention. The " Father and Mother which he attributes to the winter in one, are not attributed " in another; and thus does he make the Seaſons change parents to accommo- " date them to his deſigne. As for his *Franciad*, the ſame things in a manner " may be ſaid againſt it as againſt thoſe other pieces of Poetry we have already " quoted; for if *Virgil* hath imitated *Homer*, *Ronſard* hath imitated *Virgil* and

Homer

" *Homer* together; but the imitation is so low and poor, that it will never be " forgiven him. If *Pallas* hides *Ulysses* in a cloud when he goes to King " *Alcinous*, and if *Venus* does the like for *Æneas* when he goes to *Dido*, *Ron-* " *sard* must needs tell us that that Goddess did the same favour for *Francus* " when he was to go to King *Dicæus*, though he tels us not what necessity there " was that that Heros should be so hidden. This *Francus* had suffered ship- " wrack at Sea as well as *Æneas*, and his good Hostesses must needs fall in " love with him: He slights them both, though they were very favourable to " him, because he still reflects on the destinies who assure him he shall be the " founder of a new *Troy*. All this *Æneas* does, and what is yet far more ridi- " culous, for a more punctual imitation of *Homer*, *Ronsard* cannot make his Heroes " go three steps without the command of some God. Sometimes *Mercury* must " disguise himself, sometimes *Venus*; one while he sees them in his sleep, ano- " ther when he is waking, and a third time he meets with some auguries and " predictions, wherein is contained all should happen to him; so that when " it comes to pass, it must be repeated once again, nay a third time if there " be any body to relate it to, which is so tedious, that it is no small trouble " to read him. Is it not still the same invention for want of other? But be- " sides, would it not have been a rude impertinence among the very Pagans, to " believe that the Gods should shift from one place to another so suddenly to " the relief of a mortal? These Poets never suppose any addresses by prayer " to those whom they have undertaken to honour, but they say there was pre- " sently thunder heard on the left hand, to assure them that *Jupiter* heard them. " Thunder was very common in that time, in any season of the year. *Ronsard* " must also make his comparisons and descriptions like those he made his Pa- " trons; but though that be a thing hath gotten much esteem with others, for " my part it loses with me.

" He makes it a great business to describe the noise of an axe striking against " a tree, the great number of boards were sawen to build Ships, how many " nails were employ'd, and the trouble there was to get these great Vessels in- " to the Sea. This is too mechanical, and I should have wished he had rather " studied to describe mens divers passions, and things of greater importance; " it would have been a matter of greater advantage to the Readers. I will not " urge against him his lewd rimes. He is so conscientious in point of time, that " it cannot be judg'd whether *Hector*'s son was called *Francion* or *Francus*; for, " to answer *Vanicius*, he puts sometimes *Francus*, and to rime to *Nation*, he cales " *Francion* I will not tell you that his Verses are ill form'd, and that there are " faults in the syntaxe; I am so fair and gentle an adversary, that I will not take " the utmost advantage against him. Let us only consider the designe which " *Francus* or *Francion* had to know things to come, which was not to go to hell " for it, but by calling up the shades thence, by the means of the Sorceress " *Hyantha*. She brings up to him all the Kings of *France* his successors, and " thence had *Ronsard* the invention to bring in all our History in his *Franciad*, " which though it be a great volume, yet mentions only the first race, so that " there must be two books more as big, for to treat of *Pipin* and *Capet*: That " had been too too long and tedious, and would have carried with it a remar- " kable inequality; but what obliged him in the mean time to mingle our " History with his Fables? since so many Authors have written it, we knew it " well enough, and it would have sufficed to say, that *Hyantha* related to *Hec-* " *tor* son certain actions of *Pharamond*, *Clodion*, *Merovæus* and the other Kings. " Does he not shew himself rather an Historian then a Poet? If it be objected " that this Sorceress was able, word for word, to foretell things to come, and " that consequently she must be made tell them; may not I answer, that there " is no likelyhood that a person possessed with divine fury, as this Sorceress was, " could deliver her self in such clear terms, and that with such a conduct, as if " she had spoken of a thing past, whose particulars she had by heart. The grea-

" teſt and moſt credible prophecies that ever were, never had any ſuch order, " there is ever ſomewhat of obſcurity, that they which know them, may not " forget themſelves, but acknowledge thoſe have alwayes need of God, whe- " ther it be to explain what they do not fully underſtand, or aſſiſt them to " make that effectual to them which hath been revealed. Beſides all this, I can- " not conceive how it came about that *Hyantha* who was a gentile, ſhould ſpeak " of *Jeſus Chriſt*, the *Church*, *Baptiſm*, and the contempt of *Idols*, as if ſhe " had been already a Chriſtian; and I wonder how *Francus* whom ſhe ſpoke " to, and who muſt admire theſe ſtrange novelties, ſhould never ask her what " ſhe meant: If *Ronſard* had obtained the penſions he pretended to, certain- " ly he would have done nobler things. He would have obliged us ſo far as " to bring *Hectors* ſon to the banks of the *Seine*, to build the City of *Paris* to " the memory of his Uncle. 'Twas an excellent imagination to believe that he " would have called his City by the name of a man who had been the ruine of " all their Country and Family; he would rather have called it *Hector*. *Ron-* " *ſard* had no great reaſon to promote by his Poetry the ridiculous opinion of " ſome fooliſh Chronologers, who would have the *French* deſcend from " this *Francus*, though the name be rather *German* then *Phrygian*, and that it " is not certain that there was a *Hector*, and that *Troy* was ever taken. Since " this Poet, there have been in *France* an infinite number of them of all ſorts; but " ſince their works are but ſmall and inconſiderable, and that without inven- " ting any fable, they have only renewed the ancient ones, I ſhall need no o- " ther reaſons againſt them, then what I have already alleadged againſt ficti- " ons, as for example, that we muſt permit the ancients to be mad after their " mode; and if we ſhould talk idly in our way, and accommodate our ſelves " to our own times, as they did to theirs, we muſt make the Gods ride in " Coaches or Sedans inſtead of Chariots, and we ſhould feign that *Cupid* " ſhoots at us with a Piſtol, inſtead of an arrow, and the fiction were much " more natural: For ſince it muſt ſet our breaſts a fire, it is much more like- " ly that we are wounded with a flaming bullet, then with an arrow, whoſe " head were only of iron or ſome other mettal.

" And thus indeed might the new Poets *tranſlate* and ſet up the ancient Poe- " try, againſt which I am briefly to add this, That I find in it no certain rule, " and that I cannot imagin how the Gods ſhould be immortal, ſince there are " ſome of them ſubject to old age. I am alſo to wonder why *Apollo* is ſtill young, " ſince *Saturn* is grown decrepit, and ſince I have heard talk of Gods and de- " mi-Gods, I could never imagin how any could be half a God.

" The divers Signes which the Poets have placed in the heavens, are no leſs " diſturbance to my thoughts; I ſhould only deſire to know whether there " were any ſtars in the firmament before they writ their Metamorphoſis: But " if any tell me I am too capricious in ſifting of Poetry, and that I am to blame " to endeavour to make it ridiculous, becauſe the fables may haply be ſo ma- " ny myſteries, and that there's not any thing which includes not ſome hidden " ſence; I anſwer, That a man may find what he pleaſe by way of *Allegory* in " any relation that is, and that of the ſame ſubject, an inventive mind may " make a thouſand explications; but this evinces not that the Poet had any de- " ſigne to diſguiſe ſuch excellent truths under his fables; nay though I ſhould " grant that the Poets did purpoſly diſguiſe certain ſecrets, I muſt ſtill never- " theleſs deny that any of them did it any thing fortunately. There's too much " confuſion in their fictions, to draw any thing certain out of them. In the be- " ginning of a fable a man may light of a piece of *Mythologie*, becauſe a man " may give a thing any face at the firſt ſight; but what follows ſhall have no " acquaintance with it; or if there be any, it will be with a very remarkable " violence.

" When *Homer* ſaies that *Jupiter* embraced *Juno*, and that the ſpring was re- " newed under them; thoſe who endeavour to explain it, ſay, that *Jupiter* is

the

" the heaven, and *Juno* the air; and that when the air is warmed by the heat of " the heaven, the earth brings forth plants, as the iſſue of that congreſs. This " explication thus far is eaſily made, but how ſhall it be purſued? Why " ſhould the air bear ſuch a ſpight to the *Trojans*? Why muſt *Neptune* too, " who is the Sea, be their enemy? Is it becauſe *Laomedon* did not pay him his " hire for building their Walls with *Apollo*, who is the Sunne? What an ex- " travagance is it to ſay that the Sea and the Sunne built the Walls of a City. But " let us ſee whether *Virgil* do any better.

" *Æneas* is the ſon of *Anchiſes* and *Venus*; 'twere blaſphemy to take this lit- " terally; for we muſt grant that a Goddeſs had proſtituted her ſelf to a mor- " tal: But I will give the Mythologiſts leave to ſay, that divers mortals have " been reputed the children of Gods and Goddeſſes, not that they were car- " nally begotten of them, but to inſinuate that they were given to thoſe things " which are in the power of thoſe divinities. Thus the valiant are eſteemed the " ſons of *Mars*, able Muſitians the children of *Apollo* and the *Muſes*, and the " honeſt drunkards the children of *Bacchus*: Upon the ſame account *Æneas* " is ſaid to be the ſon of *Venus*, becauſe he was given to *Love*. This goes very " well thus far for this Goddeſs brings *Æneas* to *Carthage*, where ſhe makes " him enjoy *Dido*, and when he hath done, ſhe promiſes him another Kingdom " and another wife; but when ſhe muſt come into fights and relieve him, and " does other actions which have no relation with Love, what explication ſhall " we find for them, ſince *Venus* hath ever been underſtood to be the pleaſure " which is found in amorous enjoyments? And thus the ſence of fables, gi- " ven either by Phyſicians or moral Philoſophers, is very claſhing and confuſed, " unleſs they take things all to pieces as they pleaſe: But though this could be " ſo effectually done, as that it might ſerve for ſomewhat, yet would it not " juſtifie the extravagance of the Poets.

" What I have ſaid may ſuffice to ſhew the abſurdity of theſe explications, and " it may ſerve for a rule to diſcover all the reſt. It's time I ſpeak of the Poets " which are now in vogue, who invent not any fables wherein they pretend to " any truth, as being not able to advance any higher then Sonnets and Songs. I " need ſay no more againſt them then what I have ſaid already, when I main- " tained that their *ſmiles*, their *charms*, and a few *drolliſh* expreſſions, are the " greateſt ornaments of their works, with the aſſiſtance of a few *Antitheſes*, " and ſome *Hyperboles*. But I am to aſſure you that they are now at the high- " eſt pitch of their art, and that they cannot write any thing which they muſt " not vamp out of their Companions. All their buſineſs is to diſguiſe things, " which they do ſo palpably, that they eaſily put us into an imagination that " their Poetry is like an old pair of breeches, which the Broker hath turn'd " and alter'd ſo often, that at length he knows not which ſide to ſet out. Some " will ſay that their Miſtreſſes eyes are Torches to burn over them when they " are dead; and others that they are Suns whence they receive their light and " life. There are ſometimes ſome petty contradictions in their conceits, which " they accommodate after any faſhion to come to their purpoſe.

" It may be eaſily ſeen that all this is but a pure foolery, and that it is an em- " ployment much of kin to Love, fit for thoſe have nothing to do.

" There is yet among us another kind of Books againſt which I am re- " ſolved to ſpeak. Theſe Books are called *ROMANCES*; and to ſpeak " properly, 'tis *Poetry* in *Proſe*; there are a many faſhions of them. The firſt " that ever were ſeen in *France*, treat only of *Knighthood*, but they are ſuch " Monſters as I ſhall not meddle with; they are already quelled, and I am " confident there are not any in this company that eſteem them. Inſtead of " their *Enchantments*, there are books which treat of things with much more " likelyhood, and that in my judgement, whereon they were all begotten, is " the Romance of *Heliodorus*. That Fable made after the manner of a Hi- " ſtory, is not free from the ſottiſhneſs of the ancient Poets. All the perſons

he

" he introduces are commonly acquainted in their dreams with what they are to " do, ſo that for to procure good dreams they had no more to do then to whi- " ſtle.

" That *Gnemon* whereof *Heliodorus* talks, is in my opinion a very impertinent " fellow: he would always repreſent the things which *Calaſiris* relates to him " as if they were preſent; and not being content to have ſaid that the ceremonies " of an Anniverſary were not paſſed for him, and that the good old man muſt " needs let him ſee them; he afterward importunes him to tell him who got the " race, becauſe he is in as much perplexity for *Theagenes* as any then preſent. " This humour is repeated too often to be pleaſant, and that we may have ima- " ginations like thoſe of *Gnemon*, we muſt ſay that the relation hath cauſed us " ſo much trouble as to the Prieſt *Calaſiris*. But what a contemptible fellow " was that young *Grecian!* though *Heliodorus* makes him the ſon of an *Areopa- " gite*, yet we are to believe he was one of a low poor ſpirit. He ever and anon " ſhakes for fear, and hath no more courage then a woman; but indeed it was " fit he ſhould not be much more valiant then *Theagenes*, who is the principal " perſon in the ſtory. This man is not guilty of any generous actions, and I know " not to what purpoſe are introduced the Hiſtory of the ſiege of *Syenea*, nor the " fight between the *Perſians* and *Æthiopians*, ſince he hath no part in ſo great " tranſactions, and is but a poor captive in chains; whereas it might have been " as eaſie for the Author to have imployed him in ſome noble exploits of war, " and ſo have given us ſome true ſatisfaction. *Heliodorus* hath alſo forgotten " to make his ſtory compleat: He ſhould have ſpoken with *Theagenes*'s parents " as well as thoſe of *Chariclea*.

" The King of *Æthiopia* beſtows his daughter in marriage on a ſtranger, who " can hear no news out of his Country. This Hiſtory deſerves well to be ac- " companied with that of the *Loves* of *Daphnis* and *Cloe*; the Author makes " theſe young people ſo fooliſh, and ſo diſcreet both together, that there can be " nothing more unlikely: but that which puts me quite off patience is, that I be- " lieve that book hath been the occaſion that divers others have written books " of Shepherdry, and I aſſure you they have imitated it ſo well, that they make " all their Shepherds baſtards, not knowing neither father nor mother no more " then *Daphnis* and *Cloe*; and that when they were children, they had been car- " ried away in their cradles by the overflowing of a River, and were afterward " found by ſome body that brought them up. See if *Baptiſta Guarini* in his " *Faithfull Shepherd* be not ſuch a fool as to make uſe of the ſame invention, " and if a very many others do not the ſame ſtill, as if it were of the eſſence " of Shepherdry to be loſt in the infancy.

" The *Spaniards* had Books of *Shepherdry* before us, *Montemajor* hath fur- " niſhed them with his *Diana*, wherein I find no order at all. Nay what is " more, I meet with nothing in it but fables and enchantments concerning *Fe- " licia*. This Sorcereſs had a Chamber wherein *Orpheus* was kept inchanted, " though the Poets ſay he was diſmembred by the Prieſteſſes of *Bacchus* at " *Thebes*. He plaid on his Harp, and as he ſung he acquainted the Shepherds " the Statues of what Ladies thoſe were about him: They were the Princeſſes " of *Spain*, whoſe lives the Author might very well have known; and this is a " huge piece of ingenuity, which a many Authors are beholding to, to relate by " way of prophecy what hath been done in their own times. They foretell " things after they are come to paſs. 'Tis true, the firſt of our Shepherds, that " is to ſay, *Ollenix* of *Montſaere* hath no ſuch thing in his Paſtorals of *Julietta*, " but he had done better to imitate that, then have done what was worſe. He di- " vides his books into daies, and brings the Shepherds together out of the fields " and thickets, and never tels us whether they retire, nor how they live. There " are a many Satyrs which lie in ambuſh for the Shepherdeſſes, but that may be " forgiven, ſince it may be ſuppoſed he ſpeaks like the Poets, who make thoſe ru- " ral Gods as frequent in the woods, as if they were but Boars or Stags. It is

" alſo no leſs to be obſerved what he makes thoſe do whoſe loves he deſcribes. " His Shepherdeſſes are the moſt impudent things in the world, they do not on- " ly diſcover their paſſions to the Shepherds without any modeſty; but they " run after them through hills and dales, as it were to force them to their Loves. " Their diſcourſes and their verſes are ſo abominable, that if I read but a leaf, " 'tis enough to put my thoughts out of order for fifteen daies, if I do not ſud- " denly take ſome antidote.

" All the adventures a man meets with are no other, then that the Shepherds " and Shepherdeſſes avoid, or ſeek one another; but to make amends for this, " when they are altogether in the ſame place, there's ſome one relates a ſtory " every day. Though they are many times Shepherdeſſes that are put upon this " task, yet they confidently cite *Greek* and *Latine* Authors, (as if it were to " be conceived that ruſticall perſons, nay and women, had read ſo much) and " which is more, they bring in the choiceſt examples out of the Philoſophers " and other illuſtrious men. Beſides the Author not conſidering that he made " them all heathens, makes them quote divers paſſages and perſonages of the " Bible. As for example, there was one ſaid,

" *That as* Tobias *who was blind and deſtitute of all things, became through* " *the means of the Angel more happy then ever he had been; ſo that poor Lover* " *of whom ſhe ſpeaks, came to be happy by the aſſiſtance of his Page, whom God* " *ſtirred up to relieve him.*

" 'Tis as true that *Ollenix* does very much obſerve the Chronology: For though " by all circumſtances it ſhould ſeem that his Paſtorals are things as ancient as " the birth of *Jupiter*, ſince there have not been ſince that time in *Arcadia* any " ſuch as he deſcribes; yet the fine ſtories that his Shepherdeſſes tell, relate to " paſſages of theſe times, one at *Vevice*, another at *Florence*, and a third at *Bar-* " *celona*; nay there are ſome ſo late as that they happened in the reigne of the " great King of *France*. The Shepherdeſs that ſpeaks, commends that Prince, " as though ſhe had known him, which is the groſſeſt impertinence that can be; " for though this were not a miſtake of the Authors, as to the time, yet is it an " overſight great enough, in regard ſuch ſavage people as he brings in, could " not poſſibly know ſo many particulars of *France*, which lay at too great a di- " ſtance from them.

" After ſo many defaults of judgement, and the profanation of ſo many " paſſages of holy Scripture as he hath quoted to ſo little purpoſe, I believe, un- " der favour, that if this Author were now living, they could do him no leſs " favour then ſend him to the Gallies for having ſo miſpent his time. Nor hath " *England* wanted its *Arcadia*, whereof it is not long ſince we have had the " tranſlation. I find no more order in that then in the reſt, and there are ma- " ny things whereof I am not at all ſatisfied. At the very beginning you have " the complaints of the Shepherds, *Strephon* and *Clavis* upon the departure of " *Urania*, without telling us who ſhe was, nor whither ſhe went. Now an " Author ought never to begin his book, but he ſhould mention the perſons " principally concern'd in the Hiſtory, whoſe actions he is to raiſe up beyond " any of the reſt; yet this man makes afterward no more mention of theſe two " Shepherds then if he had never named them; and though he bring them in " again at ſome ſports before *Baſilius*, yet that ſignifies nothing, ſince a man " finds no period of their adventures, and that thoſe verſes wherein they ſpeak " of their Loves, are ſo obſcure, that they may be taken for the Oracles of a " Sybill. It is true that Sir *Philip Sidney* dying young, might have left his " Work imperfect; but there's no reaſon we ſhould ſuffer by that misfortune, " and be obliged to take a thing for perfect becauſe it might have beene made " ſo.

" There's nothing now hinders me from ſpeaking of *Aſtrea*, which I put " after the *Arcadia*, as being a later piece, though we had ſeen it before the " other. I know there are a many defend it, but ſince I have put my ſelf on

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this task, can it be thought I ſhould ſay nothing of it? Is it fit that Book ſhould be called *Aſtrea*, ſince that in all the volumes of it there is more ſpoken of *Diana*, *Galathea*, *Silvia* and others, then of that Shepherdeſs? When *Hylas* ſpeaks in good earneſt, and gives greater teſtimonies of his foul inconſtancy, muſt it not be confeſſed he is a fool in the higheſt degree, and that conſequently he is not ſlighted as he ought to be? If I could be perſwaded he is no fool, and that he did it in a merry humour, I anſwer, It is a great omiſſion, in ſuch large diſcourſes not to have let ſlip one word to tell us ſo, and withall to ſatisfie us as to what ſcruples we might conceive upon the inequality of his diſpoſition.

As for *Sylvander*, I am in doubt whether the reaſons of his Philoſophy are alwaies good, and whether he do not ſometimes fall into the ſubtileſt of *Platonical Idea's*. All the Hiſtories which are related concern ſtrange perſons, but there is but one and the ſame invention to bring them all into *Forreſts*; 'tis ever ſome *Oracle* ſends them thither. There are alſo in ſome places, very long diſcourſes, which I wiſh the Author had never made, and endeavoured to make the work compleat. Then might we have made a more certain and ſolid judgement of them. But I dare affirm, from what we have in our hands, that there is no likelyhood there were in Forreſts any Shepherds ſo civiliz'd in *Merovens* his time, ſince we have the aſſurance of Hiſtory that all the *Gauls* were in thoſe times very ſavage. I have obſerved alſo a horrid fault in the *Chronology*; for *Childerick* having ſucceeded his father, and having been driven out of his Kingdom in the time when all theſe Loves happened, *Clotilda* had remained a long time with her Uncle, and was at leaſt ſixteen years of age, as ſhe is deſcribed. Now *Childerick* was eight years in exile, and he reigned fifteen years afterward, and his ſon *Clovis* did not marry *Clotilda* till ſeaven years after his death, ſo that by this account this Princeſs was above five and forty years of age, whereas our Hiſtories tell us, that ſhe was very fair and very young.

If the Author muſt needs invent fables of *Aſtrea*, they might have been ſo couched into the Hiſtory, as not to make any diſorder of time. Notwithſtanding all this, and many other things over tedious to relate, that Book hath gotten ſo into the vogue, that I have divers times heard *Lyſis* and his companions ſay, that it was the *Breviary* of the *Amorous*.

There are other *Romances* which ſpeak not of *Shepherds*, but *Princes* and *Gentlemen*. We have of this kind the *Argenis*, a book I am not ſo ready to grant that reputation to that many doe. You find in the beginning,

That the Univerſe had not yet ador'd Rome, *nor the Ocean given place to* Tybet, *when, upon the Coaſt of* Sicily, *where the River* Gelas *enters the Sea, there arriv'd in the Port a ſtrange ſhip, out of which came aſhore a young Knight, tranſcendently handſom.*

Who ſees not but this obſervation is too general for ſo particular a circumſtance? Had the queſtion been about the conqueſt of one of the four parts of the world, or that an univerſal change of Religion and Cuſtomes had hapned over the whole earth, it haply would not have beene unhandſome to note the time ſo particularly; but ſince it only concerns the time of a Ships arrivall in *Sicily*, it had been enough to have ſaid what it was of the clock, whether it was night or day, Summer or Winter; or what could have beene moſt preſumed, it might have been permitted to relate the condition the affairs of that Iſland were in at that time. To be ſhort, no man will deny me but that if the Authour had ſaid that *Meleander* reigned at that time in *Sicily*, and that *Lycogenes* who had taken up Arms againſt him, was upon the point of concluding a peace when ſuch a Veſſell arrived into the Haven, it had ſpoken more judgement. When there is a failing in the firſt word, I know not what may be expected in the purſuit: You find immediately after, that a Lady finds two young Knights ſo handſome, that

ſhe

" ſhe made a vow to have their pictures, and though ſhe accompliſhed not " her vow till a long time after, the Authour diverts from the narration " to relate certain verſes which ſhe cauſed to be put under the picture: This " is a diſturbance of the order, to acquaint us with a thing which was not " very neceſſary. You will find alſo all through the book, certain verſes " which are thruſt in to interrupt the Hiſtory: and I know not any which " are not unſeaſonably brought in, except ſome hymnes that are ſung to the " honour of the Gods: As for the divers adventures that are in it, there is " not any thing more miraculous then what we find in ordinary Love-ſtories. " A young Prince is brought up obſcurely, for fear he might have beene " made away: Certain robbers carry him away, and ſell him to a King, " that makes as much of him as if he were his own ſon. This King loſing a " battel, the young Prince is taken and carryed into his Country, where he is " redeemed by his mother. Awhile after it being diſcovered what he was, the " fame of *Argenis*'s beauty makes him fall in love with her. He goes into *Sicily* " diſguiſed as a maid to live with her. Certain Rebels being deſirous to have kil- " led K. *Meleander*, he defends him, and after he had made himſelf known to his " Miſtreſs, goes away. Awhile after he returns again in mans habit, and ob- " tains the favour of *Meleander* and *Argenis*; but at length his enemies force " him to quit *Sicily*: He is carried twice into *Mauritania*, and the ſecond " time he relieves the Queen of that Countrey. She ſends him back with *Ar-* " *chombrotus*, who is acknowledged to be the ſon of *Meleander*, who quit- " ting the pretentions he had to marry *Argenis*, he reſignes her to *Poli-* " *archus*.

" This is a ſummary of all the ſtory wherein I find not ought to be raviſhed " at. On the contrary, I think it ſhould be very unpleaſant, ſince the cu- " ſtomes of Countreys are not obſerv'd, and that there was never any ſuch " government in *Sicily* as you find there. Thoſe who pretend to criticiſmes, tell us " there is a key to the *Argenis*, but I fear me the lock is ſo much out of or- " der that it cannot open that Cabinet, where we are promiſed to ſee ſuch " rarities. They will have *Meliander* to be *Henry* the third, *Poliarchus Hen-* " *ry* the fourth, and *Argenis* to be *France*; but though the Authour ſhould " have meant it ſo, what ground is there to make an Analogy between our " *Hiſtory* and thoſe divers Romantick adventures? You find indeed that the " diſcourſes of State relate to our way of Government, and when he ſpeaks " of the *Hyperefanians*, all the world knows he means the *Huguenots*, that " *Uſinulca* is *Calvin*, and *Aquilius* the *Emperour*: but we go no further, and " when we have known all theſe explications we have learned but very triviall " and ordinary things.

" Why ſhould we love truth better under a vail then when ſhe is naked? " Some may haply come and tell me I ſhould not ſpeak of this book as an or- " dinary Romance, as being full of maxims of State which prefer it before " all other; doe but read any book that treats of nothing but Politick know- " ledg and you will find a hundred times as much in it. That this book raiſ- " ed it ſelf into ſuch an eſteem at the beginning was, becauſe in other Ro- " mances thoſe things were not commonly ſo frequent, and the Authours " made it their buſineſs to deſcribe the paſſions. Beſides, any other diſcourſe " whatever were as much to the purpoſe as thoſe you find in the *Argenis*, " and I wiſh the Authour had ſet himſelfe rather to ſpeak only things ne- " ceſſary.

" When *Archombrotus* found *Poliarchus* at his Mothers, theſe two Lovers " became furious at the firſt interview; they ſhook again for indignation, and " viewed one another from head to foot, as two men that were upon the " point to fight. All this is good; but I would fain know whether they " ſpoke or no, and what they ſaid in the preſence of *Hyamibe*, who muſt

" needs oblige them to ſome diſcourſe. Two words would have ſatisfied me;
" but this was the hardeſt nut of all to crack. Theſe Authors when they
" fall into ſuch lurches, paſs over them ſlightly, and I have obſerved in very
" famous Books, that when a diſcourſe was to be made on ſome tickliſh
" occaſion, you only find that ſuch a one ſaid ſome fine words to his Miſtreſs,
" and we are ſatisfied; but when it comes to an eaſie conjuncture, you have
" diſcourſes in their full length. As for any eſteem may be made of the *La-*
" *tine* of the *Argenis* I am clearly of the contrary opinion, for there are
" a many new words which were never currant at *Rome*, ſo that if *Saluſt*
" returned into the world, he would hardly underſtand it. A man may
" lawfully add ſome words to a languge that is in vogue, becauſe uſe may in
" time naturalize them; but we muſt leave a dead language ſuch as we
" find it in the Monuments of Antiquity, and it is ſacriledg to meddle
" with it.

" Now I am to let you know what a thing the Hiſtory of *Lyſander* is. I
" proteſt to you that book hath no invention in the world. The Authour
" having heard that the beſt Romances ſhould be full of miraculous Adven-
" tures, hath no other ſecret to win us into admiration, then to make a many
" unexpected rencontres, wherewith he hath filled his book, which is a thing
" very low and extream tedious.

" *Lyſander* coming from *Caliſta*'s relieves her father againſt Robbers in the
" Forreſt of *Fontainbleu*; the next day he is ſecond to *Claranges* againſt
" *Lidian* his Miſtreſſes brother. *Cleander* leaves his wife to go to *Holland*
" with theſe brave adventurers: There *Lyſander* relieves the husband and bro-
" ther of his *Caliſta*. They return like ſtrange Knights to challenge ſome
" French at a Tournament, which done, they take off their Helmets, and
" diſcover themſelves. *Lyſander* being in *Burgundy*, ſick, is comforted by a
" Capuchin, whom he finds to be *Claranges*, and being gone like a Pilgrim to
" *Montſerrat*, he finds *Cleander* and his ſervants clad like ſlaves, having
" been taken by a Pirate upon the Coaſt of *Genua* as they returned from *I-*
" *taly*. The Sermon being begun, they find the Preacher to be *Lidian*,
" whom an amorous deſpair had forced into devotion, as well as his rivall
" *Claranges*. They bring him back to *Paris*, and diſcover themſelves in theſe
" habits one after another.

" After the death of *Cleander*, and many other adventures, *Lyſander*
" goes over to a Tournament in *England*, where he fought againſt *Lidian*,
" and at length knew him, and *Alcidon* and *Berontus* who were there upon
" the ſame occaſion. In the mean time *Lucidan* having demanded leave of the
" King to fight with *Lyſander* who had killed his Uncle; his father *Adraſtus*
" appears for his ſon, ſo does *Dorylas Caliſtas*'s father, and *Caliſta* her ſelf diſ-
" guiſed. The *Amazon Hypolita* makes a fourth; but the combat is ſtaid by
" the coming in of *Lidian*, *Alcedon*, and *Berontus* who had been ſeparted
" from *Lyſander* by a Tempeſt. Not to tell you the whole book by heart, you
" ſee by theſe examples, it contains nothing but meetings and diſcourſes.
" Some are ſeparated, others return, and then they all meet at an hour, ſo that
" the Authour deals by theſe perſons as a Puppet-player by his Puppets, makes
" them enter and *exit* off the Stage as he pleaſes. And this is all the ſubtilty
" in it.

" There are other paſſages farre enough from probability of being ſo as they
" are related. Who will believe that *Lyſander* having hurt *Cloridan* with a
" Lance, a kinſman and four of his friends ſhould come to *Cleanders* to aſſaſſi-
" nate him? How were they admitted into the houſe all armed, and what
" rage could animate them to ſuch a miſchief, ſince *Cloridan* denied he knew
" any thing of it? Yet awhile after, the Author wanting an invention to find
" his *Lyſander* fighting work, brings him a challenge from that *Cloridan:*

As

" As for the *Operatour* that dreſſed the cloathes in ſtead of the body, 'tis a " Magick I permit in a *Romance*. But as to the ſpirit that appears to *Cleander* " and prays him to bury his body which was in the bottom of a wel, methinks " it is a tale made in imitation of that of *Athenodorus*, but not ſo good, for " certain Pagans were of belief, that thoſe who were not buried, were not ad- " mitted into the *Elyſian* fields; but as for Chriſtians, that they are ſo care- " full to be put into holy grounnd, 'tis onely out of devout cuſtom, and " thoſe that miſs of it are not accounted the leſs happy for that, ſo that it is " not credible a ſoule can be troubled with theſe conſiderations in the other " World, and diſturb its own reſt, to come and deſire one to bury the body " wherein it had once dwelt: But this ſpirit is beſides very complementall; " it asks *Cleander* whether he will command him any ſervice into that Coun- " trey whither he goes. As for his promiſe to give him notice of his death " three days before it ſhould happen, 'tis a queſtion whether God permits " any ſuch premonitions. For my part I believe they are onely Saints have " that favour done them. Yet this ſpirit comes one morning to give *Clean-* " *der* notice of his death; but the manner of it is very pleaſant. 'Tis thought " that ſpirits can in a moment tranſlate themſelves whither they pleaſe, and " can finde us as eaſily in the bottom of a Sellar, as on the top of a Tower: " They need no ſtaires to go up nor down by, nor yet door nor window to " come in at: But this knocks at *Cleanders* Caſtle gate till the Gentleman " himſelf came and opened; but it was out of modeſty, becauſe he would no " take him unawares.

" 'Tis as hard a thing to believe that a young *French* Gentleman, ſuch as " *Lidian*, ſhould in a little while preach ſo famouſly in *Spaniſh*, The Author " forgetting at length that he had undertaken an Hiſtory, inſenſibly falls in- " to Fables, like thoſe of *Amadis*. He makes *Caliſta* bear Armes, he makes " *Hippolita* fight with *Lyſander*, as if the delicacy of a Woman could under- " goe that hardſhip. *Lyſander* goes from *Rouen* to *Paris* all armed, as if " 'twere the mode of *France* to goe ſo in times of peace, or as if we ſtill li- " ved in the age of *Knight-Errantry*.

" *Henry* the *Great*, deſirous to doe juſtice by way of Armes, permits the " accuſer of *Caliſta* to fight with any that ſhould defend her. She in the " mean time is placed on a Scaffold hanged with black, according to the an- " cient cuſtome There are other ſtrange accideuts, as when *Hippolita* and " her maid *Eriſila* keep the Armsat the Tournament. He ſhould not have " put in adventures ſo eaſily diſcoverable for lies; for they are ſo extraordi- " nary, that if there had been any ſuch thing, many yet alive would have " ſeen them, and ſomewhat might have been found to that purpoſe in the Hi- " ſtory of that King. To conclude, at the marriage of *Caliſta*, a Nymph " fills the Hall with darkneſs, and afterward made an obelisk ariſe, whence " there iſſued ſo much water, that moſt were in fear to be drowned; at " length the water having ceaſed, they read the Propheſies which were writ- " ten thereon. The Author tells us not whether this was done by art, or " by Enchantment, for he knew not himſelf, and his deſigne was to purſue " his ſtile of *Knight-Errantry*.

" And thus have you an account of *Lyſanders* Hiſtory, and if you think " he deſerves any eſteem for his language, I tell you there are in it a world " of *Gaſcon* phraſes, and the periods are ſometimes ſo long and ſo confound- " ed, that a man hath much adoe to find any ſence in them.

" Nor doe I believe that the Adventures of *Polyxena* are able to make " good the cauſe of all other Romances of this age: 'Tis a book ill begun, " and worſe purſued. The Author ſays almoſt nothing of himſelf, *Polix-* " *ena* or *Cloriman* ſpake all. Beſides, all the ſucceſſes are ſo common, that " they deſerve not the relation. There are many other books among us,

" which I mention not, for they having the ſame defects as I have blamed in " the others, are already anſwered. Thoſe that have read them, know " there's nothing but repetitions without any orders. There is beſides gene- " rally in all, an inſupportable want of judgement. The Author ſaies that " ſuch a one hath told his ſtory, he ſaies that another hath related his to him, " as it follows there; and this latter relates the relation of another, ſo that " the reader is loſt, and knows not who ſpeaks: It may be ſaid, the Au- " thor and three or four more altogether. 'Twere handſome to ſee a man " that ſhould ſpeak to us three hours together, in the ſame manner as ano- " ther had ſpoken to him. Should not the audience be ſometimes deceived, " thinking it were he himſelf that ſpoke? There is yet another huge foole- " ry, which muſt come into all adventures; and that is, if ſome ſecret be to " be diſcovered, ſomebody ſhall ſpeak too loud, that ſome of his enemies " that are hidden ſomewhere near him, ſhall over-hear it. Theſe Authors con- " ſider not, that there are few ſuch fools, as being all alone, will complain " aloud, and make open relations of their misfortunes.

" By all theſe impertinences which I have obſerved in *Romances* and *Poe-* " *try*, you perceive, moſt juſt Judge, that it is not without reaſon that I con- " temn them; And I muſt tell you withall, that though there were one " work of this nature, which were free from all theſe imperfections I have " quoted, I ſhould not eſteem it ſo much as the moſt inconſiderable relation " that were true. You learn out of *Hiſtory*, things that you may alleadg " for authorities; but of a *Romance* there's no fruit at all. On the contrary, " they are the loſs of many minds, whereof I ſhall give ſufficient teſtimony " before I leave this place. Some young people having read them, and ſee- " ing all happens according to the wiſhes of the Adventurers whom they " treat of; deſire to lead ſuch a life, and by that means quit thoſe profeſſi- " ons which they were fit for: All men generally have much reaſon to inform " againſt ſuch Books, ſince there is not a *Cockney* in *Paris*, nor waiting-gen- " tlewoman elſewhere, but will have them, and having read three or four pa- " ges, thinks not her ſelf able to read lectures to us. This is the reading that " inſtructs them to be talking goſſips, and robs us of the means of innocent " courtſhips. If you conſider all theſe things, you will order that none in " this Aſſembly make henceforth any eſteem of ſuch pernicious books, which " may be a means by degrees to deliver the reſt of the people of *France* out of " their errors.

Clarimond having here ended his plea, there were few but were of his o- pinion, ſuch ſtrong reaſons had he produced; but *Anſelm* turning towards *Muſardan*, asked him what he had to ſay againſt him. 'Twas expected he would have made an excellent Oration full of Rhetorical flowers; but he be- gan to ſpeak thus. Sirs, This Gentleman, I muſt confeſs, hath ſpoken the truth in moſt places. I eſteem no more then he does, moſt of the books he hath named; but if I have the honour to ſee you at *Paris* within ſome time, I will ſhew you a Book I am now about, which ſhall exceed all this.

This fellows impertinence was inſupportable; *Clarimond* was ſuffered to ſpeak againſt *Romances*, becauſe of his ſtrength of wit and the reaſons he brought; but for that wandring *Jew*, that blamed what he was not able to maintain, he deſerved to be toſt in a blanket. Beſides, it was thought baſe in him to ſpeak againſt what he had promiſed to maintain; but he could not have kept his word had he endeavoured it, becauſe he had not read all the books that *Clarimond* had quoted, nor had he the wit to defend them: they therefore made a great hooting at this ignorant writer; and *Lyſis* having cauſed the noiſe to ceaſe, fell a checking of him for having forſaken his cauſe: he told him he ſhould not write his Hiſtory, as he had once reſolved he ſhould: He ſeeing

that

that they openly affronted him, made no anſwer, but ſhook his noddle, and ſlunk behind the reſt. *Clarimond* omitted not to importune the Judge, ſaying, pronounce the ſentence on my ſide, I beſeech you; *Muſardan* agrees with me, and here's none oppoſes what I have ſaid. *Philiris*, who profeſſed Letters as well as *Clarimond*, was reſolved to contradict him out of emulation. He knew *Muſardan* could ſay nothing to the purpoſe, and his intention was to take his part. Taking therefore opportunity to ſpeak, he roſe up and deſired *Anſelm* to grant him audience that he might anſwer the calumnies of *Clarimond*. The Judge granted his requeſt, and all being attentive to this new diverſion, he ſpoke to this purpoſe:

The Oration of *PHILIRIS* in vindication of Fables and Romances.

"I Know not what conſiderations, moſt learned and moſt juſt Judge, I know "not what ſtrange humour hath engaged *Clarimond* into ſuch an Oration "as he hath now made, nor can I tell whether he pretend to gain reputa- "tion by oppoſing the common opinion; but whether he have ſpoken in good "earneſt, or hath only ſhewn how farr he could go againſt his own judge- "ment, there is a neceſſity he ſhould be anſwered, leſt what he hath ſpoken "may be taken for truth by thoſe that have heard it. And ſince you have "been choſen to judge who ſhould bring better reaſons concerning the mat- "ter in hand, I thought my ſelf obliged to ſpeak, that the nobleſt and beſt "cauſe in the world might not ſuffer any prejudice for want of defence. *Cla- "rimond* hath endeavoured to make appear, that in all *Poetry*, and in all *Ro- "mances* there's nothing to be found but may be cenſured; but O ye Gods! "does he not fear, that ſo many excellent men as he hath injur'd, may not be "forced to quit the happineſs of the *Elyſian fields*, to come hither and ſeem "cruel to puniſh his calumnies, or at leaſt to encourage me in their protecti- "on? The latter I am more then confident of; and I doubt not but I ſhall "ſay whatever makes for my purpoſe, ſince I ſhall not want the ſuggeſtions "of thoſe excellent Genius's. Ah! *Divine Homer*, who would ever have "thought it would have been neceſſary to ſeek reaſons for thy defence in ſo "great an Aſſembly as this? Yet it muſt be done; and ſince thy *Iliad* is a- "buſed, as containing only the fights which paſſed in the ſolitude of *Achil- "les*, with the death of *Patroclus* and *Hector*, it ſatisfies to anſwer that it was "not thy deſigne to do any more, and as thou ſaiſt in the beginning, thou in- "tendedſt only to write of the anger of the ſon of *Peleus*: The reſt of the "Hiſtory was ſufficiently well known among the *Greeks*, ſo that thy pains "were well ſpared; and as for the name *Iliad*, which is alſo condemn'd, it is "proper enough, ſince the fights it treats of happened during the ſiege of *Ili- "um*. As for the *Gods* whom the Poet makes ſo valiant in this war, as if the "*Greeks* and *Trojans* were the only men in the world, there's nothing to be "wondred at, for at that time they were more conſiderable then all the world "beſides: and it was neceſſary to engage the force of *Europe* againſt that of "*Aſia*. Beſides, though the *Iliad* mentions only the care of the Gods over "thoſe people, it infers not they had forgotten the reſt, nor yet that *Homer* "had forgot them; but they could not be ſpoken of without digreſſing from "the matter in hand. And that thoſe whom theſe different divinities affect "moſt, are not alwayes delivered from misfortunes, is not to be wondred at, "ſince they are ſo divided that one power oppoſes another. As for their trou-

bleſome

" bleſome quarrels, they are things pardonable in Fables. I come to the compa-
" riſons which *Clarimond* finds ſo much fault with, becauſe they are taken
" from hunting. To what can fighting be better compared then to that exer-
" ciſe which is as it were a noviceſhip to the War. That *Homer* makes his
" Warriors ſometimes like furious beaſts; is it not the greater miracle, in ſo
" much as it ſo divercifies the accidents by compariſons, that they ſeem to be
" quite different, though they are drawn from the ſame beaſt. As for exam-
" ple, he often draws his compariſon from a *Lyon*, and if a great *Heros* be to
" fight with ſome miſerable ſouldier, he ſaies 'tis as if a Lyon ſhould fall up-
" on a ſheep; if there comes ſome brave Captain to relieve that Soldier, he
" compares him to a good Shepherd that will defend his flock; and if one
" *Heros* fight with another, 'tis as if one Lyon fought with another. And
" thus he goes on, and for my part I find it an incomparable grace. For when
" he ſpeaks of the ſame men, he ever uſes the ſame compariſons, which is much
" more rational then to make them ſometimes *Suns*, ſometimes *Trees*, and
" ſometimes *Rivers*. The ſeveral natures of ſo many things cannot be found
" together. As for the other compariſons, they are not ſo obſcene and low
" as is imagined. *Clarimond* finds fault alſo with the Language, and ſayes
" *Homer* ſpoke not good *Greek*, becauſe ſo many Countries diſputed about
" him whoſe child he ſhould be: but he is to know that it is alſo ſaid he is not
" any Countryman on earth, but that he came down ſom heaven. If he uſe
" divers dialects, and ſome words which are ſtrange to other common authors,
" 'tis becauſe Poetry being the language of the Gods, hath a peculiar ſtile
" which is not familiar to men. I will go no further for a teſtimony of the
" excellence of his diſcourſe, then the comon opinion, that he is full of pre-
" cepts which generally ſerve all mankind. His ſentences are not ſo low; as
" you have been told, but they cannot be otherwiſe conceived; and if you
" find not in them that majeſty that is expected, we are to blame *Clarimond*,
" who by his tranſlation of them into *French*, hath rob'd them of thoſe
" beauties which they have in their own language. The moſt learned Philo-
" ſophers have ſought them out to ground their tenents on, and the Painters
" and Armorers, and the ſubtileſt mechanicks, have acknowledged ſo much
" from this Poet, that they confeſs they have learned their profeſſions of him.
" He is accordingly called the Maſter of all Arts, and he is painted vomiting,
" and all the other Poets licking what he had caſt up. As for Military perſons,
" they are the moſt beholding to him for his inſtructions, and out of his
" Works may be learned with what courage a man ſhould aſſault his enemies.
" how ſouldiers ſhould obey, and the Generals command, and with what
" maſculine eloquence a Captain ſhould encourage his troops. As for the diſ-
" courſes of the Heroes in the midſt of a fight, they are not ſo irrational:
" They might have been come out of the charge, as being weary of fighting,
" and in the time of that repoſe, they might diſcover themſelves one to ano-
" ther. As for the combat of *Ajax* and *Hector*, that they made uſe of ſtones,
" is not ſo ſtrange, ſince fury thinks no weapons amiſs. That eſteem which
" *Alexander* and others had of *Homer*, is no fiction; all Hiſtorians agree in
" it, and there was never any imagined that that great Poet did ever doe any
" thing indecent: In his time, and in that of *Achilles's*, Luxury and Pride
" did not reigne as they do now, ſo that the Heroes might well condeſcend to
" dreſs what they ate themſelves; and to mention that delicacies ſhould be
" preſented to them at Feaſts, ſhews the honour was done them even to thoſe
" ſmall circumſtances, which haply cuſtom had in thoſe times made the grea-
" teſt. If *Uliſſes* built a Veſſel, neceſſity forced him to a thing which was not
" diſhonourable to a Warriour, and it was only a great Boat which needed
" not a Carpenter ſo much to help him, beſides that the ſolitude of his Nymph
" would have been troubled with the ſight of ſo many other men. And as for

the

" the bed he tels *Penelope* of, he might have done ſomewhat by way of recrea-
" tion, as the paſtimes of Princes are divers. In fine, the places and the times
" might have rendred thoſe things commendable, which now ſeem ridiculous.
" As for the lowneſs of ſpirits which my adverſary objects to *Ulyſſes*, I main-
" tain it to be falſe. That this great Heros wept at the relation of the *Tro-*
" *jan* Warr, 'twas not for the hardſhips he had endured there himſelf, but
" thoſe of his friends, and perhaps he wept out of affection, which is a thing
" permitted the moſt generous; it may be he regretted the abſence of his
" wife; *Alcinous* knew his condition by his majeſtick countenance, though he
" had been found naked, and the proffer he made him of his daughter, is a
" certain argument of the reſpect he bore him. If this *Ulyſſes* be ill handled
" by the Lovers of *Penelope*, the fault is to be imputed to them, or at the worſt
" to his diſguiſe, which was ſo far neceſſary, that he could not get into his
" own houſe but by ſome artifice, his ancient acquaintances being much loſt.
" It was the will of *Pallas* he ſhould go through thoſe afflictions, who would
" not preſently ſuccour him as ſhe might have done, to ſhew that the Divinity
" will not help us unleſs we alſo help our ſelves; and permits the good to ſuf-
" fer, to recompence them afterwards with happineſs far tranſcending their
" former miſery. I will not grant *Clarimond* that *Homer* was a beggar, and got
" his living by ſinging at dores; I know divers have been of that opinion, be-
" cauſe he was blind, and that ſuch muſitians commonly are ſo; but 'tis not
" likely a beggar could conceive ſuch rare things. Where ſhould we have
" learned the art of War, and the councels of Captains? Are theſe things re-
" vealed to low-ſpirited perſons? If it be true that ſuch a Muſician could
" ſing the *Iliad* and the *Odyſſey* through all *Greece*, I ſhould rather believe he
" had compoſed thoſe incomparable Works, then that he did only own them,
" having found them in the Authors notes, who was ſome great perſon of the
" age. *Clarimond* deſirous to diſcredit the *Odyſſey*, would have us believe
" there's nothing in't but Country-Tales; but the worthy things of it he o-
" mits: Is not that courteſie of *Polyphemus* to *Ulyſſes* an excellent paſſage,
" where he tels him that he will eat him the laſt becauſe he gave him good
" wine? could the humour of a ſavage be better repreſented? As for the
" name of *Nobody* which *Ulyſſes* took on him, the ſubtilty was ſo fortunate
" that the other *Cyclops* ſought not after him to puniſh him for the miſchief
" he had done to their companion, becauſe they believed *Nobody* had ſtruck
" out his eye, but that he had done it himſelf. When an action is inconſide-
" rable in it ſelf, yet if great effects follow it, 'tis thought great. The Meta-
" morphoſis of *Ulyſſes* companions follows, and *Clarimond* ſcofs at this Heros,
" in that he reſiſted the charms which had cauſed the others to be transformed,
" and ſuffered himſelf to be ſo carried away by the careſſes of the *Sorcereſs*,
" that he openly lay with her; but I ſhall here find a Mythology ſhall take
" away the contradiction, and ſhew that *Homer* hath not made *Ulyſſes* conti-
" nent and luxurious together. *Circe* the daughter of the Sun, ſignifies the
" Celeſtial influence which incited the *Grecians* to follow pleaſures; they ſuffer-
" ed themſelves to be eaſily overcome; but *Ulyſſes* oppoſing all ſuch inclinati-
" ons, was not charmed by the ſame drink, that is to ſay, followed not the
" ſame vices. *Circe* entertains him into her bed, as being extreamly in love with
" him. This ſhews that a wiſe man, ſuch as he was, rather commands then o-
" beys the Celeſtial influence, and that when he is confident that it adviſes him
" to nothing but what is vertuous, he ſhuns it not, but joynes himſelf to it by
" a happy marriage, that all things it ſignifies may come to paſs to his own
" glory. And thus we may ſatisfie thoſe that imagin there are any abſurdities
" in fables. As for the rencontre of the *Syrens*, it is alſo taken for example in ma-
" ny noble occaſions, and there are ſuch excellent Mythologies in it, that it's a
" thing defends it ſelf. As for *Ulyſſes*'s journey to hell, 'twas not ſo needleſs, ſince

Circe

" *Circe* would have him go thither, to ſee what wonders were there, that he " might be encouraged to live well by the reward of the good, and the puniſh- " ment of the bad. Thus is there nothing ſuperfluous in *Homers* Works, and " if in the *Iliad Achilles*'s horſe prophecies, 'tis to ſhew us that the Divinity " will ſometimes make uſe of irrational creatures to tell us of our duty. I have " no more to ſay upon this occaſion, but that though *Penelope* had been as old " as *Clarimond* would make her, yet it was not impoſſible but that many " young men might court her, were it only for her means. And as for *Helene*, " though her beauty might loſe much of its glory, yet *Menelaus* might have " tryed all means to have her again, as if ſhe had been as fair as ever, and he " as deeply in love with her, in regard he and all the *Greeks* were reſolved and " ſworn to the enterpriſe; and if they had left *Troy* without doing any thing, " it would have been a great diſcredit to them. *Clarimond* having ſufficient- " ly cenſured *Homer*, falls upon *Virgil*; and I am not to wonder he ſhould " fight againſt Poetry in the groſs, ſince he attacques this Poet. He blames " him for making *Æneas* go to *Carthage*, and 'twas for that he obtained the " greateſt reputation among the *Romans*. They thought it a wonderfull piece " of conduct, to have gone ſo high for the motive of the Warr between *Rome* " and *Carthage*, when the diſpute was for nothing but the Empire of the " World. The City of *Carthage*, and *Juno* the Patroneſſe of it, bore an im- " mortal hatred in his opinion againſt the race of *Æneas*, who had forſaken " *Dido*, and thence aroſe the Wars between the *Punick* Nation and the *La-* " *tine*. 'Tis true, theſe are but Poetical fictions, yet they give the mind great " ſatisfaction. As for the places where *Virgil* hath imitated *Homer*, I think it " is his chiefeſt glory; it being his buſineſs to deſcribe what paſſed after the " Wars of *Troy*, in the perſon of one of the moſt illuſtrious Heroes that were " there, 'twas fit he ſhould conform himſelf to his ſtile who had firſt writ on " that ſubject. *Clarimond* here takes occaſion to ſpeak of *Achilles*'s Buckler in " relation to that of *Æneas*, for that agitation of mind, whereinto the deſire " to calumniate had put him, hath been the reaſon that being at a loſs in his " order, he hath confounded many things. He blames *Homer* for deſcri- " bing what was engraven in this Buckler, becauſe it ſhould ſeem to make the " Hiſtory the more true: but will he not acknowledge that if the Poet being " to ſpeak of the pleading of two Advocates, and the fighting of two contra- " ry Factions, if he make the Reader as 'twere hear their noiſe, and ſee them " march to do their neceſſary actions, he does as good as ſay that the work was " ſo perfect, that by the only countenances of the perſons that are ſeen there- " in, it might be conceived they ſhould ſay ſuch and ſuch things, and by what " they did then, might be judged what they had done, and what they ſhould do. " Thus it appears *Homer* hath rather done a miracle in this caſe, then commit- " ted any fault of judgement; and for *Virgil* in the Buckler of *Æneas*, he de- " ſerves not to be cenſured for having graven in it the moſt remarkable things " ſhould happen to *Rome*. It may be they were ſevered by diviſions, as *Clari-* " *mond* would have it; but ſuppoſe they were not, and that there had been " but one City of *Rome* in the Buckler, and that in one place there was repre- " ſented the Bridg broken under *Horatius Cocles*, and in another the *Capitoll* " *beſieged*, and at ſome diſtance another thing, though they were adventures " ſhould happen at ſeveral times, the invention was by ſo much the more no- " ble; for this bearing the nature of a Prophecy, things muſt have been con- " fuſed, to be conformable to the cuſtome of the Divinities, whoſe Oracles " have ever ſomewhat of obſcurity. From hence *Clarimond* falls into frivo- " lous reprehenſions, and is angry that *Virgil* ſhould ſay that *Vulcan* forged a " Thunder-bolt for *Jupiter*, conſiſting of three darts of rain, and three of " fire; he believes not that Smiths can work in moiſt things; but does he not " perceive that this is ſpoken myſteriouſly, and that *Vulcan* ſignifies that ſub-

tile

" tile air that is changed into fire in the upper region, and violently breaking " through what obſtacles do environ it, makes that noiſe which we call thun- " der, cauſing at the ſame time the rain to fall out of thoſe moiſt clouds which " it hath burſt aſunder. Thus do the Phyſicians hide their ſecrets under theſe " fables, and that *Vulcan* is Jack of-all-trades among the Gods, 'tis to ſhew " that the operations both of Art and Nature are not effected without fire, ei- " ther corporal or ſpiritual, which is the vehemence of the action, or the dili- " gence of the workmen. *Clarimond* troubles himſelf alſo with trivial particu- " larities, as to know the true age of *Aſcanius*, and whether it was a golden " bough that *Æneas* found. He quarrels too much with words, and I think " therefore deſerves no anſwer He conſiders not the excellent phraſe of *Vir-* " *gil*, nor the ſweet fluency of his Verſes, which is ſo apparent, that one that " underſtands no *Latine* may perceive it. He next ſets upon *Ovid*, and blames " him ſo much againſt reaſon, that he will never meet with any of his opini- " on. He thinks it not well that he ſhould ſpeak of ſo many different Divi- " nities; as if he could poſſibly ſpeak of any thing elſe in a time wherein he " was bred up in idolatry. As for his *Metamorphoſes*, they are not ſo extrava- " gant as he would make them at leaſt to make them appear ſo he ſhould have " quoted them; but for his part, he mentions only the opinion of *Pythagoras* of " *Metempſychoſy*. If that Philoſopher had never been *Euphorbus*, 'twas his " fault that firſt ſet the ſtory on foot, not theirs that writ it ſince; yet if a " man would maintain he had ſaid truth, he might eaſily do it, though it be " held that *Mercury* made the ſouls drink the water of oblivion when they aſ- " ſum'd new bodies; For it may be imagined that *Pythagoras* alone had the " priviledg not to drink of it, that he might tell others that he had been di- " vers times in the world, and that it was ſo with them all, as who paſſed ſome- " times into the bodies of beaſts, that ſo they might abſtain from all creatures " that had any ſoul in them. *Clarimond* endeavouring to bring *Ovid* quite " into diſcredit, hath not ſtuck to ſay that there is no order at all in his nar- " rations. He ſhould have conſidered that *Ovid* is a *Poet*, and not an *Hiſtori-* " *an*, and that if he obſerved that order which Hiſtorians muſt not tranſgreſs, " his Metamorphoſes had not been near ſo pleaſant. *Poetry* is an *art* full of " *fury*, whoſe ornament is *variety*, and this is the reaſon that *Arioſto* for our " greater diverſion, hath ſo interlaced his narrations. Nor is *Taſſo* to be bla- " med for quoting the ancient Divinities in his deſcriptions; he were no Poet " that ſhould not uſe Poeticall figures. And ſo I paſs by all thoſe Poets which " may be vindicated in that one word; and now I come to *Ronſard*, whom " *Clarimond* hath alſo preſumed to quarrel with, and reproach with a many " things he hath ſaid concerning the ancient *Divinities*, and his deſign to imi- " tate *Homer* and *Virgil*. I cannot put my ſelf to the trouble to anſwer his " impertinent reaſons, for they were ſo feeble that I did not regard them nor " ſuffer them to make any impreſſion on my mind. I only remember that he " blamed *Preſages*, and ſome other *ſuperſtitions*, without which a man cannot " ſpeak *naturally* of any matter of Antiquity. He alſo rejects the deſcripti- " ons which have made *Ronſard* highly famous and eſteemed; for the diſcour- " ſes of a *Poet* ſhould not be ſo *ſevere* as thoſe of a *Stoick* Philoſopher; and " ſometimes for the diverſion of the readers, 'tis haply neceſſary he ſhould " digreſs to the deſcription of the noiſe of a Cart-wheel when it is overburthen- " ed, or the cryes of birds of prey when they fight. As for the ſweetneſs of " *Ronſards* verſe, it could have been no greater conſidering his time. All the " world confeſs that the honour of having opened the dore to the advancement " of the French Tongue is due to him. Another thing my adverſary quarrels " at in his *Franciad* is, that all our Hiſtory is thruſt into it; but is there any " thing ſo clear as that *Ronſard* began to write in a Poetical ſtile, ſo that there " would have been no inequality in the piece though he had finiſhed it? And " if *Clarimond* think it ill that *Hyanto* ſhould relate things in ſuch order as if

" ſhe had read an effective ſtory out of ſome book, and if he think her expreſ-
" ſions too clear for a Propheteſs in a fury, I will not condemn him, becauſe I
" ſaid erewhile that Prophecies ought to be obſcure; for I maintain hers were
" ſuch, and my reaſons ſhall be but what *Clarimond* hath ſaid himſelf. He ſaies
" that ſometimes ſhe ſpoke of the myſteries of *Chriſtian* Religion, which
" though we who underſtand them, think a thing clear, yet *Francus* could
" not poſſibly hear any thing more obſcure. To *Clarimonds* queſtion, Why
" he deſired not to know what it was, and how *Hyanta* ſhould ſpeak of ſuch
" things being a *Pagan*, I anſwer, That *Francus* paſſed it by as a thing unknown
" that touched him not; and as for *Hyanta*, ſhe was ſo poſſeſſed by the ſpirit
" that made her ſpeak that ſhe knew not what ſhe had ſaid her ſelf. I doubt
" not but *Ronſard* would have given us this ſatisfaction, had he continued his
" work. As for the deſigne he had to bring *Francus* into the Country of the
" *Gaules* there to build a City, he is very unjuſtly blamed, ſince that being a
" Poet, he was permitted to feign what he pleaſed, beſides that his fiction was
" not at ſuch a diſtance from the truth, but it had the warrant of moſt of our
" Hiſtorians. When *Clarimond* had cenſured *Ronſard*, to whom ſo many Po-
" ets of his time gave place, he could not but contemn all the reſt, yet hath he
" not preſumed to ſift their works, leſt it would have been too much pains, for
" it muſt be conceived it could be no ſmall diſquiſition to ſearch out reaſons ſo
" deſtructive to the common opinion: He therefore generally condemns them
" all, becauſe they have quoted the ancient Fables. It muſt not be believed in
" his opinion, that there can be any good *Mythologies*, whereas we have ſuch
" abundance of moſt excellent ones, that I know not how he hath been ſo im-
" pudent as to ſay ſo. I paſs by all his proofs as being of no weight. I know
" my Judge hath read books enough to have learned the contrary to what he
" hath alleadged. But it is to much purpoſe for me to be angry with a man
" who cannot be reconciled to the Poetry of the preſent age. Is it poſſible
" that ſo many excellent wits as are at the Court could never do any thing
" to ſatisfie him? Their ſweet ſongs, are they not able to charm him and make
" him change his opinion? But here he comes to the ſecond part of his Ora-
" tion, and falls foul upon the books he calls *Romances*. He hath dealt moſt
" unworthily by the *Æthiopian* Hiſtory, and not finding any thing in that
" piece deſerving juſt cenſure, he quarrels with little formalities. He thinks it
" not fit that *Pagans* ſhould regard their dreams who are ſo ful of ſuperſtition.
" That natural impatience that *Gnemon* is in to know the end of a Hiſtory,
" he would make a ſtrange incongruity, and not conſidering that the world is
" furniſhed with cowards as well as ſtout men, he falls out with the Author for
" making that young man fearfull. Though *Theagenes* hath diſcovered his
" generoſity in all actions whatſoever, yet he excuſes him not, and thinks he
" hath not done enough. He would alſo perſwade us that the Loves of *Daph-*
" *nis* and *Cloe* are impertinent, though they excell in an incomparable natural-
" neſs. And there he begins his controverſie with *Paſtorals*, againſt which, all he
" can ſay is, that the books which treat of that ſubject, imitate one another.
" This makes nothing againſt them, if ſo be they are good; and what he hath
" alleadged againſt *Diana* of *Montemajor* is of no great weight. Though the
" order of it ſhould be diſturbed, yet were the thing no leſs pleaſant, and as for
" the Fables and Enchantments in it, all's pardonable. As for the *Paſtorals*
" of *Julietta*, I think my ſelf the more obliged to vindicate that book, as being
" the firſt was written in *France* of that kind. The happy condition of a
" Shepherd to which heaven hath called me, engages me to do it. To anſwer
" therefore what *Clarimond* hath ſaid of the Works of *Ollenix* of *Montſacre*,
" I ſay that if that Author mentions not the abode of his Shepherds, and o-
" ther little particulars; 'tis becauſe they are of no concernment. That he
" makes the maids court the men, 'tis only to repreſent that they lived as 'twere
" in the *golden age*, during which the laws of *honour* were not invented. And if

" in relating Hiſtories, they quote prophane and ſacred Authors, and mention
" things hapned in our times, the reaſon is, that all being fiction, and it being
" granted it is the Author that ſpeaks all through, he hath taken the liberty to
" accommodate things as well to this age as to the ages paſt, for the greater de-
" light of the readers. He is not therefore to be cenſured for that; and as for
" *Sidney*'s *Arcadia*, ſince it hath croſſed the Sea to come and ſee us, I am ſor-
" ry *Clarimond* receives it with ſuch poor complements. If he hears nothing
" of the Loves of *Strephon* and *Clavis*, he muſt not quarrel with the Author
" who hath made his Book one of the moſt excellent in the world. There are
" diſcourſes of *Love* and diſcourſes of *State* ſo generous and pleaſant, that I
" ſhould never be weary to read them. I ſhould ſay much in his commenda-
" tion, were I not in haſte to ſpeak of *Aſtræa*, which *Clarimond* brings in next,
" and I am very glad to find that Book generally eſteemed, which ſhould ob-
" lige him to eſteem it alſo. If inſtead of the Title of *Aſtræa*, it had born
" that of *Galathea* or *Diana*, he would have made the ſame complaint he does:
" he would have asked why that Title more then another: But does he not
" conſider that the book begins with the Loves of *Aſtræa* and *Celadon*, and that
" moſt of the other Hiſtories are but circumſtances, ſo that the deſign is very
" excellently taken. I muſt alſo tell *Clarimond*, that *Hylas* may be inconſtant,
" and yet not be mad, as he ſuppoſes, and that there are in theſe daies a many
" more inconſtant then he. As for *Sylvander*, if his Philoſophy be *Platonick*,
" it is ſo much the better, ſince it is that Philoſopher hath taught us to love *Di-*
" *vinely*. If it be alleadged that in the time of *Merovens* and *Childerick*,
" there were no Shepherds in *Forreſt* could be acquainted with ſo much lear-
" ning and civility as theſe, 'tis very indiſcreetly ſpoken. Who knows not but
" that in books, things are raiſed to the greateſt perfection, and that incom-
" parable mind that compoſed the *Aſtræa*, hath he not made it appear that he
" doth not relate the Hiſtories of obſcure perſons, but deſcribes a ſort of per-
" ſons of quality whoſe names and condition he diſguiſes? And if the order
" of his narration had been nicely obſerved, he would not have been found to
" fail in the *Chronology*, that's only a vain illuſion to frighten us withall. And
" that *Clarimond* ſhould be angry that he hath not perfected his Book; what in-
" juſtice is it! what imprudence! will he not anon quarrel with hea-
" ven? We were not worthy to have amongſt us any longer that wonderfull
" man whom death hath taken away from us: but I hope ſome able pen will
" oblige us by the accompliſhment of what he hath deſign'd according to his
" excellent notes and directions. Yet ſuppoſing this were not to be hoped, I dare
" affirm, that though there wants a concluſion to this Work, yet it may be ta-
" ken as perfect. He that is ignorant of it, let him read it, he will be ſuddenly
" raviſhed into admiration, he will find what will make him ſlight all the ob-
" jections of our adverſary, he will be touched in the moſt ſenſible part of his
" ſoul, and if he weeps not ſometimes for joy, and ſometimes for grief, accor-
" ding to the occaſion, I will confeſs the envious and detractive have gained
" the cauſe. I ſhall ſay as much for the Hiſtory of *Argenis*, which can be diſ-
" pleaſant to none but men without reaſon. *Clarimond* unjuſtly blames the
" Author for having ſaid in what condition the affairs of the world were when
" a Veſſel arrived in *Sicily*; for that does not relate only to the Veſſel, and
" that the queſtion is not about that alone, but all the other things that are in
" the body of the book which concern the affairs of *Sicily*, the *Gaules*, *Sardi-*
" *nia*, *Mauritania*, and divers other Countries, ſo that here's no inequality;
" nor any mixture of great things and little together. As for the Verſes which
" are diſpoſed here and there, ſince they are moſt excellent, moſt unjuſt *Cla-*
" *rimond*, will you find fault with him that gave them us, for to divert our
" minds after they have been long employed in ſomething more ſerious? You
" do well to tell us that the true cuſtomes of *Sicily* are not obſerved in this Hi-
" ſtory, every one confeſſes it as well as your ſelf, ſince it was only the Authors

" design, to repreſent divers accidents hapned in *France*. If you eſteem not " his intention becauſe he treats of theſe things with ſome obſcurity, ſhould " you not conſider that he was obliged to carry himſelf with that caution, it " being a thing not a little dangerous to ſpeak openly of the affairs of great " ones? As for the diſcourſes of State which are ſo ſeaſonably introduced, " 'tis a black malice to blame a thing ſo noble. As for the interview of *Poliar-* " *chus* and *Archombrotus*, 'tis credible they ſpoke not but by thoſe furious acti- " ons which *Barclay* deſcribes, and that *Hyanisbe* preſently ſeparated them. " *Clarimond* keeps alſo a ſtirr with the language of this book; he thinks there " are ſome new words; but if he obſerve it narrowly, there are none which " are not derived of other *Latine* words which are roots that may ſtill ſend " forth ſomewhat. He is no leſs injuſt when he ſpeaks againſt *Lyſander*. He " hath made long narrations of the divers ſucceſſes of the whole Hiſtory, " to prove they are but *rencontres*; but what would he have had more miracu- " lous in a Hiſtory of our time? We have no more to do with thoſe ancient " ceremonies, and triumphs with all their ſumptuous preparations. We can- " not deſcribe Wars or ſtrange Combats, but we muſt be ſuſpected of fal- " ſhood. We are now reduced to ſpeak only of ordinary things. *Clarimond* " miſlikes alſo that *Lyſander* ſhould be aſſaſſinated by the friends of *Cloridan*, " who had no hand in the buſineſs, as he afterwards declared to the King. Is " it impoſſible they ſhould bear him ſo much affection as to have engaged in " ſuch a deſign for his ſake; and may it not be preſumed on the other ſide that " he had intelligence of it, but that he denied it to preſerve the favour of his " Prince? The Challenge he afterwards ſent to *Lyſander*, ſufficiently diſcovers " his indignation; and this juſtifies *d'Audiguier*, whom *Clarimond* taxes not to " know whom to make this Gentleman fight with, ſince *Cloridan* had a fair oc- " caſion to challenge him, having been wounded by him in ſight of all the " Court. As for the *Tale of the ſpirit*, I will not maintain it to be true; it's " a query for a *Divine*, to know whether the ſouls departed can return hither; it " ſuffices I ſhould tel you that *d'Audiguier* making a Romance according to our " mode could not adorn it better, then by putting in it ſuch things as theſe, in- " ſtead of the apparitions of the heatheniſh Gods, as you have them in anci- " ent *Romances*; nor indeed is it alwaies neceſſary to bring in true things into " Hiſtories of this kind, but ſuch as *the many* take to be true: Now there is " nothing more certain then that there are many believe that ſpirits may be " ſpoken to, and have been ſeen ſometimes. *Clarimond* does alſo think it un- " likely *Lidian* ſhould preach, as if he knew the accompliſhments of that Gen- " tleman. He would not have *Caliſta* bear arms, as being too ſoft, and know- " ing nothing of the art of War; but doth not *d'Audiguier* make this thing " eaſily credible, ſince he ſaies ſhe would not fight but purpoſly to die? As for " *Hippolita* and *Eriſila*, they had a long time exerciſed themſelves in feats of " arms; nor was it ſuch a miracle to ſee people armed about *Paris*, ſince the " Author feigns that *Tournaments* were very frequent. What he hath in con- " ſequence to this, relates much to the warlike humour of *Henry* the *Great*; " and though there was no ſuch thing, yet it was enough to ſhew it might be. " The admirable adventure of the Nymph is no more to be cenſured then the " reſt; for you find in modern Hiſtories, that Magitians of theſe times have " done the like. As for the faults of the language, if a point be forgotten, the " Author paies not the Printers ſcore; and if there be in *Lyſander* any *Gaſcon* " phraſes, there needs good eyes to find them. To be ſhort, *Clarimond* is like " that malicious Painter, who repreſented the feet of the Peacock, and not his " train. He mentions only what he likes not, but thoſe things he could not diſ- " approve, he meddles not with. Why does he not conſider thoſe duels which " are ſo well deſcribed? Why does he not take notice of thoſe ingenious an- " ſwers of *Claranges* to him that repreſented to him the grandeurs of the world, " to make him quit his *Capuchin's* Cell? Hath he not obſerved how *Lyſander*

upon

" upon a diſdainfull humour of *Caliſta*, fell off from his marriage when all " their friends had conſented to it. In theſe and other places there are diſ- " courſes ſo charming, that though the Reader deſired to ſee the end of the " Book, yet would he wiſh withall it ſhould not end at all. For the Adven- " tures of *Polyxena*, though there be nothing but relations, yet are they plea- " ſant. Since the principal end of *Romances* is to *delight*, 'tis requiſite there " ſhould be of all ſorts. And as to Romances in general, *Clarimond* hath ſaid " nothing but what he had ſaid divers times before. He imagins that all Au- " thors ſteal one from another, nay he hath been ſo unjuſt as to ſay that there " are few adventures in the *Argenis* which are not as common in other Roman- " ces; but he does not conſider aright. If there be a war in a book, or the " raviſhing of a maid, or the death of a King, and that in another there be " the ſame accidents, does that make the books alike? it cannot be, for upon " that account, the *Roman* Hiſtory were no other thing then the *Greek*, becauſe " in both there are wars, raviſhings of maids, and deaths of Princes; the cir- " cumſtances make difference enough between things. Wars are begun upon " divers occaſions; maids may be raviſhed divers waies, and Princes are not " ſubject to one only kind of death, ſo that you ſtill find variety in our books; " and if you are not ſatisfied with them, you may in vain wiſh that God would " create another world, or another nature; for as long as we ſhall be what we " are, our Hiſtories can never conſiſt of any thing but ſuits of Law, Wars, " Death and Marriage. If my adverſary take it ill that in a Romance a man " relate a Hiſtory in the ſame words as another hath related it to him, he con- " ſiders not that it is the principal grace of a book, and that if he can make no- " thing of it, 'tis for want of attention. It's eaſily ſeen he knows not what to " ſay againſt us, and that he can do nothing but follow the imaginations of his " own corrupt humours, ſince that in the concluſion of all, he could reproach " us with nothing but the complaints which are lowdly made againſt us, which " is a thing no leſs natural then that there ſhould be diverſity of paſſions. I " therefore conjure you, moſt juſt Judge, not to regard his feeble reaſons, " whereby he endeavours to make it appear to us, that the beſt *Romances* in " the world are worth nothing. It is moſt certain, that being made only for " *pleaſure*, and not obſerving the rigorous laws of Hiſtory, there may be " brought whatever the Author pleaſes, ſo that they preſent us with all the ex- " amples of *Vertue* that can be imagined. 'Tis in theſe we find pleaſure and " profit together, and where even women may learn Civility and Courtſhip. " Theſe things being true, and that it is granted there was never any man hi- " therto but *Clarimond* that doubted of them, I beſeech you to preſerve *Ro-* " *mances* in that reputation which they have gotten in the world, and more e- " ſpecially to confirm unto thoſe I have named, the honour and reſpect they " deſerve.

Philiris having ſpoken in this manner, the minds of the audience, which had been carried away by *Clarimond*, turn'd on a ſudden in his favour that had harangu'd laſt. 'Tis true, when they remembred all the reaſons that *Clarimond* had alleadged, they returned again to his ſide, ſo that they were ſtill in uncertainty, and wiſh'd that *Anſelme* would give ſentence one way or other. But as they were in expectation of it, *Amaryllis* roſe up, and deſired to be admitted mediatrix in the cauſe depending. She was permitted to ſay what ſhe pleaſed, and that fair Lady ſpoke thus.

The

The Oration of *AMARYLLIS*, mediating for Romances.

" THough I am the moſt inconſiderable of all thoſe of our ſexe that are
" here preſent, moſt wiſe and *righteous* Judge, yet will I not be afraid to
" ſpeak in a buſineſs which ſo much concerns us, ſince no other will undertake
" it. I cannot ſuffer that *Clarimond* ſhould condemn *Romances* ſo far, that if
" he were believed, they ſhould be all caſt into the fire. What would he
" have them forbidden all manner of perſons without exception? If ſo, we
" women, who go not to ſtudy in Colledges, and have not as men have, Tu-
" tors to teach us the many things that happen in the world, are utterly un-
" done; 'tis only by the help of *Romances* that we can arive to any knowledg.
" If they are taken from us we preſently return to intractableneſs and incivili-
" ty; for our minds not being fitted for the books of Philoſophy, nor any o-
" ther ſerious ſtudies, there muſt be ſome other way for us to learn *Vertue* and
" *Eloquence*. Nay, what is more, we ſhal be extreamly wrong'd, becauſe our lovers
" and husbands, if they diſcontinue that delightfull reading, will forget all the
" inſinuations and addreſſes of Love, ſo that we ſhall be no more ſerved with
" paſſion, and ſhall have no further adventures to find employment for the
" writers of the age. Conſider this, moſt juſt Judge, and repreſent to your
" ſelf, that if you condemn *Romances*, you will not only injure all women, but al-
" ſo all men, who will not henceforth find them ſo amiable as before. Let
" this ſo powerfull conſideration oblige you to doe us juſtice.

Amaryllis having ſo ſaid, made a low Courteſie to *Anſelme*, and every one mightily applauded her ingenuity to have done what ſhe did without any bodies notice. *Anſelme* gave a little nod with his head and ſmiled, as it were to aſſure her he was ſatisfied with her concluſion; and preſently he pronounced theſe words.

The Judgement of *ANSELME*.

" HAving heard the reaſons which *Clarimond* hath alleadged againſt the
" moſt famous works of *Poetry* and *Romances* in the world, and having
" alſo given ear to what *Philiris* hath anſwered to maintain the reputation of
" thoſe different books, as alſo the complaint of *Amaryllis*, who hath media-
" ted in behalf of the Ladies, and deſired the reading of *Romances* may not
" be prohibited; after ſerious and mature examination, We ordain, That
" ſince all theſe fabulous works are made only for delight, and that the deſign
" of the Writers is then moſt fortunate, when they moſt recreate the Readers,
" It ſhall be lawfull for all to ſeek their ſatisfaction and delight in all books
" wherein they can find it: And ſince *Clarimond* hath condemned books
" which do not deſerve it ſo far, and that *Philiris* hath given ſome greater com-
" mendations then they deſerve, the ableſt wits ſhall hereafter take the matter
" into conſideration, and give their judgements without paſſion, of the ſeveral
" Works that ſhall come abroad into the world.

Anſelme

Anſelme having thus pronounced ſentence, every one was very glad; yet there were divers would have gladly known particularly, what credit they ſhould give thoſe books that had been named: but they were not in likelyhood to learn any more at that time, for the affections and diſaffections were ſuch as admitted not of any reſolution; and if one commended a book, another diſcommended it. *Anſelme* repreſented to them, that though there were nothing in all this contrary to reaſon, and that *Romances* being only things dreſſed to *pleaſe*, as he had ſaid in his ſentence, it was not to be admired if ſome were eſteemed, and others not, becauſe the caſe was not the ſame as with things that are *neceſſary*, which ought to have the *general* approbation.

The end of the Thirteenth Book.

THE Anti-Romance; OR, THE HISTORY Of the SHEPHERD LYSIS.

The Fourteenth Book.

ALL thoſe that were then preſent at *Hircani*, ſtaid a long time talking about thoſe things that *Clarimond* and *Philiris* had ſaid, and their admiration of *Philiris* was not little; he without any notice given him to anſwer to what was then controverted, having ſhewn himſelf ſo ready and able, that his diſcourſe ſeem'd much more admirable then that of his Adverſary, though it had not been ſo long. They were aſtoniſhed at his memory, which had been ſo happy, that he had anſwered in order to all the reaſons of *Clarimond*, with very little heſitation. *Lyſis* was almoſt out of himſelf for joy; and though the Poet *Muſardan* had not ſo much wit as to judge of wit in others, yet he thought beſt to follow the Propoſitions of him that had ſpoken for *Romances*. As for the reſt, they were, as I told you, of different opinions; but he that was moſt for *Clarimond*, was *Adrian*, who taking his opportunity to ſpeak; ſaid to him, *Sir, you have done wonders in your ſpeech, methinks your adverſary made not ſo good a plea as you, and therefore I am very ſorry you have not received that ſatisfaction you deſired: For my part, I have ever born a great hatred to theſe ridiculous* Romances. There is ſome injuſtice done me, ſaies *Clarimond*, but I hope I ſhall anon recover what I have now loſt. *Anſelme* would not at one blow daſh the common opinion, though he was oblig'd to condemn it; and as for him who hath ſpoken againſt me, I am ſure

he did it only to exercise his wit, and that his heart hath ever thought contrary to what his tongue hath spoken. 'Tis the same case as that of your Counsellors, who to get money or reputation, entertain and maintain all the causes that come to them, be they ever so bad. I deny not but *Philiris* hath alledg'd very strong reasons against mine; but to what purpose are they, since they only shew the subtilty of his wit, and not the innocency of those he hath vindicated? They themselves had never consider'd of maintaining their works by any such considerations as his: for if they had had any such, they would not have done their reputation that injury as to have conceal'd them.

Lysis having over-heard this discourse, turns to *Clarimond*; Dost thou think thou speakest truth in this? saies he to him; for my part I must confess, that though thou hast spoken against what I lov'd, yet had I a greater esteem of thy eloquence then I had ever; but when I heard *Philiris*, the case was altered. And I assure you notwithstanding all this, replies *Clarimond*, that you will finde *Philiris* anon of another opinion then what he held. That will be a strange blow indeed, saies *Lysis*, with a smile.

Carmelin by chance observing *Lisetta* near him, who was come to whisper somewhat in her Mistresses ear, would needs hold her by the sleeve; which *Lysis* perceiving, said to *Amaryllis*, that their loves should not be drawn out any further, but a happy issue put to them. *Lisetta* presently got away; and *Amaryllis* answered for her, that she thought her self very happy to be married to *Carmelin*; but the question was, whether he had means enough to maintain her. He hath ever told me he was nothing in debt, replies *Lysis*; and therefore I think him rich. What's more, he's willing enough to work, and by that means he may in time come to have a good flock of sheep: As for his vertues, I pass my word for him; and if you will clap up an agreement, *Love* shall be the *Notary*, and shall draw up the contract, and keep the copies of it. *Amaryllis* told him it were better to delay it a little, that the two Lovers might try whether their conditions were such as would agree together.

Clarimond upon this discourse, went aside to speak with *Hircan*, who was gone into a study at the end of the Hall, and all the counterfeit Shepherds with him. Dear friends, said he to them, we have taken our pleasure sufficiently of *Lysis*. His follies would henceforth be rather troublesome to us then delightful, if we should suffer him to continue in them; besides, it is some touch to conscience, to entertain a man still in those extravagances, which are repugnant to reason. You are a great Orator, replies *Meliantes*, you would teach us the precepts of charity, which we know as well as your self. Why may we not yet a while enjoy the pleasant conversation of *Lysis*? If he were possessed with any hurtful folly, you had reason to be so ready to restore him. His imaginations never carried him to do mischief to any man. If he does no hurt, 'tis certain he does no good, saies *Clarimond*; and whereas his minde is capable of great things, if it were well guided; he is now in such a decay of spirits, that if he go on a while longer, it may be desperate to restore him. If you do not consider this, represent to your selves, that if you were resolved to make further sport with this poor Shepherd, you cannot continue it much longer, for *Adrian* or *Anselme* will carry him away to *Paris*. 'Tis there we would have him, replies *Meliantes*; 'twill be good sport to govern him in great companies. 'Twere a pitty so famous a place should want this recreation. That will never be, saies *Clarimond*; for assoon as he were there, they would chain him up, lest he should run up and down the streets and disgrace his friends. Suppose him now upon his departure, and learn in time to quit that satisfaction you must some time be depriv'd of. Consider that there will be no less pleasure to restore *Lysis* to his wits, then there would be to continue him in his madness as you desire.

Hircan was of the same opinion, and *Philiris* too, so that they soon brought their companions to the same point. They then thought it a very good work to restore their Shepherd to himself again; and the hopes they had to do it were not small,

ſmall, when they repreſented to themſelves, that *Lyſis* had good natural faculties, which he could not but diſcover in his greateſt extravagances. His diſcourſes and his inventions amaz'd all the world; and if his errors had not hindred him from employing his ſubtilty in good things, he had never done any thing diſcommendable.

While they were in this diſcourſe, a ſerving man came and told *Hircan* that the *Hermit* was at the door for an alms. They call'd him by no other name, becauſe there was no other Hermit thereabouts, and it was the ſame that *Lyſis* had met ſome time before. *Hircan* having given order he ſhould come up, the Shepherd preſently call'd him to minde, and went and ſaluted him with a great deal of complement. I am very glad my Couſin is acquainted with you, ſaies *Adrian* to the Hermit, I ſhould heartily wiſh you would make him walk in the way of vertue. I doubt not but he is very well given thereto, replies the Hermit; he was almoſt perſwaded to enter into that contemplative way of life that I follow; but I believe all the hurt that's in him, is that he is ſtill in love. I am ſo, and ſhall be eternally (ſaies *Lyſis* in a loud Tone) *Charite* is ſhe that I love; my Couſin hath ſeen her, all the Shepherds know her, the Birds, the Trees, the Rocks and the Fountains are not ignorant who ſhe is; for when I complain of my miſery, every thing, even to that which hath no ſoul, aſſumes one to hearken to me. Provided your love aims not but at a faithful marriage, ſaies the Hermit, I ſhall never be among thoſe that will blame you; for marriage was inſtituted by our Saviour, who after the creation of the world, beſtow'd *Eve* on *Adam*; and St. *Paul*, ſaies, *It is better to marry then to burn*; but away with ſinful concupiſcence, if ſo be your ſoul be ſtain'd with it. The waters of the cleareſt ſprings are not more pure then my deſires, replies *Lyſis*; I know incontinence deſtroys both mens bodies, and their mindes, and that it is like thoſe fruits that grow about the Lake *Aſphaltites*, which ſeem fair and ripe, but within are nothing but aſhes. Ever from my infancy, I have known what belong'd to the two ways which preſented themſelves to the great *Alcides*; and two women made their orations to me, as they did to him, but I follow'd her that led me into the rough way of vertue, though the other would have led me an eaſier way. I now go upon thorns, whereas others tread upon roſes; but I am alſo ſure to come to that eternal glory which ſo many Heroes have ſought after. 'Tis for that we muſt ſweat, 'tis for that we muſt go naked, having nothing but a club to overcome monſters, the enemies of mankinde: And 'tis for that in brief, that we muſt forſake the pleaſures of this life, and live upon earth, as if we were already of the other world; that is to ſay, have no other entertainment for the moſt part then good meditations.

The Hermit was extreamly pleas'd at this diſcourſe, for he interpreted all religiouſly, and imagin'd that *Lyſis* ſpoke of the glory of Paradice, and that he would quell the Monſters which are our enemies; that is to ſay the Devils. He therefore turning to *Adrian*, ſaid to him, Do you not ſee your own happineſs in ſo learned a Kinſman as you have? I have heard very few Preachers ſpeak better then he does. What reputation would he in time come to, ſhould he enter into that calling! I ſhould be very glad would he give himſelf thereto, replies *Adrian*; if you had heard other diſcourſes of his, you would have been amaz'd. He will ſpeak to you three hours together, without any trouble, and I know not whence he hath what he ſaies: for the moſt part he is ſo deeply learned, that I cannot underſtand one half. It muſt be conceiv'd he hath done nothing all his life time but read. And it hath ſo happen'd, he hath taken a man, who is almoſt as great a Schollar as himſelf. But I muſt tell you, that I think all their knowledge is unprofitable, or rather hurtful to them; for they employ it only in thoſe things which I can by no means approve. Is this true? ſaies the Hermit to *Lyſis*; do you abuſe the good gifts which God hath beſtow'd on you? My friend, will you not obſerve all the articles of our faith? I obſerve my faith to *Charite*, replies *Lyſis*; *I* have promis'd her before the throne of Love, to be eternally hers. How! what impiety's this? cryes out the good Father; when you are ſpoken to concerning

God, you ſpeak of his creatures, as if you would adore them inſtead of him. If you will not addreſs yourſelf immediately to his infinite Majeſty, becauſe of the greatneſs of your ſins, recommend your ſelf to ſome good Saint, that may deliver you from the pains of hell. She is a fair *Saint* that I ſerve, ſays *Lyſis*; and 'tis certain ſhe can deliver me from the pains of hell, ſince by her cruelty ſhe could condemn me to them. Nay, ſhe can do greater things then that: All that are in this houſe can aſſure you that this morning ſhe rais'd me from death to life. Inform your ſelf of this miracle. My Couſin is a Heathen, cries out *Adrian*; alas! there's no queſtion of it: He's worſe then a *Mahmetan*: Ah! what curſed Books are theſe that have thus deſtroy'd him!

Hircan and the reſt of the Gentlemen came in at this noiſe. *Clarimond* having underſtood the controverſie, perceiv'd the Hermite was not able enough to convert the Shepherd. As for his own part, he thought now was the time to try whether he might be more fortunate then another in the deſign he had to reſtore him to his ſenſes, by the help of thoſe artifices which he had reſolved to make uſe of. There are a many things which I muſt communicate to you before this honorable aſſembly, ſays he to him. 'Tis now that I am to ſhew you that I am really your friend, as I told you ſome dayes ſince: 'Tis *Philiris* and his companions that are your enemies, though you have ever thought the contrary; they have hitherto promoted your humours, and 'tis that hath put you into the way of deſtruction. Since your coming to years of diſcretion you have read a many fabulous books, which you have taken as true, for want of being acquainted with ſome one that could diſcreetly have convinc'd you of your erroneous opinions. I muſt not any longer conceal my thoughts as I have heretofore, which I did only by degrees to inſinuate into your good opinion, that I might be permitted one day to ſpeak freely to you. You have juſt now diſcover'd the greateſt extravagance in the world; you have ſpoken of your Miſtreſs as of ſomwhat divine, though you cannot but know ſhe is a mortal creature that eats and drinks as any of us do. You ſaid you had no faith but for her; have you quite forgotten the faith of your Fathers, and turn'd Idolater?

Lyſis ſeeing he was ſet upon more vehemently as to this point then ever he had been before, was not ſo extravagant, but he call'd to mind the good precepts had been infus'd into him in his infancie; ſo that at this very firſt aſſault of *Clarimonds* he was almoſt chang'd into another man. He was therefore forc'd to anſwer, that he acknowledged no other God then him that had created heaven and earth, and that he had ever ador'd him in the ſame manner as his father had taught him. As for *Charite* to whom he gave divine attributes, it was only to accommodate himſelf to the ſtile of the *Poets*, whom he was reſolved to imitate. This is not all you have done, there's much more, ſays *Clarimond*, you have ever talk'd of an infinity of ancient Gods, as if there were really any ſuch; and yet whoſoever adores this great God who hath given us our beings, looks upon all thoſe little Gods as having no ſubſiſtence but in fables, which men feign'd while they were yet in their firſt errors. Have you not told us a hundred times, that there was a *Diana* in the woods with her *Nymphs*, that there are *Hamadryads* and Gods of the River, and Nymphs of Fountains? You have endeavoured to make all thoſe believe it that you have converſed with, or came neer you; and you once caſt yourſelf into the water to go and viſit the *aquatick* Divinities. *I* know not whether your fellow-Shepherds were ſuch fools as to believe there were any in the world. It need not ſeem ſo ſtrange that *I* believe there are ſuch Divinities, replies *Lyſis*: *I* have not only read it in Books which have been made by *Pagans*, but in ſuch as have been made by *Chriſtians* who are alive at this day. What you ſay may be true, replies *Clarimond*; but thoſe Authors have writ that only as a fable; and if you doubt of it, be judg'd by *Muſardan*. This Poet was ſtill in the place; ſo that he confeſs'd that it was not to be queſtion'd but that himſelf and all thoſe that wrote books ſpoke of thoſe ancient Divinities as a thing fained, only for the ornament of their Poeſies, though it had ſometime been a main truth, and believ'd, and that very paſſionately, by a many nations. You ſee what they think of it whom you have ever followed, ſays *Clarimond*; ſince you will

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needs embrace their doctrine, you muſt believe what they ſay, and you are not more learned then your maſters in the lectures they read to you. You are moreover to conſider, that ſince there is but one Almighty God, all your little Gods cannot ſubſiſt.

Since you will have me follow the dictate of reaſon with you, ſays *Lyſis*, I will declare one thing to you, which I would not communicate to any other perſon whatſoever; and that is, that I know very well that they are not really *Divinities* which are conceived to be in the fields, but they are ſo called in a certain manner of ſpeaking; They are only *Spirits* under divers forms. And to make it appear to you that it is ſo, I have not only read in the *Poets* whom you tax with *lying*, but alſo in Authors that pretend to be *Philoſophers*, and ſuch as I dare ſay would be *Divines*. Witneſs *Agrippa* in his *Occult Philoſophy*: 'Tis well known he ſpeaks every where as a good Chriſtian, and quotes paſſages of the holy Scripture; but yet having diſpoſed his Spirits through all the Elements, when he comes to thoſe he appoints for the Earth and the Water, he calls them by all thoſe divers names we find in the Poets: He grants there are *Fawns*, *Dryads* and *Hamadryads* in the Forreſts, and *Nayads* in the Fountains; nay he denies not but *Saturn*, *Jupiter*, and the other Gods are each of them in his ſeveral heaven, exerciſing that power which the Ancients attributed to them. He alſo tels you at large what names to call them by, and in what manner they are to be invocated in his operations. Now we never uſe invocation towards things that have no power. As for his part, he calls them the Governours of the World: but it is my buſineſs only to tell you, that his meaning was, that they are Spirits.

Agrippa then it ſeems is one of your Authors, ſayes *Clarimond*: you have been extremely reſerv'd, that we never knew you ſtudied his doctrine before. Know then that it is as impertinent a Fellow as ever you met with; he mingles Divinity with fables: And though he hath a mind to dreſs up a *Chriſtian* and *lawfull* Magick, yet he makes uſe of that of *Hermes* and other prophane Authors. Becauſe that in the magick of the Ancients the Planets were invocated, as alſo the reſt of the inferior Divinities, he hath ſpoken in the ſame manner, as if it could be done ſtill: But the abſurdity was ſo great, that he hath entreated all the world to pardon him, excuſing it as an error of his youth. This I find in his book of the *Vanity of the Sciences*: there he retracts all. *Clarimond* is in the right, ſayes *Philiris*, there's no anſwer to be made to what he hath ſaid. But though *Agrippa* ſhould not believe there were *Dryads* and *Nayads*, ſays *Lyſis*, it follows not I ſhould be of his opinion: Do I not remember that I have ſeen ſo many rural Divinities, when I was chang'd into a Tree? There was never any ſuch thing, ſayes *Clarimond*; and I tell you once more, that there was never in this world any body ſo changed. Do you not remember the reaſons I alleadg'd once againſt *Metamorphoſes*? I told you there was none among the heathens but the ſimple people, that believed any ſuch thing could be; beſides that it was by accident that theſe opinions got any credit among them. I gave you an account of divers perſons who were thought to have chang'd forms, and more particularly that of the Robber, who was thought to be chang'd into a Raven. I told you the Poets had brought thoſe things into reputation by their Verſes; and if I am not deceiv'd, *Philiris*, *Fontenay*, and *Carmelin* himſelf approved my reaſons: I know not whether they have been ſince poiſoned by your errors.

I remember all this, ſays *Lyſis*, but I value it not. We remember it very well, ſays *Fontenay*, but we found a great deal of truth in it. You then believe impoſtures, replies the Shepherd all in a heat. This is not the only point you will be contradicted in, ſays *Clarimond*; be not angry yet, ſtay a while, and you ſhall have much more reaſon. I muſt tell you, that ſince all theſe Divinities you have talk'd of are but fictions, you had no reaſon to make all theſe Gentlemen put on Shepherds habit, making them believe that you would make them happy by that means, and bring them into converſation with the immortals. As for your *golden age*, you know what I ſaid to you of it; I told you plainly, that to make that return, we muſt put

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on as much savageneſs as thoſe of the new found world. There was never any imagin'd that that kinde of life could be as delightful as ours.

What hath *Lyſis* then deceiv'd us? cries out *Philiris*; I had little reaſon to come ſo far to finde him. If he knows no more then I have yet ſeen, the Shepherds of our Country know as much, I will return to them. And ſhall I, ſaies *Fontenay*, ſtay here with an Impoſtor, who hath promis'd me ſuch wonders if I would continue Shepherd? O! Couſin *Hircan*, give me my red ſuit again. *Polidor* and *Meliantes* ſaid alſo, they would be no longer Shepherds; ſo that *Hircan* deſired them to be quiet, and told them they ſhould all have what cloathes they had brought to his houſe. *Lyſis* extreamly troubled at this revolt, told them they would at leiſure repent their forſaking him: but *Clarimond* bid him not to be ſo perſwaded, and told him he would make it appear to him, that he had never known the leaſt happineſs of condition, ſince he turned Shepherd, and that of all he had believed, there had nothing happened to him; and to that purpoſe he thus continued the diſcourſe.

You are then to imagine, that I am better acquainted with your adventures then your ſelf, for I have not only learn'd what you thought of them, but alſo what others conceiv'd who have abus'd you.

In the firſt place, being come to St. *Clou*, where you put on your Paſtoral habit, *Anſelme* having found you, as you admir'd your precious reliques, was ſo far from blaming you for it, that he hearkned attentively to your extravagant hiſtory; but what amazement muſt he have been in, to ſee you eſteem ſo highly the fouleſt things in the world; and having promis'd you great aſſiſtance, ſuch as was that of drawing *Charite's* picture, you took him for the God *Pan*. The Poets never told you that the *Sylvane* God pretended to any skill in painting, but you thought there could be nothing impoſſible to a god. I will not mention the reaſons you alledg'd to your Gardian, to perſwade him that you ought to be a Shepherd, and that he ſhould be one too, if he had any deſign to be happy. There hath been laughing enough at that impertinence already; I ſhall only mention that ſimplicity of yours to go and ſpeak to a country Lobcock in *Poetical* and *Romantick* terms. The power you attributed to *Charite*, put him into ſuch a fright, that he and all his acquaintance were alarm'd all that night, imagining the end of the world to be at hand; I know not whether any dyed upon that fright. If any ſuch thing had happened, you had been the cauſe of their death, and you would have been puniſh'd as a murtherer. You would alſo needs interrogate the *Eccho*, but you were neatly cheated; for whereas you imagin'd it was the Eccho of the Poets that had anſwered you, it was this *Anſelme* whom you ſee, who cannot deny it. You might have perceiv'd then, how much he ſlighted and laught at the extravagances of the Poets, by the ſtories he told you about that repetition of the voyce, and concerning the three Deſtinies. He alſo laugh'd at that opinion of yours about the Sun, taking what is ſaid of it litterally. You are to know, there is but one, and if we finde it in the morning in another quarter, though he hath been hidden from us, yet it did only paſs under us, to enlighten the other Hemiſphere, and did not reſt in the ſea, as your impertinent Authors tell you. Yet *Anſelme* comply'd with you ſo far, as to make you another promiſe of *Charites* picture. I paſs by your extravagance in the Inn, of not eating ought but what was red. This you would needs do, and your humor was ſatisfied. You perceived well enough that you had already deceiv'd your ſelf, when *Anſelme* told you that it was not handſome to play the *Shepherd* at St. *Clou*, and it was a great argument he told you the truth, when ſuch a rout bore you company with ſtones. You were alſo pittifully abus'd when you took a Country fellow for a *Satyre*; for who hath ever ſeen any in *France*, unleſs it be in picture, or only by diſguiſe in Paſtorals and Masks? Nay, where were there ever any ſeen in the world; There's mention only of two or three, but they were monſters, things extraordinary in nature. As for the picture which *Anſelme* gave you, do you not ſee he did it only to abuſe thoſe deſcriptions of beauty which are in the Poets? Do you think your ſelf that the features of that *Metaphorical* face are like

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thoſe of the *Natural* face of your Miſtreſs? Though that were poſſible, amidſt ſo many ſeveral colours, 'tis not *Anſelme* hath done it, for he is not ſo good a painter, as that there can any excellent things come from him, he can only ſhadow Copper-pieces. I ſtick not to ſay this before him, becauſe his reputation lies another way. 'Twas alſo out of abuſe, that he permitted you to be Judge in the difference between him and *Montenor*; and though you had not given judgement on his ſide, *Geneura* had nevertheleſs been fruſtated of her expectation. He ſeem'd to attribute great authority to your words: your *Serenade* and your Love-letters were in his opinion ridiculous enough, but you abus'd your ſelf more egregiouſly, when you kiſs'd the clapper of *Leonora's* door, while you perceiv'd not you were ſprinkled with Urine inſtead of Roſe-water. I omit many little particulars, as the Garlands wherewith you would adorn the portalls of *Charites* pallace, and the meeting with the Merchants of *Paris*, whom you took for *Pirates*. In all theſe were you as ſtrangely deluded as could be imagin'd. When you were one evening at *Charite's*, 'twas pleaſantly imagin'd of you that the candle could have been lighted at her eyes: If the Poets finde out ſo many conceptions upon the flames which iſſue out of their Miſtreſſes eyes, they muſt be eſteem'd no other then Poetical impertinences. I cannot but laugh at your extravagant jealouſie the day following, when you found *Charite* aſleep in the garden. You were jealous of your own ſhadow, nay of the very Atoms, and therefore with much more reaſon of any thing that touch'd her, as the graſs whereon ſhe lay. You imagin'd the Sun made a noiſe, as he went through the heaven, and that the plants did the like in growing: You afterwards committed a world of fooleries, and the perfection of your extravagance was, that being near *Charite* in the Court, you believed the fire of her eyes had burnt your hat, when it was one of *Anſelmes* Lacqueys had done it with a Burning-glaſs: In conſequence of this opinion, you imagin'd the next day that you were all afire, and went and caſt your ſelf into a fountain, where you had been drown'd had not ſudden relief come. Being after this at *Paris*, you went to *Burgundy-houſe*, where you took the *Comedy* for a *truth*, making better ſport to all the world then any play. 'Twas another good humor of yours, when you believed that the picture of an imaginary Shepherd was your own, and when you aſtoniſh'd the Stationer in St. *James* ſtreet with your words and actions. The diſcourſe you held with *Cecilia* when you lay at her houſe were very pleaſant, and 'twas pretty to ſee you come into this Country, when you thought you had gone into *Forreſts*. This cheat you are convinc'd of, you can ſay nothing to it. Here's *Anſelme* preſent that can witneſs it, and not only this, but all the reſt, in caſe you will deny them.

Anſelme upon this advanc'd, and very ſeriouſly confirm'd all that *Clarimond* had ſaid; whereat *Lyſis* was ſo daſh'd, that he ſuffered the other to proceed in his reproaches.

Do you not alſo remember, ſaies *Clarimond*, that I began to diſcover you by another error of yours at my houſe: You took my mother for the ſage *Felicia*; 'tis true, ſhe is ſage, but not *Felicia*. You were afterward mightily deceived, when you thought I would have taken your part; and again, when you gave your Miſtreſs a *Serenade*, you thought it was an *Hamadryad* that anſwered you on the Lute, for it was our friend *Hircan*, whom I had given notice to of your enterpriſe. The good Hermit here preſent can alſo witneſs, that you ſpoke to him as if he had been a *Druid*, or ſome *Magician*, becauſe you had read in your books, that the Hermites did ſometimes practiſe Magick, and thought there was no ſin in it. The moſt matchleſs deluſion was, that when you afterwards met *Hircan*, you took him for a Magician, and thought the Gentlewoman whom you called *Synopa* a Nymph of the waters. 'Twas as good a trick when you imagined that this cunning man, had changed you ſo perfectly into a maid, that you were taken for no other. Being a ſervant in that ſex at *Orontes's*, you were accuſed of incontinence; and for tryal, they made you get up on a braſs plate, which could not hurt you, there being no fire under; I came and proffered to dye for you; and when *Leonora* had commanded you to be burnt, *Hircan* came and deliver'd you from the injuſtice of your enemies;

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but all this was but a Comedy, for it was ſo well known that you were *Lyſis*, that the very children knew it, and they had much ado to keep them from telling you ſo. Being afterward come to my houſe with *Carmelin*, you did ſo many extravagances that my Mother was amaz'd at it; but I paſs by that, to come to your *Metamorphoſis*. Having fallen by chance into a hollow Willow, you imagin'd you were become a tree, though none elſe thought ſo. What confirm'd you in this was, that *Synopa* came and viſited you that night with two maids, who called themſelves *Hamadryads*: one of them is here yet. As for the God *Morin*, who came after, it was *Hircan*, and *Lucida* was *Amaryllis*; and for the *Cypreſs-tree*, it was a ſerving-man. The fables which were related to you, were purpoſely made to abuſe you; and all the other particulars of that adventure were out of deſign. The ſecond night *Anſelme*, *Montenor* and my ſelf clad our ſelves like Gods of Rivers to come and viſit you; and that we ſpoke not, was for fear we might be diſcovered. When we had ſufficiently made ſport with you and *Carmelin*, *Hircan* appeared to you like a Magician. *Anſelme* and I acted the two winds which blew down the Tree *Lyſis*, who afterwards thought he was become a man again: for indeed it was no hard matter to perſwade him to be one. If you will not credit this, call to minde the falſe birds which you found in this houſe ſome days ſince, they were the ſame we had on when we acted the Gods of the Rivers, and for the reſt of our dreſſings, you ſhall be ſhewn them at any time. Since that, many things have happened to you which were very remarkable; and above all, the diſcourſe which paſt between you and me concerning the Poets was very excellent, which had this effect, that you ſent a Bill to be poſted up in *Paris*. You receiv'd a *Command without Command* from your Miſtreſs, and then you would needs be ſick, becauſe ſhe was. But that which is moſt admirable, is the abuſe which *Philiris*, *Polidor*, *Meliantes* and *Fontenay* put upon you. They made you believe they were turn'd Shepherds for your ſake, and that indeed you may make good, but if they did it, 'twas to make ſport with you. *Philiris* is no Shepherd by birth, *Fontenay* never had any minde to that condition of life; and as for *Polidor* and *Meliantes*, they are *Perſians* as much as I am: All the ſtories they have related to you, have been forg'd out of their own brains. As for *Lucida* and *Synopa*, you were very credulous when you ſaw them, to imagine they were both Shepherdeſſes, and not the Nymphs you had ſeen before. As for *Synopa*, ſhe is return'd to her own houſe, and was not, as you conceive, chang'd into a Rock: The Country people hereabouts will tell you, that the rock which you would have *Carmelin* love, hath been time out of minde in the ſame place where you found it. The *Hamadryad* you ſaw in the day, was *Liſetta* cover'd over with *bark*. As for the Ambaſſadors from *Paris* who came to you, they had only put on the names: And as for the enchanted Caſtle, whither you were carried in a Coach, 'twas a houſe of *Hircans*, which you may ſee when you pleaſe: we were the Gyants, and the hulch-back Souldiers, and you were no more invulnerable then any other. You went not through the ayr, neither coming nor going; for I aſſure you that *Hircan* never pretended to be a Magician. When you thought to have carried away *Charite*, you only laid hold of a Bug-bear, which *Orontes*'s Maids had dreſs'd on purpoſe for you. And to conclude my diſcourſe, you have not taken any poiſon to make away your ſelf, and conſequently *Charites* eyes have not rais'd you to life again.

Clarimond having thus ended his diſcourſe, *Lyſis* was on the point to render himſelf, and yet he made him this anſwer. What, wilt thou then deprive me of the glory of ſo many noble actions? Can it be poſſible that ſo many honeſt people have deceiv'd me? *Anſelme* hath already confeſs'd he hath done ſo, but may I believe it for the reſt? Though we came to take our leaves of you, as pretending to return into the Country whence we came, replies *Philiris*, yet muſt we confeſs that it was to play the laſt of our pranks with you. And for my part, ſays *Hircan*, I was never any Magician: I aſſure you that all that *Clarimond* hath ſaid is true, and I will give you what proofs of it you pleaſe to deſire; I will ſhew you all the dreſſes wherein we have been diſguis'd to bring about theſe notable adventures, and

and will bring you all the Country hereabouts to tell you who I am, and who theſe Gentlemen are that have plaid the Shepherds.

All that were preſent having made *Lyſis* the like aſſurances of the truth, and that very ſeriouſly, he was ſo touch'd with grief and indignation to have been ſo long deceived, that notwithſtanding all his extravagance he fell a weeping, which with an acceſſion of ſhame made him run away into a chamber where there was nobody. *Clarimond* having followed him thither, he cries out as ſoon as he perceiv'd him, O God! with what impoſtures hath my youth been abuſed? You would needs make us believe you were a *Tree*, and many other ſuch things, ſayes *Clarimond*; we could do no leſs then endeavour to abuſe you too. You have no reaſon to be angry with any for deluding you, for we were all forc'd to it, ſince you were the firſt deceiv'd your ſelf, and that to comply with you there was no other way but by deceiving you. We muſt needs have given way to the firſt violence of your imaginations, leſt by too great oppoſition they would have turn'd to fury. For my part I am he hath with the firſt endeavoured to undeceive you, and you may have taken notice of it; and 'tis in this caſe that you have had teſtimony of that friendſhip which I have ſo often boaſted you. Let it appear that I have employ'd my time well this day, and that you will no longer perſiſt in thoſe errors which have hitherto troubled your brain.

What muſt I then do? ſays *Lyſis*; adviſe me, that ſo I may not be deſtitute of all things. I have erewhiles ſufficiently ſhewn you the impertinences of thoſe fabulous books, replies *Clarimond*; and through a fatal chance, all thoſe who have entertain'd you hitherto have ſhewn you as much, though poſſibly without any deſign of theirs. All the ſtories which were told you one night of the rural Divinities were ſo ridiculous, that you need no more to diſengage your faith from Poetical Transformations. As for the hiſtories of the four Shepherds, I have already ſaid ſomwhat by way of example concerning the four kinds of *Romances*. Since *Synopa* had before given you a Relation of *Metamorphoſes*, it was requiſite the hiſtory of *Fontenay* ſhould repreſent a *Romance* after the ancient mode, where they talk of *Nayads*, men falling in love with themſelves as *Narciſſus* did, and the artifices of Magicians. As for the hiſtory of *Philiris*, it repreſented a Romance full of ſympathie, ſweetneſs and paſſion, ſuch as might paſs in this age, giving only the names of Shepherds to the perſons introduc'd. As for what paſs'd between *Polidor* and *Rhodogina*, there's an example of thoſe tales that old wives tell children, and of ſuch as I call *Italian* fables, becauſe the Italians were the firſt broachers of them. *Straparole* hath made a ſort of them in his *Merry-nights*, and divers others have imitated him. As for the adventures of *Meliantes*, they are according to the mode of your military *Romances*; and it is not to be forgotten that even *Carmelin* in the relation of his life hath given us an example of thoſe *Spaniſh* Romances, wherein are repreſented the ſhifts and cheats of Beggers and Servants. It will be eaſily granted that all theſe Narrations exceed thoſe I allow them for preſidents; for though they are not ſo long, yet do they contain better things, and all through diſcover both order and invention. However I muſt tell you they are ſufficiently extravagant, and worthy to be contemn'd: And upon this ground I am to perſwade you not to give yourſelf any more to the reading of ſuch ſtories, ſince the beſt of them are not worth any thing; and that if you read any, it may be to laugh at them, or at the moſt for a tranſient pleaſure, without ever imagining that you ſhould live like the perſons which are mentioned in them. Your deſire was to imitate the Shepherds, though there be no pleaſure in that kind of life; a man may live well enough in the Country, without carrying a ſheephook: See how *Hircan* lives, ſee how *Orontes*, ſee how I live; We live always here, we go a hunting, we go a fiſhing, we walk abroad, we do what we pleaſe; is not that all you can deſire? Whereas if we were Shepherds, we muſt look after our Flocks, which were a thing of too much trouble: one while a Sheep would be gone aſtray, which muſt be found again; another while a Wolf would make bold with one, and that muſt be purſu'd and recover'd; or it may be a Roc would ſeize all our

flock, and it would be no ſmall employment to make them ſound again. What means is there for men to enjoy themſelves, as you would deſire to do, amidſt theſe ſeveral occupations which belong only to ſervants? you will tell me, that the Shepherds mention'd in the books, were not ſo careful of their flocks, and that they entruſted them to others; or it may be they had not any at all. You muſt then grant me, that there is no neceſſity of keeping ſheep in point of happineſs; nor conſequently to be clad in white, and carry a ſheephook: for the equipage of a Shepherd, is not neceſſary to him that does not actually profeſs Shepherdry; and when you ſhall quote me the examples of divers who have wore ſuch a habit as yours, and yet kept no flocks, I ſhall confeſs that your Books are true; but if ever any did wear ſuch a habit, they did it only out of conformity to ſome they convers'd with, which cannot be ſaid of you, ſince you were for ought we know the only *Romantick* Shepherd in *France*, when you began to be ſo firſt. Now do not tell me, that you know well enough that there are not many of your quality, but that your deſign is to bring Shepherdry into its former reputation; for to what purpoſe ſhould you do ſo? I tell you once more, that without all that trouble you may enjoy all the pleaſures in the world. Remember what *Fontenay* did one day caſt in your teeth, when he compar'd you to *Don Quixot*; there will be many who will not ſtick to believe you imitate him, and when your adventures ſhall tranſcend his, they will be look'd on no otherwiſe then greater arguments of your madneſs.

Lyſis was in a deep conſideration all the time of this diſcourſe, and his minde being more clear'd up then ordinary, the admonitions of *Clarimond* were not diſpleaſing to him. Now that you have deprived me of my companions, ſaies he to him, will you have me quit the Shepherds habit? I am ſo far from robbing you of your Companions, replies *Clarimond*, that *Philiris* and the reſt will be more with you then ever, and will be eternally your friends; but for the Shepherds habit, you have no mans approbation to wear it any longer. If you only took that from me, 'twere no great matter, ſaſes *Lyſis*; but you will alſo take away all teſtimonies of the affection I deſire to bear *Charite*, and 'tis a great hazard you will not take away that very *Charite* from me. The teſtimonies of your affection to your Miſtreſs hitherto have been too extravagant, ſaies *Clarimond*. Thoſe muſt conſiſt in things that ſpeak reaſon, and diſcretion, and you will finde, if you follow my directions, that you ſhall obtain whatever you deſire of her, for I am very far from doing any thing might hinder you to ſerve her. Beſides that, the more to induce you to quit this Shepherds habit, I muſt tell you it is the onely thing wherein you diſpleaſe her. I leave you here a while to conſider of it.

Clarimond having with theſe words left *Lyſis*, return'd to the reſt of the company. He told them all how gently *Lyſis* had receiv'd his directions, and how ſtayed and diſcreet his anſwers were, and what hopes there were that in a ſhort time he might be brought into a fair way: whereupon *Amaryllis* asked, whether it were not fit to ſend the *Hermit* to him, whoſe preſence might oblige him to ſome reſpect, and put him the more in minde of his dutie; but it was not thought convenient, becauſe it was more likely *Clarimond* ſhould better go through with the good deſign he had undertaken; ſo that the Hermite was a while after diſpatched away. 'Twas generally confeſt that the artifices which *Clarimond* had made uſe of to reſtore *Lyſis* to himſelf, were ſo pleaſant, that all the extravagant ſallies of the Shepherd had not given near ſo great ſatisfaction. *Carmelin* himſelf, who had heerd all, was very glad his Maſter was convinced of ſo many truths, which he had ſometimes taken great pains to perſwade him to, and though he knew not what kinde of life they ſhould lead together for the future, yet was he never the ſadder, when he conſidered that thenceforward no man would abuſe them, nor would they ſuffer themſelves to be abuſed: For as for his part, to remedie all the deluſions and cheats which might be put upon them, he reſolv'd, that if ever he were called to any Enchantment or Metamorphoſis, he would never give credit to any ſuch thing, no, not though all the men in the world ſhould perſwade him to a thing contrary to his opinion.

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As for *Adrian*, he was ſo overjoi'd to ſee how *Clarimond* beſtirr'd himſelf to reſtore his Couſin to his wits, and how far he had advanc'd, that he gave him all the thanks imaginable. *Clarimond* not finding *Muſardan*, enquir'd where he was. They told him he was gone away, intending to lie that night at *Lagny*, though *Hircan* would have ſtaid him; & that the cauſe of his departure was, that *Adrian* having underſtood at his firſt coming in, that he was a maker of *Romances*, and that *Lyſis* had read his books, bore him ſuch an inplacable grudg, that he ſet upon him aſſoon as he could poſſiby, and rail'd at him all he could, whereto the Author not knowing what to anſwer, and withal, ſeeing his adverſarie back'd by ſo many, thought it his beſt courſe to diſlodge. *Clarimond* was much vex'd that he had not ſeen the conteſt; but what he had done in the mean time was of greater conſequence. He was ſatisfied with the particular account which *Adrian* gave him of all that had been ſaid; and afterwards turning to another diſcourſe, he told the good man that his Couſins firſt maladie was love, and that the only deſire to ſerve a Miſtreſs perfectly, was that which had form'd in his head the imaginations of ſo many adventures, which he grounded upon thoſe of the Romances, as he had gather'd from all that had paſt, ſo that to perſwade him that a woman may be pleas'd without all thoſe extravagances, muſt needs be the only means to bring him perfectly to himſelf; but that it were dangerous to deceive him in this caſe, unleſs there were a deſign to make him ſtark mad: As for example, if he be told that *Charite* would not be cruel to him, ſhe muſt not diſcover the leaſt cruelty: Whereupon *Hircan* ſaid, it was no hard matter to make him a happy man, and that was to work a marriage between him and that fair *Charite*. *Adrian* would know truly who ſhe was, to ſee if the match were any thing conſiderable. *Leonora* told him, that ſhe was a near Kinſwoman of her laſt husbands, and that ſhe had taken her into her ſervice, becauſe ſhe was not too forward in the world, but that ſhe would give ſomewhat with her in marriage. They repreſented to *Adrian* that though his Couſin had great wealth, yet could he not meet with a more advantagious match, becauſe he having the reputation of a hollow brain, there would be no ſuch ſtriving for him. *Adrian* and his wife eſteeming an alliance with *Leonora* very honorable, and conſidering other reaſons, ſaid that they thought very well of *Lyſis*'s marriage with *Charite*, if ſo be the reſt of his friends would conſent thereto. They alſo remembred them, that they had ſeen that *Charite* in the morning, and that ſhe ſeem'd to be of a good calm nature, ſo that they thought very well of her.

And thus were they very ſerious about the marrying of *Lyſis*, out of a confidence he would be wiſer by it, as indeed there was much appearance. *Leonora* underſtanding he was very rich, ſaw that at all adventure it would not be amiſs to beſtow *Charite* on him, by reaſon that though he ſhould continue in the ſame craſineſs, yet his madneſs was harmleſs, and haply he had not been guilty of ſo many extravagancees, had not others ſtarted the occaſions.

Orontes upon this going home with all thoſe that had any relation to him, *Adrian* took his leave of them, promiſing *Leonora* that he would treat with his friends about the marriage of his Couſin, and that he would write to her what he ſhould do in it. *Clarimond* went up into the chamber where *Lyſis* was, and ſaid to him, You muſt needs confeſs that the moment wherein you began to contemn your former opinion was very happy to you; for it was no ſooner heard that you would hearken to reaſon, but all the world are perſwaded you will obtain your own wiſhes of *Charite*: *Leonora*, *Angelica*, *Adrian*, and *Pernella* are of your ſide; who can now do you any hurt? That very *Charite*, replies *Lyſis*. You will find the contrary, ſays *Clarimond*.

Lyſis fell afreſh to conſider of this, and yet he was extremely glad to underſtand that thoſe who were moſt concern'd in his affairs were ſo favourable to him. When ſupper-time came, he ſate down at table with the reſt: But the ſhame which ſeiz'd him that he was ſo long abuſed by thoſe in whom he had plac'd the greateſt confidence, had ſo caſt him down, that he durſt not ſpeak a word. *Adrian* and his wife thought it a good ſign, and conceiv'd he would thenceforward be more diſcreet;

ſo that the next day they return'd to *Paris* very well ſatisfied, promiſing him whatever he deſired, on condition he would be no more a *Shepherd*. As for *Clarimond*, he thought that ſilence no good preſage, and that it was to be fear'd he might fall out of one misfortune into another, and that his extravagance would turn to ſtupidity. To remedy this, he thought it neceſſary he were withdrawn from thoſe perſons who oblig'd him to ſo much fear and baſhfulneſs. This deſign was communicated to *Hircan*, who thought it very convenient that *Clarimond* took *Lyſis* and *Carmelin* to his own Caſtle.

They were no ſooner gone, but *Fontenay* and his companions took their way for *Burgundy*, whither ſome buſineſs call'd them. They gave infinite thanks to *Hircan*, not only for their entertainment ſo long, but alſo for the rare diverſions which by his means they had had. In the mean time *Angelica* told *Charite*, that it was reſolv'd ſhe ſhould be married to *Lyſis*. Her anſwer was, that it was only to abuſe her, to beſtow her on a man that was a laughing-ſtock where-ever he came. *Angelica* aſſur'd her, that for the future he would be wiſer, and that nobody would perſwade him to any further extravagances. She had no quarrel with his perſon, for his face was not ſo deformed as to frighten; and if all were as well in his mind, ſhe would not be long entreated to make good what was undertaken.

Lyſis being at *Clarimond's*, found that *Montenor* had ſent from his houſe the cloaths he was accuſtom'd to wear in the City, which *Anſelme* had not forgotten to preſerve. *Clarimond* told him that he muſt put them on; and indeed they were more convenient for the ſeaſon then the Shepherds habit. His Coat was all ſpotted and all torn, it could not poſſibly hold out in ſo many adventures; and it was withall ſo ill lined, that it could not defend him from the cold and rains which in the Autumn were ſomwhat frequent. He therefore took the Cloaths, which it was a long time ſince he had worn; but he was ſo long making himſelf ready, that it was eaſily perceiv'd he was not perfectly reſolv'd to do what he did. I cannot diſſemble, ſays he to *Clarimond*; it troubles me much to quit a garment that I was long accuſtom'd to: I thought that the only wearing of it was a powerfull means to make me enjoy all the pleaſures of this life. Theſe opinions are hard to overcome. Are you not then yet converted? ſays *Clarimond*; have you not been a *Shepherd* long enough? I will bring one of the trueſt reaſons in the world to convince you. Remember yourſelf, and you will find that in all your Books of *Shepherdry*, they only that are in Love are clad like Shepherds: As for thoſe that are married, it is not ſaid that they meddle with any Flocks. You muſt do ſo if you marry *Charite*, as I hope you will. 'Tis true, you are not yet married; but what will you be the worſe to quit the habit of a Batchelour a little before, ſince your friends adviſe you to it?

This was a huge ſubtilty of *Clarimonds*: He would bring *Lyſis* to reaſon by the authority of thoſe ancient Authors, and bring him to wiſdome by the maxims of folly. Yet *Lyſis* ſmilingly ſaid to him, Dear friend! you do not conſider, that when it is not mention'd that thoſe that are not married kept Flocks, it is only that they are not brought upon the ſtage ſo openly, in regard it is the Authors deſign to write only the hiſtory of young Lovers that are to be married. And when you find any fathers of families withdraw to their houſes, 'tis by reaſon of their old age, or becauſe they have children big enough to look after their ſheep.

Clarimond hearing this, was afraid *Lyſis* perſiſted ſtill in his former imaginations; ſo that he roughly return'd him this anſwer. Whatever you can alleadge, it matters not: So it is, that I muſt have you in good earneſt ſhake off this Shepherds habit. Is there any neceſſity to wear it to charm a Miſtreſs? Conſider, I pray, who hath been more fortunate in their Loves, you or *Anſelme*: Did *Anſelme* ever turn Shepherd to get *Angelica*? Had he done it, he had not obtain'd her yet; and for your part, as long as you are one, you ſhall never obtain *Charite*. Have I not told you, that the Maids in theſe times do not affect Shepherds? You that do all you can to pleaſe your Miſtreſs, do you not perceive that you have done nothing but diſpleas'd her hitherto?

These reasons so seasonably prest'd, and so easie to be apprehended, finish'd the work of *Lysis* his conversion. And to make him yet conceive the truth more fully, *Clarimond* seeing he said not a word, continued his discourse in this manner. What could you hope to do by cloathing your self thus like a Comedian, and living like a *Romantick* person? I will rub over your memory with the misfortunes have happen'd to you upon that occasion. You could never bring about any one of your Love-designs. When you desired to speak with your Mistress, or at least kiss the window whereon she lean'd, you fell down the ladder, having your nose bath'd in blood, so that you were taken by the collar for a thief and a murtherer. As for your disguising yourself like a Maid, you were never the better for it, it came to nothing; and so did your Metamorphosis. If it were possible a man could be chang'd into a Tree, what were he the better for it? You imagin'd it a matter of honour and advantage; and 'tis true, the Poets bring examples of a many persons favour'd by the Gods, which have chang'd forms: but do you not find also in the same Authors, that those who had committed the greatest crimes were in like manner transform'd? 'Tis therefore a question whether the Metamorphosis be a punishment or a reward; and the true judgment that may be given of it, is, that it ought every way to be taken as a most ridiculous absurdity. As for the imaginary deliverance of *Pamphilia*, wherein you thought you had done such miracles of valour, and merited a name and place amongst the most famous Heroes, whose memory hath lived till now; what wonders could you have done, had you been invulnerable as you imagin'd? 'Twas only your confidence of being so, that made you go so cheerfully to fight. It was the same case with *Achilles* and a many other Heroes, who could not be wounded, whom you thought to imitate. Be their adventures either fabulous or true, I shall laugh at all those that take them for valiant Champions, and compare to them all the Princes they would celebrate: For had they believ'd they could receive wounds, it would have discovered some natural cowardise in them, and they had never gone to the battel so resolutely. I believe you do not intend to play the *Hero* any more; but you will have me think that you cannot so easily take your leave of the *Shepherd*, because you would still continue your extravagancies, which you think are testimonies of your affection to *Charite*. What, will you still observe how many bits you eat, and how many times you drink; and that to honour *Charite*? Would you also eat nought but *red* things, and will you never be at ease till you are turn'd towards that quarter where you conceive your fair one to be? Will you henceforth observe your amorous conformities? will you eat nothing but what *Charite* likes? will you cough when she coughs, and if she have the eye bound up, will you have yours too? What other end can there be of this, but to make you be laugh'd at? A woman is never touch'd with any love for any of these fooleries; this is not the way to render services to a Mistress. All your past actions can signifie nothing to this purpose. And if it was your design to shew by that means how great your compliance was, I tell you, you will discover it much more, if you quit the Shepherds habit. That's the point I drive at, and I will make it clearly appear to you where your great error lies; and that is, that you have not labour'd at all the principal conformity which is now required, since you are so much given to conformities. *Charite* is dress'd as an ordinary Maid of her condition, and you are clad like a Shewer of Puppet-playes. Since she is not clad like a Shepherdess, you should not go like a Shepherd.

Lysis having heard all this, was asham'd he had said any thing that should make *Clarimond* believe he would contradict him. The reasons that Gentleman had alleadg'd, wrought so powerfully on him, that he resolv'd to follow them for the future. The fear he was in to displease *Charite*, kept his mind within compass; so that he suffer'd them to dispose his Shepherds habit where they pleas'd, so it should be never seen again. Having found also among his tromperies the *Metaphorical Picture*, and all those things he had so carefully preserv'd because they had come from his Mistress, he of his own accord gave them to *Clarimond*, to do what he pleas'd with them. It was not fit he should see any more the badges of his antient follies,

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and his hope was he ſhould ſhortly obtain of *Charite* favours of greater conſequence then thoſe.

Since the bare reading of *Romances* had been able to put ſo many ſeveral imaginations into him, ſeconded by the cheats and abuſes had been put upon him, 'tis to be conceiv'd he was of a tender perſwaſible compoſition of mind, and that it was as eaſie to make him hate his extravagances, as it had been to bring him in love with them. He accordingly confeſs'd to *Clarimond*, that he heartily repented him of all he had done; but that it was impoſſible for him to refrain doing them, becauſe that though he was not ignorant of the truth, yet he ſometimes would deceive himſelf purpoſely to deceive others, ſo to make his adventures the more remarkable. As for example, he was never half perſwaded that he was chang'd into a Tree, nor did he believe thoſe other extraordinary things; but he pretended to believe them, that others might believe them too, and that there might be made of him a *Romance* that ſhould make him eternally famous. He at length came to an excellent good humour and was more apprehenſive of reaſon then he had ever been, as it happens that mens minds paſs from one extreme to another: which *Clarimond* obſerving, told him that he was the moſt ſatisfied man in the world, to ſee him as other men. And thereupon to make a final riddance of all thoſe corrupt imaginations, he made a diſcourſe to him about the *Divinity*, repreſenting to him that we ſhould adore none but God alone, and not idolize his Creatures, which we muſt only love in order to him; whereas it ſeem'd he did not love God but for his Miſtreſſes ſake. He ſhew'd him, that the Eyes of a Beauty are no Suns, that give us day, or could reduce to aſhes thoſe things whereon they caſt their rayes. And thus he gave him clearly to ſee the errors he committed in relation to all Sciences, when he took the Poets for warrant and authority for what he ſaid. For his further inſtructions, he permitted him to go into his Study, and there chooſe out ſome good Books.

They ſpent five or ſix dayes in ſuch entertainments, in which time *Anſelme* and *Hircan* neglected not to ſend daily to know what they did. They were very glad to hear that *Lyſis* began to hearken to Reaſon; for it would have been a huge barbarouſneſs, if after they had made as much ſport with him as they could deſire, they ſhould ſtill wiſh to ſee him in his extravagances. *Clarimond* being deſirous that all might ſee what an excellent Phyſitian of the mind he was, would needs carry his Gueſt abroad to viſit their common friends: but *Lyſis* told him that he had no great deſire to go, becauſe he was ſenſible of the many follies he had committed before them, and fear'd they might jeer him. *Clarimond* made great proteſtations to him, to aſſure him there ſhould be no ſuch thing; and told him withall, that any one might eaſily conceive that a perſon in Love is not himſelf, and that his paſt actions were as much to be excus'd as the ravings of one in a burning feaver.

They went therefore in the firſt place to *Hircan's*, and thence to *Orontes*, where they were all amaz'd to ſee that *Lyſis* was not the ſame man who had plaid ſo many ridiculous tricks before them. He was extreme ſad, according to his diſpoſition; and he was now of the ſame humour he was of in his infancie. Yet he ſpake when he was ſpoken to earneſtly, but it was without any laughing, how pleaſant ſoever the occaſion might be. 'Tis the cuſtom of thoſe whoſe brains are too light, whether they laugh, or whether they rejoice, they do it in the heat of their ſickneſs; their joy is but an extravagance, and their laughing from the teeth outward; but when their phrenſie is ſomwhat over, they make no noiſe, and whatever is ſaid is indifferent to them. I wonder at nothing ſo much, as that *Lyſis* did not change his Love with his humour: but it is to be conceived his paſſion proceeded from another cauſe then that of his folly.

He ſecretly learn'd out the place where his Miſtreſs was, and he was permitted to viſit her. He demanded her pardon, if he had at other times importun'd her with extraordinary diſcourſes, and that for the future the teſtimonies of his affection towards her ſhould be no other then what were according to the precepts of reaſon. She, who had been commanded by *Leonora* to receive him courteouſly, anſwered him, that ſhe thought herſelf much honour'd in his Love, if ſo be his affections did

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not exceed the limits of honesty. This gave him such satisfaction, that he imagined there were no more miseries ordain'd for him; nor indeed was he deceiv'd; for about this time *Anselme* received Letters from *Adrian*, by which he understood that all *Lysis*'s friends, whereof some by chance knew *Charite*, consented he should marry her, provided he were fully delivered from his former imaginations. *Anselme* return'd him an answer to the great commendation of *Lysis*, and desired him to return into *Brie*, and bring with him those he thought convenient to his Cousins wedding. The messenger departed immediately, and *Lysis* assur'd of his happiness, was inexpresibly glad. Yet he said not much of it, because *Clarimond* had forbidden him to engage into unprofitable discourses when he were in company, lest through negligence he might slip into some of his ancient *Romantick* talk. He so extreamly lov'd this Gentleman, since he understood that he bore him such a sincere affection, that he was ever afraid to disobey him, nay when he but saw him, he corrected his behavior, and thought that all the imaginations came into his minde were superfluous; so that he held his peace for a good while after.

Two days after came *Adrian*, with two other of *Lysis*'s Cousins. *Leonora* entertain'd them very kindely at *Orontes*'s: When they saw their Kinsman, they thought they had never seen a wiser man; as indeed there was such a difference between what he had been, and what he was, that if he chanc'd to slip into some little impertinence, they were so dull, that they could not perceave it. The contract of his marriage was pass'd without his notice, all he troubled himself with was to sign it. *Adrian* had the care to see it in form, he himself being so transported in his loves, that he could not descend to such low thoughts as relate to the goods of fortune. *Charite* had somewhat left her by her father, and besides that, *Leonora* gave her a house; which stood somewhat near that of *Orontes*. There it was resolved the new married couple should keep house together; for though *Lysis* would be no longer a Shepherd, yet would he not leave the Country. There was a great feast at their making sure, and the next day they were married: Though the company was not great, yet they were merry enough, but nothing all the while said to *Lysis* that might offend him; it being but a little while since he began to follow the common opinion of all other men, 'twould have been dangerous to put him into any disquiet.

Carmelin seeing his *Master* married, wish'd himself the same happiness. *Lysis* having given him a small sum of money for his good and faithful service, *Liserta* continued no longer in rebellion, but submitted. The next day they were married, and though he was but simple, and no great Clerk, *Orontes* made him Bailiff within his Lordship, finding him able enough for that charge.

Adrian and the rest of *Lysis*'s friends returned to *Paris* with *Leonora* and *Anselme*, who carried his wife with him. *Orontes* writ to them since, that the two lovers his neighbors liv'd a very comfortable life together, and that there wanted nothing to make them perfectly happy, but to finde *Lysis* some little office, for to exempt him of the taxes. When they had purchas'd him one, he thought himself in such a posture as might defie misfortune, seeing himself a Country Gentleman, and the cloathes he wore of several colours pleas'd him no less then the Countrymans coat: yet whenever he heard the bleating of sheep, he could not but call to minde the false pleasure he once took to keep some. He sometimes as he read a Book, straid into the woods; but he had quite shaken hands with all Love-books, he medled now with none but Treatises of Moral Philosophy. Yet *Clarimond* perceiving that his minde receiv'd all impressions with too much vehemence, was afraid he would fall into some other new folly, and more particularly become a *Stoick* or *Cinick* Philosopher. He had already read in *Charron* and some other Authors, that a man must take pains in the generation of children, and yet not give ones self bruitally over to it, and that there were some certain observations whereby to get fair children, strait and witty. He would observe with *Charite* the *Dict prescrib'd* for that purpose, and his caresses and embraces were limited to the appointed time. But *Clarimond* desirous to keep him from being either superstitious or extravagant, rid

him

him of thoſe fancies aſſoon as he perceiv'd him poſſeſs'd with them. He told him, he ſhould laugh at thoſe Philoſophers, who though never married themſelves, yet importune us with their fantaſtick notions of marriage; and moreover aſſur'd him, that to get perfect children, it was enough to live temperately, referring the buſineſs to nature; and that when the children were born, good education perfected the reſt.

Thus did *Clarimond* and *Orontes* alwaies divert him from things that were not commendable; and though a many came to ſee him out of deſign to put his follies afreſh into his head, yet they prevailed nothing. I muſt needs confeſs that there happened to him adventures pleaſant enough ſince his marriage, but his particular friends were the only witneſſes of them, and it is not my deſign to make my hiſtory any longer. I muſt leave that to ſome other that will take the pains, that when ſeveral perſons have employed their endeavors on the ſame ſubject, it may be judg'd who hath done beſt. All I have now to do, is to give you that account which is ever requir'd at the end of all Love-ſtories, which is to let you know what became of all the perſons therein mentioned. Know therefore, that *Philiris* and *Fontenay* are married in *Burgundy*, that *Polidor* was kill'd in a duel, and that *Meliantes* is gone to travel. *Montenor* and *Clarimond* are ſtill Bachelors. *Leonora* is dead; and as for *Hircan*, *Orontes* and *Anſelme*, they keep good houſe with their wives, and ſo does *Carmelin*.

You have now all; it was in my deſign to tell you of the divers fortunes of the Shepherd *Lyſis*, according to the notes I had of them from *Philiris* and *Clarimond*, who it ſeems had not the leiſure to put them into order. *Lyſis* having read ſome part of this, was nothing troubled to ſee his adventures made publike, becauſe he believes ſuch as they are, they will be a teſtimony of the affection he ever bore *Charite*; and that beſides, it will be an example for youth not to regulate their lives according to thoſe impertinences, which are contrary to the order of the world. But becauſe I ſpeak to you of him as one that is ſtill alive, I am in doubt whether many who ſhall read his Hiſtory, may not be guilty of a curioſity to go into *Brie*, to ſee if they can finde that ſo famous *Lyſis*: Wherefore I give them notice, that henceforth they ſhall not need take the pains, and that poſſibly they may not finde him, becauſe he is ſo chang'd, that he hath left off that very name he was call'd by when he was a Shepherd. And beſides, why may they not diſtruſt me? What know they whether I have not related a fable to them inſtead of a true Hiſtory; or that I have not, to diſguiſe things, and not diſcover the perſons I have ſpoken of, as indeed I have, call'd them by other then their ordinary names, and miſtaken *Brie* for ſome other Province?

The End of the Fourteenth and laſt Book.

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FINIS.